

Locomotive Firemen's

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THE FATAL QUARREL.

"But I say you shall not!"

"And I say I will!"

The speakers were husband and wife, The former leaning on the mantle-piece, and frowned angrily, looking down at the latter as he spoke. The wife, still sitting by the tea table, for the meal had just been finished, did not glance up as she answered, but went on talking to her lap dog in terms of fond endearment, and feeding it with sugar.

Yes; they were husband and wife. Several years before, Carrie Dayton, just eighteen, freshly freed from the trammels of boarding-school, had launched forth into society, with a head full of romantic ideas of love and marriage. To her he seemed almost a god—so far superior to all others, that very speedily she found herself thinking more of him than of any other admirer, and listening with beating pulse to his manly tones.

He was verging towards his thirtieth year, and was already somewhat world worn, for, being wealthy, he had not been confined to the dull romance of a business life, but had roamed the world at large, traveling in all lands, tasting every cup of pleasure; but he was still very handsome, and his manners in society were perfect. Men had envied him—women had loved him—and this man had grown weary of it all.

But under the proud, cold smile was hidden a warm heart, somewhat crusted over with selfishness, it is true, but it was there. And when he met Caroline Dayton, he felt that he had encountered his fate. To him there was something irresistible in her bright freshness and beauty, and in the winning gaiety of her artless manners. Then the polished marble of her fair skin; the golden curls that fell around her shoulders; the bright blue eyes, full of light—these all possessed rare attractions for this man, whose heart had been so long untouched.

Day after day had found him at her side, putting forth every effort to make himself agreeable. So, after a few months, they were married, and went forth to tread life's journey together. They traveled for a while; and the young bride, delighted with the new scenes opened up before her, was hardly conscious of the fact that his will, not her wish, guided and controlled all their movements. It was very sweet to obey one whom she loved so fondly. At last they settled in a home of their own, replete with every comfort and luxury—and life began in earnest.

Now comes the crisis. From early childhood, Harry Aylmer had shown himself possessed with an iron will, stern and unyielding. Carrie, too, had a will of her own. For the first few months of their marriage it was very pleasant for her—and gracefully she yielded; but at length the reins were drawn too tight, the intense selfishness of the husband became apparent even to Carrie and there began to grow up a spirit of rebellion on her part, a desire to judge for herself sometimes, and act accordingly.

Matters grew from bad to worse. This opposition of wills occurring only at long intervals at first, became frequent at last; both regretting it in cooler moments yet neither confessing it to the other; he thinking she ought to trust his judgment entirely; she carrying over in her heart a sense of injustice done her.

Those pleasant little courtesies, which serve to keep love burning brightly on the domestic altar, were by degrees utterly neglected, and the lamp of love grew dim.

After the lapse of some three years, a beautiful babe lay on the mother's bosom, a bright wee flower, with its amber rings of hair, its pure white skin, and heavenly blue eyes—a very miniature of the mother who bore it. Reconciliation ensued; not spoken, but tacitly agreed upon. Husband and wife seemed drawn together by the little golden link, and

while the little angel gladdened their house, happiness remained.

But a bitter time came, which should have served to unite those severed hearts more closely. The child sickened and died. When the stricken parents bowed over their dead, each mentally resolved to be all in all to each other, that no shadow should come between them; but the lips spoke not of the resolve made in their own strength—pride kept them silent.

As months passed on the old spirit revived in each; and now, after a few years of wedded life, behold the pair whom "God had joined together," living in almost constant enmity—each heart hardened and cold, never a loving word or carress, only silence or upbraiding.

So matters stood at the time our story opened. The handsome room, with its rich furniture looked very inviting. Nothing was lacking that taste could desire, or wealth supply. But the light from the glowing fire fell upon the fair face of the wife, where discontent lay like a dark shadow, while the red lips curled in apparent contempt or indifference. A heavy frown darkened the husband's brow; the firm set of the lips, and the curve of the dilated nostrils, showed his excessive anger.

Mr. and Mrs. Aylmer had been asked to an evening party, and both had expected to go. But the husband had come home out of humor which he proceeded to vent on his wife, concluding by saying that he should not go to the party.

Mrs. Aylmer, vexed at his manner even more than at his words, had replied tartly that she should go without him.

"The invitation has been accepted; we have no good reasons for staying away; and I, for one, intend to go."

"But I say you shall not," said the husband, pushing his chair angrily back from the tea-table, standing up, taking a turn across the floor, and then going to the mantle piece, where he stood, as we have described, looking gloomily down on his wife.

"And I say I will!" was the retort, as the speaker turned away from the table, but retained her seat, and began to fondle her lap dog.

This was too much for the husband. The cool indifference cut him to the heart. With a smothered oath he flung himself out of the room, put on his hat in the hall, and went off to his club.

When the outer door was heard banging after him, Mrs. Aylmer rose from her chair, an angry light in her eye.

"I only half meant it," she said, "but now I

will go. If he had only asked me to remain kindly; if he had said he was even ill or tired; if he had smiled on me, I would have stayed at home. But I will not be ordered."

Never had she dressed with more care. Never had she looked more beautiful than when she entered her carriage to go to the ball.

After a couple of hours the husband came home, for by this time his anger was over, and he felt rather ashamed of himself.

His rage returned however, when he found that Mrs. Aylmer had really gone, for he had persuaded himself that, after all, she would remain.

"How dare she defy me thus?" he angrily cried.

But after awhile, came calmer thoughts. His mind began to wander over past years. He dreamed of the bright maiden he had wooed so perseveringly, and who came to him in all her young beauty. The stern face softened as the sweet vision came up before him. He thought of the golden head that had nestled on his breast, of the blue eyes that had brightened at his approach, of the warm kisses that had melted away the ice that had crusted around his heart. He remembered how submissive she had been until he had driven her to rebellion by his exacting selfishness. Then came to him the memory of their child, and of the happy hours they had spent watching its unfolding beauties. His heart yearned for the mother of his babe. Memory, with her busy fingers had unlocked the chambers of his heart, and her softening influence was doing its work.

He began to see at last how he had wronged and injured the wife he should have cherished. He sprang from his seat, and walked rapidly to and fro.

"This shall be no longer!" he cried. I will beg her forgiveness, I will win back my darling's love. She shall lie on my heart, as in olden time."

The hour grew late, and he began to wonder why she did not return. Opening the door he looked into the deserted street. A strange dread stole over him, for nearer and nearer came the sound of wheels driven rapidly. Hastening down, as the carriage reached the door, he was confronted by a man who sprang out, exclaiming breathlessly:

"Mr. Aylmer, if you would see your wife alive, come with me!"

And forcing the terror-stricken husband into the vehicle, they were hurried away.

Returning from the party, Caroline Aylmer sat alone in her carriage, not thinking of the gay scenes she had left, but of her unhappy

married life. She was taking to herself much blame that she had not been more submissive and more forbearing, and wondering if it was too late to undo the evil. Tender thoughts of the husband, onceso dear were stealing into her heart. Suddenly there came the sound of men running; the cry of "Fire!" the whirl of the engine; the rear and plunge of horses; the ineffectual efforts of the driver to control them; then she was thrown violently forward, and all was darkness.

When the repentant husband reached the side of his wife, death had sealed her eyes. Some one had lifted her fair form, and borne it into the nearest house, but medical aid was useless—the vital spark had fled. The injury was internal, and not a blemish broke the pure white surface of her marble face.

Caroline Aymer never looked lovelier than now, when she lay there in her gala robes. Her dress of pale blue silk with its frost-work of lace and pearls, only made more pallid the round form, lately so full of life and health. She had passed away without pain, and very placid was the sweet face, fast growing cold in death.

Words cannot picture this strong man's agony. He flung himself beside the body, and his voice grew hoarse with pleading for one look, one single word of forgiveness. Alas none came.

Years afterwards, a grave was dug by strange hands in a far distant land. None here knew that the lonely, broken-hearted man, whose last resting-place it was, had, when alive, borne the name of Harry Aymer, and had spent his days ever since that fatal night, in vain remorse for that fatal quarrel.

Aunt Sally and the Trousers.

"Now, Sally, do tell us why you were never married. You know you said once when you were a girl you were engaged to a minister, and that you would tell us about it some time. Now, Aunt, please do."

"Well, you see, when I was about seventeen years old, I was living in Utica, in the State of New York. Though I say it myself, I was quite a good looking girl then, and had several beaux. The one that took my fancy most was a young minister, a very promising young man, and remarkably pious and steady. He thought a great deal of me and, I kind of took a fancy to him, and things ran on until we were engaged.

"One evening he came to me—I remember it as well as if it were only yesterday. When

he came into the parlor where I was sitting alone, he came up to me and—but now pshaw! girls I don't like to tell the rest."

"Oh, Aunt Sally for mercy's sake, don't stop; tell us what he did."

"Well as I said he came up to me, and put his arms around me, and rather hugged me, while I got excited and frustrated and it was a long time ago and I don't know but what I might have hugged back a little. Then I felt—but now just clear out every one of you, I shan't tell you any more."

"Goodness, gracious, no, Aunt Sally. Tell us how you felt. Didn't you feel good, and what did he do next?"

"Oh, such torments as you are! I was like any other girl, and pretty soon I pretended to be mad about it, and pushing him away, though I wasn't mad a bit. You must know that the house where I lived was on one of the back streets in town. There were glass doors in the parlor which opened right over the street—and no balcony or anything of the kind in front of the house. As it was in the summer season these doors were opened, and the shutters just drawn to. I stepped back a little from him, and when he edged up close, I pushed him harder than I intended to, and don't you think girls he lost his balance and fell through one of the doors into the street. Yes, it's so. As he fell I gave a scream and caught him—but I declare I won't tell anything more, I'm going to leave the room."

"No, no, Aunt Sally! How did you catch him did it hurt him much?"

"Well if I must I must. He fell head first, and as he was going I caught him by the legs of his trousers. I held on for a minute and tried to pull him back, but his suspenders gave away and the poor young man fell clear out of his pantaloons into a whole parcel of ladies and gentlemen passing along the street."

"Oh! Aunty, Aunty; mercy, mercy! He, he, he!"

"There, that's right, giggle and squeal as much as you want to. Girls that can't hear about a little thing like that without tearing around the room and he-heing in such a way don't know enough to come home when it rains. A nice time the man that ever marries you will have, won't he?"

"But, Aunt Sally, what became of him? Did you ever see him again?"

"No, the moment he touched the ground he got up and left the place in a terrific hurry. I tell you it was a sight to see how the man did run. Father happened to be coming up the street at the time, and he said he never saw anything to equal it in his life. I heard others

say that he did the fastest running ever known in that part of the country, and that he never stopped or looked behind until he was two miles out of town. He sent me a note a few days afterward saying that the engagement must be broken off, as he never could look me in the face after what had happened. He went out West and I believe he's

preaching in Illinois. But he never married. He was very modest, and I suppose he was so badly frightened that he never dared to trust himself near a woman again. I felt very badly about it for a time, for he was a real good man, and I have often thought that we should always have been happy if his suspenders hadn't give way."

Poetry.

Up, and Be Doing.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Rouse up to work that's waiting,
Let's squander not to-day,
But make the record of our lives
A grand one while we may.

Shake off the sloth that fetters;
Put on the will that wins—
The battle for the earnest heart
In his own breast begins.

Earth's had no nobler hero
Since battle fields began
Than he who knows his cause is right,
And does the best he can

—*Golden Days.*

Nothing Like Trying.

Life after all is a kindly affair:
Why is it stupid and not worth the living?
Striving and getting won't drive away care—
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;
Money and fame at the best are beguiling;
Don't be suspicious and selfish and cold—
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate;
Why should you think you will find her by
roving?

Never was greater mistake than to hate—
Try loving.

—*John Esten Cooke, in Home Journal.*

Old Fashioned Roses.

JAMES W. RILEY.

There aint no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonesomer and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin' glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old fashion' sakes.

I like 'em cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I'll tell you what, when I find a
Bunch out where the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, dont you know?

And then I think o' mother,
And how she used to love 'em,
When they wuzn't any other,
'Less she found 'em up above 'em!
And her eyes, afore she shut 'em,
Whispered with a smile and said,
We must pluck a bunch and put 'em
In her hand when she wuz dead.

But, as I wuz a sayin',
They aint no style about 'em
Very gaudyier displayin',
But I wouldn't be without 'em;
'Cause I'm happier in these posies,
And the hollyhaws and sich
Than the hummin' bird 'at noses
In the roses of the rich.

The Mariner's Dream.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay;
 His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
 But watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
 And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.
 He dreamt of his home, of his dear native bowers,
 And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
 While memory stood sideways half covered with flowers,
 And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.
 Then Fancy her magical powers spread wide,
 And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise:
 Now, far, far behind him the green waters glide,
 And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.
 The gessamine clammers in flowers o'er the thatch,
 And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
 All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
 And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.
 A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
 His cheek is imperled with a mother's warm tear;
 And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unites
 With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.
 The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast;
 Joy quickens his pulses—his hardships seem o'er;
 And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
 "Oh God! thou hast blest me—I ask for no more."
 Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
 Ah! what is that sound which now 'larms on his ear!
 'Tis the lightning's red gleam, painting hell on the sky!
 'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!
 He springs from his hammock, he flies to the deck!
 Amazement confronts him with images dire;
 Wild wind and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck
 The masts fly in splinters; the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell;
 In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
 Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
 And the death-angel flaps his broad wings o'er the wave!

Oh sailor-boy, woe to thy dream of delight!
 In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.

Where now is the picture that Fancy touched bright—
 Thy parent's fond pressure, and loves honeyed kiss?

Oh sailor-boy! sailor-boy! never again
 Shall home, love, or kindred thy wishes repay;
 Unblessed and unhonored, down deep in the main,
 Full many a fathom, thy frame shall decay—

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
 Or redeem form or frame from the merciless surge,

But the white foam of waves, shall thy wind-ing sheet be,
 And winds in the midnight of winter thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flowers thy limbs shall be laid—

Around thy white bones the red coral shall grow;

Of thy hair yellow locks threads of amber be made,

And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages shall circle away,

And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
 Earth loses thy pattern forever and aye—

O sailor-boy! sailor-boy! peace to thy soul!

— William Dunond.

An Incident.

No human being who saw the sight
 But felt a shudder of pale affright.
 He sat in a window three stories high—
 A little baby with no one nigh.
 A stranger saw him, and stopped to stare;
 A crowd soon gathered to watch him there.

Hurrah for the awning! upon the fly
 It caught the youngster and tossed him high.
 The bounce prodigious made baby scowl;
 He caught his breath, sir, and sat up a howl,
 All blessed the awning that had no flaw—
 But a madder baby you never saw.

Confection.

"Taffy" is a pleasant thing.
 'Tis most effective stuff;
 And the best known way to give it
 Is in a newspaper puff.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

New Year's Greeting.

We wish you all a happy New Year! The old year has passed from time to eternity, leaving its imprints of joy and happiness upon some, and grief and distress upon others. The New Year seems to bring pleasure with it; our hopes are revived and new resolutions formed. We look back with deep regret upon the irredeemable past. With the eye of experience we can see how much of our time has been wasted or spent in evil purposes, and with the view of profiting by the experience of the past we enter upon the New Year with a determination to utilize its every moment in our social, moral and intellectual improvement.

We have reason to rejoice when we see with what rapid strides we have advanced during the year that has gone. Now and then our organization has been overshadowed with the inexorable hand of fate and our progress momentarily checked, but with a hearty co-operation of all our members and a united effort we have been able to overcome every obstacle, and it is with feelings of pride and satisfaction that we look back upon the work of the year that is gone never to return.

We have every reason to believe that this will be the most eventful year of our existence. We are starting out in perfect harmony and under the most favorable auspices. The increase in our membership will enable us to more fully carry out the splendid aims and purposes for which we are organized, and in hope that ere another year has been added to the past, we may have accomplished more good than ever before in the history of our Order.

To our Friends and Patrons, we return our sincere thanks for the aid they have rendered us, and it shall afford us pleasure at any time to reciprocate their many acts of kindness. We shall endeavor to show them by our works that they have not helped us in vain.

To the Members of our Order we also return our thanks for the promptness with which they have responded to our calls, assuring them that the time will never come when, by any misact of ours, they will have reason to regret having reposed their confidence in us.

In conclusion we wish you each and all, a "Happy, Happy, New Year."

The Power of Persistent Effort.

There is no obstacle in the way of human desire that cannot be overcome by persistent effort. The mighty forces of nature do not act suddenly; they attain their object by persistence. Slowly, grandly, the march goes on, never ceasing, never deviating from the course of success. Through what countless ages the silent drip, drip, of the water drop has gone on which has constructed the cave stalactite. Inch by inch the mud of the Nile built up ancient Egypt, "through the still lapse of ages." Cell by cell, bit by bit, the coral insect lifted to the light of day the mighty islands of the south Pacific; not in a year, not in a hundred years, but in millions of decades. So has it been with human progress. Civilization did not, like Athena, leap full armed from the brain of Jove. No, civilization is an evolution brought to perfection by centuries of persistent human effort. Sometimes we find breaks in the grand march—stumbings of the giant in his resistless course—but from these apparent failures the needed lesson of persistence was learned, and the onward sweep was the more rapid and sure after the recovery from temporary defeat.

From these examples the individual should learn a grand lesson. Persistence is the secret to all success. Men are not like the night-blooming cereus, bursting into full blown perfection in a night, they are like the oak of the forest, slow of growth, matchless in strength when grown, if they but meet the storms and trials of life with indifference and defiance.

If we have an object in view, a worthy and a noble one, we can only gain it by persistence. The citadel of error and opposition will always surrender if we but lay siege to it. It may take years, it may take a life time of struggle, but the object to be gained is worthy the sacrifice. And what a proud moment is that when we stand upon the ruined ramparts of the enemy's stronghold with the banner of success waving grandly over us. The hero in the battle of life is loved of God and honored of men. Therefore,

"In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb driven cattle,
But be heroes in the strife."

As an organization we have an object in view, the noblest that can actuate humanity—sympathy with the living, charity for the friends of the dead. Not the cold, heartless charity of the world, but the kind, loving charity born of common danger and mutual protection. In order to fully accomplish this object we must organize *all* our working forces. Like the coral insects we must combine our efforts. Persistently we must labor, through danger, doubt, and opposition.

If we are true to ourselves, true to our loved ones, true to the spirit of manhood, failure can never be our lot. We shall, in time, become the greatest charitable organization in the world. All we need is persistence, unwavering persistence. Slowly have we toiled through the past, slowly must we toil through the future. Has not our toil brought rich rewards? Have we not heard the "God bless you," from the trembling lips of widowhood, and the prattling lips of infancy?

"What need have we of greater fame
Than tears of love on widow's cheeks?"

Another year lies before us with its manifold hopes and fears, joys and griefs. The sky looks bright for us. All over the land our craft is awakening to the fact that we must organize for the protection of the loved and loving. Wives must not be left uncared for. Babes must not be left to eat the bread of heartless charity. We must help each other. Death and disaster must be robbed of their terrors.

Firemen of the United States and Canada! come and join our noble Brotherhood. Let us all join our individual efforts as the mountain rivulets join their waters and become at last a resistless river sweeping grandly on, overcoming all opposition, stopping for nothing.

Let us go to work fearlessly, persistently, remembering that—

"Work grandly done is always great,
Though done by men of daily toil."

Ladies' Department.

Our Work.

To the Lady Friends of the B. of L. F. Magazine:

LADIES—A limited space of the Magazine having, very kindly been placed at our disposal, I avail myself of this means of sincerely and earnestly soliciting contributions from every section of the country. How thankfully should we seize this golden opportunity for improvement. I find thousands of good subjects suggesting themselves to my mind, but very naturally feel a delicacy in making a selection. This having, however, been imposed upon me *as a duty*, I shall throw aside all restraint and discharge said duty to the best of my ability. Allow me then to suggest, as a subject, one that I deem equally interesting and highly important to every Lady—that of "House-Keeping." I am fully aware that this subject has been discussed again and again, but let us consider it *one of the many* exhaustless subjects. Ladies, if through strenuous efforts we succeed in forcing but one novel idea of practicability upon ourselves, then we have been richly compensated. As every Lady has of course attained to a greater or lesser degree her point of excellence, in one or more things, concerning House-Keeping, let us use to the best possible advantage this splendid medium for exchange and comparison of opinions,

suggestions, etc. How profitably to ourselves and others, can we receive and impart knowledge. When I think of all the good things of which one might write, I exceedingly regret my inability to handle certain subjects. As a compliment to myself, I have made an effort and trust that my example will be followed.

For the next issue of the Magazine, I shall expect an abundance of matter for our department. I would not have you understand that my chosen subject is to be used to the exclusion of others, on the contrary I beg of you to write also on different topics, humorous or other items, in fact any thing that you can send of interest will be thankfully accepted. The more the better, for variety adds to life. Awaiting an early reply, I am

Yours truly,

ELLEN ———.

P. S.: Please address all matters to

EUGENE V. DEBS,
Terre Haute, Indiana.

WHEREAS, etc., — etcetera, —. Be it

Resolved, That the Gentlemen readers of this Magazine, are strictly prohibited from trespassing upon the hallowed grounds of this department. Every intruder subjects himself to the risk of a trial and punishment to the full

least extent of the law. Sheeps' eyes will be very stringently dealt with.

BETTIE LICKSHINGLE,
BERLINDA HENMAN,
M. JERUSHA SHARPE. } Com.

Terre Haute, Ind., December, 1880.

To clean silver door-plates, use a weak solution of ammonia in water, applied with a rag. This wash is equally useful for silver plate and jewelry.

FURNITURE POLISH.—One pint of linseed oil, one wine glass of alcohol; mix well together, apply with a linen rag; rub dry with a soft cotton cloth.

FEATHER CAKE.—Three eggs, one cup sugar, one-quarter cup butter, three-quarter cups of milk, two cups flour, one-and-a-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, pinch salt; flavor to suit taste.

FRUIT PUDDING.—One pint sweet milk, a little salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make a thick batter, then lightly stir in one pint of berries or sliced apples; bake or boil.

SAUCE.—One cup of sugar, half cup butter, one teaspoonful flour, yolk of one egg; beat into a cream, pour into it nearly a pint of boil-

ing water; let it boil one minute; stir in the white of one egg beaten into a froth; season with nutmeg or lemon.

CHOCOLATE BLANC MANGE.—A quarter of a pound of sweet chocolate, one ounce of gelatine, one quart of milk, one teacupful of sugar candy. Put it all into a jug, set it into a sauce pan of water, and let it boil an hour. When nearly cold turn it into molds and bake.

DOMESTIC USE OF AQUA AMMONIA.—A "House-Keeper," in the Michigan Farmer, says—For washing paint, put a teaspoonful in a quart of moderately hot water, dip in a flannel cloth, and with this merely wipe over the wood-work, no scrubbing will be needed.

For taking grease spots from any fabric, use the ammonia nearly pure. Lay white blotting paper over the spot and iron it lightly.

In washing laces put 12 drops in warm suds.

For cleansing hair brushes, simply shake the brushes up and down in a mixture of one teaspoonful of ammonia to one pint of hot water.

If you wish your house plants to flourish put a few drops of the spirits in every pint of water used on the plants.

In every case when used on plate or ware rinse off the ammonia with pure water.

Literary.

A Glance at Human Knowledge.

(PREPARED FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.)

The fact that the young men who act in the capacity of firemen, have, as a rule, little time for general reading is the incentive for the writer to inaugurate a series of compilations which will comprehend, as a whole, the entire system of human knowledge.

In the commencement it is not to be understood that these articles will be very amusing, attractive or captivating, but as the reader becomes imbued with the benefits to be gained by a close and attentive perusal of the same, so in a like manner will he become enamored.

Every person has been led to reflect on the great variety and vast extent of human knowledge. No one has a better opportunity of observing the wonderful works of nature than the fireman as he skips along at the rate of a "mile a minute," or is roaming quietly through a city, viewing those works, modified in a thousand ways by the less plas-

tic labors of art. In society he has probably studied mankind in their diversified aspects, and in solitude has endeavored to know himself, and to trace his origin, and that of all created things, back through the range of time, and upward through the chain of secondary causes, to the first cause of all. To such readers of this little monthly, a review of these various subjects—so classified as to show their mutual relations or dependencies, and accompanied by some distinct views of their facts and principles, history and uses—cannot fail to be interesting, if not entertaining. We will commence by reconnoitering the field of knowledge, that we may afterward survey it in a more methodical manner.

Mind and matter, active or passive, separate or combined, form the subjects of all our ideas; body and spirit being the only modes of existence with which we are acquainted. The mind is concerned in the acquisition of all human knowledge; so that the study of matter is distinct from mind, only as regards

the objects which are studied. As we cannot comprehend the nature or essence of our own minds, neither can we understand the nature of matter, nor the mode nor the origin of its existence; but only its phenomena and properties, so far as they are discoverable by the agency of our senses.

In examining the properties of matter, we have frequent occasion to measure distances, bulks or weights; and to express the same by numbers, with reference to some standard unit; as five miles, ten cubic feet, or fifteen pounds. To express and compare these numbers in various ways, is the object of *Arithmetic*; and to represent unknown numbers by symbols and afterwards discover their value from their relations to certain known numbers, is the higher office of *Algebra*. It was also found desirable sometimes to express quantities by extent or magnitude, having particular reference to figure or shape; hence the origin of *Geometry*. The application of numbers to measure various figures and curves, was a still higher step in these auxiliary sciences; and the mode of discovering the relations of mutually dependent quantities, by supposing them to vary, and observing their relative changes, in the last and highest step in mathematics.

In analysing the material world, we first observe the great distinction between animate and inanimate bodies; the latter having no innate principle of life, nor power to move or act, or cease from action, except when influenced by some external cause, or force. The study of these forces and their laws of action is the object of *Natural Philosophy*; which shows us that light, heat, and electricity—even clouds and storms, lightning and thunder—are all subject to the same general laws; and that the stars of heaven, rolling, on through countless ages, with the earth itself, the star which we inhabit, obey, in all their motions, the simple law of gravitation, which causes the uplifted stone to fall to the ground.

Before leaving inanimate matter, it remains to consider its composition: and we find in it an immense variety of compounds, all resulting from a few simple elements. This leads to the study of the means by which those elements may be compounded or disunited, with the nature and uses both of the elements and of their compounds; in all of which consists the science of *Chemistry*.

This closes, to an extent, the range of inanimate matter; in our next, animated nature will be dealt with.

* * *

Correspondence.

An Exemplary Letter.

The following letter was written to a newly organized Lodge by Brother C. J. McGee, one of our District Corresponding Secretaries. It is so full of truth as well as sound advice that we concluded to reproduce it in the Magazine:

DANVILLE, November 9, 1880.

To Officers and Members of Lodge No. —:

DEAR BROTHERS: Learning from our very worthy Grand Secretary E. V. Debs, that you, as a body, had organized a lodge of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, it becomes my duty as a brother and indeed a pleasant duty it is to offer you a hearty welcome to our ranks. And I hope that as you have entered upon this new field of labor, rendering as you can by good and generous actions towards each other as a lodge and to the order as a whole, that charity and assistance so sorely needed to us all as enginemen, you will not have cause to regret it. In our vocation we are placed in the most dangerous positions and as it were, liable to be hurled without a

moment's warning, into eternity. The danger of our occupations, if nothing more, should be enough to cement us closely to our order. But there is another object besides danger and that is the protection and care of the widows and orphans and the relief of distress in every manner. Indeed it is a great undertaking not to be accomplished without self-sacrifice and persistent effort upon the part of each and every member of the order. Do not let trifles and even great obstacles that appear in the path of this great and noble work, discourage and create carelessness upon your part. Work and strive in every manner! Let each one do a little! Do not wait for another but depend upon your own arm and you will succeed. Say to yourself like this: I do not wish to have dear ones dependent upon me, thrown upon the mercy of a cold world and neither will I allow another's if it be in my power to prevent it. I would also say a few words concerning the payment of dues both monthly and grand. This is one of the most important parts in the success of a lodge and indeed the whole order. We cannot do good, pay death claims, benefits, &c., without hav-

ing funds. This fund is accumulated by the payment of dues. And such being the case you can see very plainly that it cannot be neglected. Two-thirds of our expulsions are for not complying with this law. Do not tolerate excuses in this matter unless they are very good and plausible. And make it an object to collect as closely as possible for it will become a burden upon you if neglected. And remember that it is easier to pay fifty cents than double that amount. In other words conduct your lodge affairs upon a strictly cash principle. Allow the lodge to owe nothing to others and permit none to be in your debt. A word also regarding the selection of officers. Great care should be used in selecting your leaders for many reasons; for upon them depends to a great extent the condition of a lodge. A man may be well liked, kind and termed a first-class fellow and still not be competent to govern a body of men. Select for your Master a man who has judgment and who is accustomed to governing men and one who will enforce our laws to the letter. And let the strictest discipline be used by him in all matters pertaining to the order. In my opinion the position of master of a lodge is a very important one and but very few can successfully perform his duties. The greatest fault with many is that they allow members to become careless in the lodge room and at times one would think that it were a play-room instead of a room of an order. This should not be so. A Master should enforce order. And also demand the prompt payment of dues under the pain of expulsion if necessary. The Magazine next claims your greatest attention and patronage both for the value and truth of its pages and being the champion of our order. To it we look for the good deeds we do for mankind to be thrown to the world; thus explaining our aims and purposes to all. Also giving every brother an organ by which he can make known his views and also reap a benefit from the many excellent articles that appear upon its pages. And also as a source of revenue, for with a large circulation it adds a great amount to the Grand Lodge fund thereby giving our leaders capital and enabling them to transact the business of the order. Strive and work for the circulation of our little book. It is our pride and our protection. Let each one secure subscribers whenever it is possible. In conclusion I would say be brotherly and kind to each other. Do not let dissension or any cause for strife appear among you. Take our motto Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry into your hearts and keep it there and also prac-

tice it. When a brother needs aid, help him if you can. Live up to the Constitution and By-Laws of the order and brothers, I can assure you that success will attend your efforts and be your reward. And believe me brothers, that you will have the hearty support of the order as a whole. And in years to come you will not regret the steps you have taken to further the aims of the Brotherhood. Accept my sincere wishes and hopes for your future, and consider me as your friend and brother.

CHAS. J. MCGEE,
Gen'l Cor. Sec'y.

A Model of Human Gratitude.

BUFFALO, N. Y., December 1, 1880.

Messrs. Editors:—

It becomes our painful duty to announce that we have the most ungrateful man in our midst of whom we have ever heard. His name is E. D. Marr, and he was a member of No. 12, until quite recently, when he was expelled for reasons which we propose shall be given to the locomotive enginemen of this country in order to prevent any further imposture on his part.

Some three years ago he was taken sick and was confined to his bed about six weeks. He was in poor circumstances financially and had a large family to support. His house rent, grocery and doctor bills would have pushed him very hard, had not his brothers in the Lodge extended to him the hand of help he so sorely needed.

The members of No. 12 started a subscription for his benefit and in a little while, with what was donated out of the treasury, they raised \$80.00 for his relief which was turned over to him. This helped him out of the mire and soon he was on his feet again ready for duty. About a year since he was promoted to the position of a Locomotive Engineer. For the first few months our collector made no attempt to collect his dues, as he did not desire to crowd him in the start. Month after month passed and the said E. D. Marr made no effort whatever to pay his dues, and so matters went on until he was eleven months in arrears and then our collector asked him for a settlement. In reply he said that on the following pay-day he would square up and take a withdrawal card. The collector told him that he might do so if he desired, adding however, that he (Marr) should be the last man to abandon a Lodge that had done as much for him in his hour of need as had Buffalo Lodge No. 12.

When pay-day came, the collector presented

his bill for payment. Mr. Marr became very indignant and in a blatant way said the Lodge might expel him if it wanted to, as he did not propose to pay the bill. He knew at the time that if he continued to pay his dues regularly for five years to come, that he could not make reparation for what our noble order had done for him.

He has treated our Lodge in the most contemptible manner when he knew the only friends he had in the hour of his sore trial were its members. Our opinion of him is that he is unworthy of membership in any beneficiary institution. Such a man deserves to be branded, and here is the stigma. Our Lodge is better off without him and no one will mourn his loss. We breathe a purer atmosphere since he is gone, and we caution others to beware of him.

Yours fraternally,

MEMBERS of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12,
B. of L. F.

Interview with F. B. A.

LOUISVILLE, KY., Dec. 13th, 1880.

Editor L. F. Magazine:

As I have not presumed on your space since the convention, I now wish to ask of the Brothers who read this, how far they would have to go from home to get just such answers to the following questions?

"Are you a member of the B. of L. F.?"

Well, yes:

"A good one?"

I think so.

"What makes you think so?"

Well, I was regularly initiated, have paid my dues promptly and have treated the Brothers all right.

"Is that all?"

That's all that's required, isn't it?

"Hardly."

"What led you to join the Order?"

The insurance—mutual protection of ourselves and our families, and sick benefits.

"Why did you not join a regular Life Co.?"

That costs too much, has too many directors and officers and commissions to pay; while the B. of L. F. is carried on by the Brothers without expense.

"But there is an immense amount of work to do that requires ability and energy."

That's all attended to by those who take interest in such matters and attend the Lodge meetings.

What do you think of the obligations to visit the sick and distressed and provide for the widows and orphans of our deceased Brothers?

"An excellent thing, just right!" I often

tell my wife that if I die first she need have no trouble about the funeral or obtaining the insurance, the Lodge attends to all of that. When sick they will nurse me and not expect any pay.

"Do you think they will do all these things without pay? Why should they?"

Well, they promised to, when I was initiated.

"How often do you attend meetings?"

Oh! I don't go to the Lodge much, they don't need me. I send my dues by some Brother.

"What!! don't go to Lodge at all? Why, you agreed to and are getting your insurance—virtually for nothing, as it costs no more than it did before you added the insurance. And now you get all the other benefits with the insurance for about one-third of what the insurance alone would cost in a regular Life Co. You thus acknowledge that you are making out of your Brothers three times as much as you would from a regular Company and give nothing in return. You willingly accept all the benefits the Order affords, but personally you do nothing but what you are compelled to do in order to retain your membership. You are showing no fraternal feeling, or performing no duty. Simply a drone reaping the harvest of kindly acts of the more willing and whole-souled Brothers. Is not this *unmanly*—DISHONORABLE—DISHONEST?"

"Suppose we admit that you do all things required of you, I want to ask you another question or two. Do you take our Magazine?"

Ha! ha! you don't? Do you mean to say you are a good member, one interested in the general welfare of the Order, one whom we can look to for advice and information, one whom we would like to choose from among us, as a representative in Convention, there to make laws to govern the institution? Why, sir, you don't read—how can you be informed of the necessities and requirements of this Organization? How do you know the extent, the numbers, the actual purposes or the location of the different Lodges, or their wants when passing laws? How will you find the address of Brother B—in another state, while traveling and seeking employment, or sick, in distress, and needing assistance? How will you find employment without a vast amount of trouble unless you have the influence of the Brothers? Yet you were voted one to instruct the Delegate to have the book published at all hazards, then turn around and fail to support it. O! consistency, thou art a jewel!

So you do take the Magazine, yourself? Well, does your duty drop with your subscription any more than it does when you pay your dues to the Lodge? Did it ever occur to you that you have friends who would subscribe for the book to please you? Think of only one. If not, what kind of a man are you, any how? Oh, you have one, well let us all say we have one. Sum up the list, we have 6000 subscribers. Our Grand Officers say they will take that list and make the Grand Lodge self-sustaining, and the influence of the books adds to your insurance steadily. Now you are getting the many benefits, including insurance, cheaper than ever was known in the history of secret organizations. Then why cannot we publish a book that will be cheaper than any known publication of the same class? We can do it; not by borrowing books to read, or one to carry with you while traveling, but by coming up with a name, with your own, and thus every one is carrying part of the burden, making it lighter on all. Take an extra copy for your sister, or some body else's sister. You can't afford it, did you say? What! you a fireman or engineer, and can not give one or two dollars per year? Where do you work, and how much do you get a month? You are rather a poor specimen of manhood if that is your excuse, and we are better off without that kind of people. (I can guess to a fraction where that man spends his evenings and his money.) You are hungry but you don't want bread and butter. No! you want pie! You want the benefits but don't want the trouble of making change for them, eh! To use that beautiful phrase—"You take the cake!" Hello! what's the matter, man? Sick, are you? Only the shoe pinches. O well, I can give you a remedy: Go to the Magazine agent, give him \$1.00 for a "corn plaster," its a sure cure for that pinch, no pain, no knife, no poisonous compounds, warranted to cure or money refunded, consultation free. I will give you a diognosis of your case and perform the operation; also your symptoms are at present a kind of "alloverishness," a kind of gripping down in your pocket, a sort of palpitation in your "pocket book," which is telegraphed to your brain, this causes a sort of revulsion of feeling, then comes a spasmodic twitching of your fingers, a crooking of the elbow, a sudden motion of the forearm, which dives into your pocket. Here you give the "grip." The reaction of the arm is very slow, the fingers are "cramped" (upon the pocket book) the arm is slowly withdrawn and with a sorrowful and downcast coun-

tenance and a strange foreboding. You proceed to analyse the contents of the object in your grip; you look cautiously in every direction, then you unwind several yards of twine. It slowly opens like a clam and you behold with great concern something 'green.' What can it be—a reflection? No! A spleen? No! Only a photograph of the "Father of our Country." You are now beginning to feel a relaxation of the muscles of the digits—and there comes over you a sort of relief, so you draw the bit of greasy rag from its clam like shell, and with a sudden impulse pass it over to the "meek and, loving agent," who with a sigh of relief bids you God speed. The agony is over and you feel better. The cure is warranted for one year from date.

~~35~~ Sold everywhere by our Magazine agent, at one dollar per bot—, no book.

Sole proprietor,

F. B. A.

Notes from Thirty-Six.

LA FAYETTE, IND., December 1, 1880.

Editor Magazine:

I am happy to say that the Brotherhood at this point is prospering unusually well. Our most substantial enginemen are rapidly embracing the organization, and I apprehend that the time is near at hand we shall reign supreme. The influence of our Order is already amazing, and if we continue as we have begun, it will not be long until the rolls of our membership will be examined as an evidence of the worthiness of an applicant for favors in our line of business.

Membership in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen means Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry, the three traits of character necessary to perfect manhood; and when a member in good standing needs assistance we know that he is worthy to receive it, and we are always ready to extend to him the right hand of fellowship and aid him to the full extent of our power.

A little while back we were selfish and jealous of each other's success, but since we are united in this grand Fraternity, we are like a great family of industrious laborers, and hail with delight the advancement of the co-laborers in our cause.

With our motto aloft, and a future filled with joy and profit, we shall march forward in perfect harmony and keep time with the music of prosperity.

Before closing I wish to give you a few items in relation to our members. First of all it is my pleasant duty to announce the marriage of our worthy brother, Frank Lord

to Miss McLaughlin, a most estimable young lady of Lafayette, and a sister of George McLaughlin, also one of 38's members. Our boys unite in congratulating the happy couple and wishing them health, happiness and prosperity through life. Brother Lord is Round House Foreman of the Lake Erie and Western Shops, at Muncie, Indiana, and his many excellent qualities have made him deservedly popular among the employees.

Brother Ed. Conner has been promoted to the position of Engineer on the main line and is fully capable of attending to the responsible duties of "throttle-jerker." We wish him success now and always. W. B. Gunton, another "good one," is now Engine Dispatcher, and Brothers James Tingle, John McDonald and Chas. Bane of the New Albany Road, three of our staunch workers, are now seated upon the right-hand side and doing well. But I must not forget Brother H. A. Kennedy, who has been "set up" too, and is now Engine Dispatcher of the L. E. & W. Shops at Lafayette, Ind. As regards Brother Kennedy, you need look no farther, for his better cannot be found. When you come this way call and see us.

Yours in B. S. & I,
TIPPECANOE.

"Verix" Takes the Floor Again.

ATCHISON, KAN., Dec. 15, 1880.

Messrs. Editors:

The year is now drawing to a close and I venture again to pen a few lines for the columns of our Magazine. My pen may not avail much; yet, I think it is a duty we owe our little book, as well as the Grand Lodge officials, to assist in its editing. I hope the coming year will bring with it an increase of correspondents.

A most deplorable sight, is a deserted lodge room on meeting night: This is not always due to negligence on the part of the members but occurs almost invariably through some misunderstanding; the Master failing to instruct the Brothers as to the time of meeting, &c., &c. To avoid this, the Master and other officers should not be content until every member has been properly notified with regard to any change or movement made by the Order. In this manner the attention and interest of all is enlisted.

The object of every Lodge should be to elect a prudent and dignified Master, who shall be capable of keeping the members on a harmonious footing. If in any manner he has given offense, let him at once sink all per-

sonal feeling and make ample amends. Holding the highest position to which he has been chosen, it is an easy matter to apologize and ask the friendship of his former associate. An appeal to one's feelings and reason, cannot be resisted when properly and fittingly tendered. On the other hand, should there be discord among the members, the Master by calling on them, speaking kindly and giving them good advice, can often effect a reconciliation. There is nothing so detrimental to the progress of a Lodge, as discord. As I write, I recall to mind the downfall of two promising Lodges, who went under on account of the negligence of the presiding officers. Officers should be up and doing—it is their duty, and theirs alone to rule and govern their respective Lodges, and never hesitate to act for the welfare of all. Patience, care, kindness and firmness are required to make the Lodge room a source of comfort to the weary freeman. Therefore I say, let the Brethren practice the principles of our Order and prove by their acts of charity, their love for the Fraternity.

Yours in B. S. and I.

VERI

A Letter from Little Rock

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., Dec. 1880.

Messrs. Editors:—

Having failed to see anything in the Magazine from No. 45 for some time, avail myself of this opportunity to give you some news from this section of the country. We gave an elegant ball on the night of the 25th and had a splendid time. Everything passed away quietly and to the entire satisfaction of everybody concerned. Our Lodge is in splendid condition and we are taking in new members at every meeting. The boys are all working hard and making good time. There are several promotions to report, and among others I must mention that Brothers Schellhorn, Hardinsson and Mills occupy the "Engineer's side" and are giving perfect satisfaction. We are willing to put them up against any three young runners in the country. We are really proud of them and have no hesitation in saying so.

Brother H. W. Williams has left the J. M. road and gone down to the Texas & St. Louis road, where he is running what is sometimes called an engine. The machine is so hideous in appearance that she is painted black and is only let loose after darkness sets in. However, Brother Williams is one of our good ones and we wish him success.

Brothers B. Schimmelfing (how is that for a

name to go to bed with?) and F. H. Blinn have both taken unto themselves a better half and their happiness knows no bounds. Good luck, boys! If I did not know the bliss of a bachelor's life, I should envy you.

Our Master, H. H. Lindenberger, is the pride of our Lodge. As a Magazine Agent he has no peer. At this time of writing he has 305 subscribers for volume 4. How is that, you Eastern fellows, who don't take the book at all? Brother Lindenberger will again be agent for 1881 and we are informed that he is going to beat his record of 1880. We challenge any lodge to produce his equal for downright hard work in the interest of the Order. More anon.

Yours for the Brotherhood,

ARKANSAW TRAVELER.

An Earnest Appeal by an Earnest Member.

CHICAGO, ILLS., December 6th, 1880.

Messrs Debs and Hynes:

Not having seen an article in the Magazine from No. 47 for a long time, I have concluded to drop you a few lines to let you know that our boys are still "Triumphant." We gave our first Annual Ball on Thanksgiving night and it was a success in every sense of the word. I will here state that the result was due to the manly efforts of Brother Winwood. The assistance rendered by other members was feeble, owing to the fact that they were so busily engaged with their duties on the road. Brother Winwood is indeed a noble fellow and a credit to our institution. Although the ball claimed a great deal of our attention, the Magazine was not forgotten.

Our Past Master and Agent M. Gepper, is alive to the interests of our Order, having already increased his list two-fold. Nearly all our brothers recognize the fact that it is time to assume the character and earnestness of men and they are all helping Mike along.

It is surprising to see how many members of our Order neglect their duty with regard to the Magazine; (but of course we must have our share of drones) and it is nearly time for them to understand that much depends upon the welfare of our little book. It is through its success that we are enabled to aid the widows and orphans of our deceased members. We need a combined effort in behalf of our Magazine by all our lodges. We should not leave it all to our Grand Officers for they are powerless without our co-operation. We must remember that earnestness is the secret to success, and that unless

we are determined, the great object we have in view, will never be accomplished. Now is the time to make a gigantic effort. With a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, we will sail into Boston next September and there in our 8th Annual Convention we will represent one of the grandest Labor Organizations in this country.

Yours for the Brotherhood,

TRIUMPHANT.

Disability and Intemperance.

Editors B. of L. F. Magazine:

I would ask a small space in your columns in order to say a few words upon the subject of extending aid to Brothers. It has frequently come under my observation that members become disabled and are made dependent upon the benefits of our Order for support. This, of course, is very just and I heartily delight in seeing a friendly hand extended to a brother in distress. But I am sorry to say that the funds thus applied are very often misused. I know of one case where a member has become entitled, through the loss of a limb to the benefits of our Order. They were extended to him and the money, instead of being used for a good purpose, is daily being expended in saloons for liquor. The charitable features of our organization are splendid and without them we could avail nothing, but I do not think we ought to allow them to be abused in this way. It is shameful on the part of a member in such a condition, to spend the money given him by charity, in depraving himself, mind and body. This must not be tolerated, and if these men prefer saturating themselves with whisky, to wearing decent clothes, we must give them to understand that they will be stricken from our rolls. It is only just to all that we should be strict in dealing with such men. I know that I cannot support such a habit and neither can I contribute to others for the same purpose. I sincerely hope that those to whom I have reference will amend their ways, both for their credit and that of our Order.

Yours in B. S. and I.,

JUSTICE.

—, —, December 15, 1880.

Our Grand Lodge Officers.

PORTLAND, ME., Dec. 25, 1880.

To the Editors and Readers of the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine:

This is Christmas day and I can think of no more pleasant way of spending a portion of it than in addressing these lines to you. Two

weeks ago I left San Francisco, Cal., and on my long ride from the western to the eastern sea, I took occasion, as a member of our Order, and one deeply interested in its welfare, to stop over at Terre Haute, and visit the Grand Lodge. I confess, however, that deep as my interest in its welfare had been, I did not before realize how much is being done for us, and how nobly the spirit of self-sacrifice is being exhibited by the officers of the Grand Lodge. The Grand Secretary and Treasurer, Bro. E. V. Debs, received me cordially, and afforded me every opportunity to examine into the affairs of the office: I wish to assure all the Brotherhood that I was greatly pleased and encouraged by the result of my acquaintance with the true state of the Order. At the rate which death-claims, and other obligations, have been paid off since the present Secretary and Treasurer took charge of the office, it will not be many months until the Order will not owe a cent. Great economy has been practiced and the undeniable ability and honesty displayed in the management speaks volumes in its praise and for the continued success of the Brotherhood.

At Indianapolis I made a point of stopping to visit Brother S. M. Stevens, our Grand Instructor and Organizer, whom it was my good fortune and pleasure to meet in California last summer. I found Brother Stevens just recovering from a very dangerous and persistent attack of brain fever, which his physicians assured me had been brought about by the care and labor incident to his office. He speaks hopefully of himself, and will undoubtedly soon be in the field again, doing the work of a host in the matter of not only organizing new lodges, but in uniting and infusing in many of the old lodges, some of his wonderful vitality and strength. Brother Stevens has only one thought, and that is the good of our glorious Order. He is intended by nature, habits, etc., for this position, and his services can never be too highly valued. In a word he is everywhere recognized as a man and Brother of the noblest character, and one who, had his recent illness proved fatal, would have been sincerely mourned by every member of the Order.

The members of our eastern lodges may congratulate themselves on the promise of an early meeting with Brother Stevens, as he informed me that it was his intention to start east as soon as the state of his health would permit. We hope to see him here in Portland at an early day, and have full faith that

great good will follow his labors everywhere.

Having met Brothers Debs and Stevens, and having been so well pleased with them, I was naturally anxious to meet the chief officer, and for this purpose made my next stopping place in the city of Columbus, Ohio, the residence of Grand Master, F. W. Arnold. I found Brother Arnold actively engaged in his professional work, which is that of an attorney. I was met with the same cordial hand-shake from him that I had received from the brothers in Terre Haute and Indianapolis. Brother Arnold is eminent in his profession, and his position is in the front rank—not alone in his profession, but in society. He has a wide circle of admiring friends, and I was most agreeably surprised to find that while his interests would naturally seem to lie in other directions, he has given the best love of his heart to the welfare of the Order of which he is the Chief, and of which the writer is an obscure but proud member.

Why is it, I said, after leaving Columbus, that this man, and men like Brothers Debs and Stevens, are giving their lives so devotedly to the interests of our Order? They are all capable of filling almost any position in the land, and yet the Grand Master donates his time and talents freely to the work belonging to his office without any compensation whatever; while both, Brothers Debs and Stevens, are doing hard work for far less remuneration than they could easily command in other and less perplexing labors. I found these gentlemen earnest and unassuming, and I certainly think it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to find three others in the entire Order who would display in the discharge of their duties more intelligence and faithfulness.

I must bring my letter to a close, but shall be glad to communicate another time, and many times, perhaps, in the future with the Brotherhood; for since meeting the noble trio mentioned above, I have felt a deeper interest in the Order than ever before.

In closing I wish to thank the members of our Order whom I met in my long and weary journey across the continent for the generous kindness and help they were ever ready to extend to me. They shortened the miles more than I can tell, and cheered me beyond my ability to say. But I thank them heartily, one and all, and am theirs until the sun of life sets for me forever and while it shines on gloriously for the Brotherhood eternally.

Yours fraternally,

DEACON.

"Bob" Rises Up to Explain.

NEW MEXICO, December 7th, 1880.

Editor Locomotive Firemen's Magazine:

Falling to notice any communication from No. 97, for some considerable time, I hereby send an item concerning what has transpired with us within the past seven months, I being a Brother of the Lodge, deem it my duty to occasionally correspond with the Magazine. I am sorry that somebody more competent does not undertake the task, but no one offers his services, and I shall make an effort.

The Southern Pacific Rail Road, of California, is now some distance in New Mexico, and has built about 295 miles of road in the last seven months, during which time quite a number of the boys have been placed on the right side, some of whom are—Adam Snyder, George Fairchilds, Charles Etton, David Johnson, L. Halladay, Will Clark Chas. Vogelsang, Frank Sharpe, Geo. Hughes, James Guthrey, William Hughes, Chas. Hill.

Had I more time to devote to this purpose I should lengthen this considerable, but at the present I am worked so hard that I have not time. This is written merely to "draw on" the boys, as the saying goes.

With my adieus I will add that No. 97 is in excellent standing and doing well.

Fraternally yours,

"Bob."

Thanks.

SALINA, KANSAS, NOV. 24, 1880.

Messrs Editors:—

Through the columns of the Magazine, I desire to thank the Brothers of No. 32, for the generous manner, in which they responded to the calls made upon them, by way of relieving us of a burdensome debt. Previous to the convention, our Lodge was about to totter to its downfall, as the boys were discouraged on account of the heavy debt that was brooding over us—but the result of honest labor and prompt response, has placed us on a level with the best Lodges in the West. Many names have been added to our roll and to-day we have twenty-one members, who are ready and willing to do their duty. Never has our Lodge been so prosperous as at the present time. Let us remember the motto of our order, live up to its noble meaning, and our united efforts will be crowned with success.

Fraternally yours,

C. E. McC.

Echoes from the Boys of 73.

WORCESTER, MASS., Dec. 2, 1880.

It's wonderful the changes one brief year has wrought among us. Being but a casual observer I have sifted out only the most prominent items of interest. Of course the boys don't with one accord make me their "confidante," but when affairs come to a crisis, then I'm right there, taking in the situation. First and foremost stands G. A. Hewitt. This deserving brother has been promoted to the right hand side and is running between Boston and Worcester. The boys of 73 regret that his genial face will be "non est" at their meetings, but rejoice in his success. To return to my subject—said Brother Hewitt was so elated that he concluded it not to be "well for man to be alone." The result you may infer. Brothers Jas. Mead and Wm. Conway approved of his decision. They thought it time to follow suit and did likewise. Their estimable ladies who were so fortunate, think there are just as good men on the foot-board as anywhere. Happiness go with them. I fear that I'm getting too personal and lest I pack up my collar box and fly, may be in danger.

Yours Fraternally,

BAY STATE.

Report of Grand Trustees.

CHICAGO, ILLS., October 27, 1880.

To the Officers and Members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS: We have this day received the bond of our Grand Secretary and Treasurer J. V. Debs, of Terre Haute, Indiana, in the sum of \$10,000 properly signed and sealed. The securities are Daniel Debs, John G. Heintz, Philip Schloss, T. W. Harper, Robert S. Cox, Crawford Fairbanks, Martin Hollinger and Newton Rogers, of the City of Terre Haute, Indiana, and certified to as being reliable and responsible by Benjamin F. Havens, Mayor of the City of Terre Haute, and W. R. McKeen, President of the Vandalia Railroad.

W. M. MARONEY,
W. T. HYNES,
J. E. BRIGGS, } Grand Trustees.

"What do you think of these shoes for \$4?" said Bob the other day, as he put one of his pedal extremities on the table for inspection. "Very cheap, considering the size of the foot," was Jack's reply, as his eye wandered over a vast garden of sole-leather.

Additional Editorial.

GREETING.

We reach out a long hand of welcome to all our Brotherhood, and wish them, one and all, God's blessing and a happy New Year. 1880 with its manifold joys and sorrows, is no more. It has been an eventful year for the Order, and we take renewed courage and are filled with new strength and zeal, when we consider the good that has been done and the victories that have been achieved. The debts with which we were encumbered have been, in great part, discharged, and the prospect for a speedy payment of all claims against us is highly encouraging. Without your sympathy and aid we can do little, but give us your support and we can do almost anything. We do not lose sight for a moment of the grand aim of the Brotherhood, and we call upon every Brother to bear it in mind. There are also many orphans and widows who demand our assistance—many firesides which must be brightened by our ministrations, many homes which must be made to feel the warmth and cheer of that practical charity which it is the object of the Brotherhood to bestow.

We are engaged in no idle or vain pursuit of pleasure; our mission is a noble and beautiful one, and we solemnly accept the obligations which it lays upon us. 1881 will, we trust, see our membership largely increased,

and let it not be forgotten that every additional member will make our holy burdens lighter. There is no reason why we should not embrace on our lists the names of the whole body of engine men in this country and Canada. There is no reason why we should not make this Order one of the best, if not the grandest on earth, and in making it so, do you not see that we lift ourselves as individuals into higher and better conditions of life? There is earnest work to do. Against no other body of men is man's arch enemy, Death, so constantly and treacherously opposed. He lurks in the bolted lightning, in the broken rail, under the unsafe bridge, over the rushing waters, and there is scarcely a moment from the time you take your stand at the post of duty until you return to the homes so dear to you, that his skeleton hand does not clutch for your life. We do not remind you of these dangers with which you are so familiar as to be nearly unconscious of them, to arouse any emotions of fear in your hearts, but to show you that your highest duty is to prepare for the worst. Be ready to meet the end at a moment's notice, and then no matter if your days extend to the greatest old age, you will feel more secure, for you will know that if the worst happens to you, those dependent on you will not suffer from want. Their sorrow alone at your loss will be all that they can bear.

Our Exchanges.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

BRAVE FELLOWS WHO RUN WITH THE ENGINE.

FROM THE CINCINNATI GAZETTE, DECEMBER 6, 1880.

It may not be generally known to the public, but it is nevertheless true, that one of the most important and deserving organizations of the country is that incorporated under the name of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. This order was instituted in December, 1873, by a fireman of the Erie Railway whose name is Joshua A. Leach, and who is at pres-

ent a resident of Atchison, Kansas, a man of large heart and active brain. This gentleman organized the first lodge of the order at Port Jervis, N. Y., and was chosen Grand Master, a position in which he served for the two succeeding years—that is, until he himself desired a successor at the international convention held at St. Louis in 1876, when W. R. Worth, of Brookfield, Mo., was chosen to fill his chair. In the convention at Indianapolis in the following year, F. B. Alley, of Louisville, Ky., was elected to the position. From the obscure and modest lodge at Port Jervis, the organization had by this time grown to

UPWARD OF FIFTY LODGES, and numbered a membership of about 1,200, embracing men from all parts of the United

States and the Canadas. At the Buffalo Convention of 1878, W. T. Goundie, of Philadelphia, succeeded Mr. Alley, to whose energy much of the prosperity of the order at this time may be attributed. Mr. Goundie proved to be a worthy successor, and carried forward the work intelligently and well.

At this point it may be proper to mention the relation of the order to the great strike of 1877. Much injustice has been done it by those not conversant with its attitude toward the railroad authorities. On the roads where the strike originated, viz., the Pennsylvania Central and the Baltimore & Ohio, not a single lodge of the order was in existence, and it is safe to say that had the spirit and teaching of the order been the guide of those who began the trouble, it would never have commenced. It is a notable fact that the strikers were in no instances members of the order, and this fact is made more prominent by the additional fact that on roads where the order did exist there were no disturbances. The membership to a man.

DESIRED PEACE AND HARMONY,

and deprecated any movement looking to revolution and lawlessness. It was the misfortune of the organization at this time, however, to have in the person of the Secretary and Treasurer a man who, whatever he had done toward building up the society in the past, was in no sense fit for the position, and his conduct did much toward placing the order in a false light. At Indianapolis, which was then the headquarters of the organization, he made himself conspicuous by usurping a power not guaranteed by the constitution, and acting in such a manner as to bring the order into distrust and odium with the railway officials. It was found necessary for many reasons, among which may be mentioned notorious incompetency and untrustworthiness, to remove this man from the position which he disgraced, and his resignation was asked by the present Grand Master, Mr. F. W. Arnold, of Columbus, O., who had been appointed to succeed Mr. Goundie at the Chicago Convent on in 1879, and was re-elected to the position by the delegates in convention last September in the same city. Mr. Arnold's firmness in the matter just mentioned was so highly approved that the honor of his reelection may be largely attributed to that circumstance. As it had been the misfortune of the organization to have the position of Treasurer and Secretary filled by one who had neither love for the order nor respect for himself, so on his forced resignation it became the

good fortune of the order to secure for the same position a gentleman who is not only fully competent to discharge all the duties of his office, which are now of an important character, but who is one of the most honorable and intelligent of men, Mr. Eugene V. Debs, of Terre Haute. and Mr. Debs is a young man of high position in society, active and energetic, and is at present City Clerk of Terre Haute. He has filed a bond of \$10,000 for the faithful discharge of his duties, and it may be mentioned that the names of eight of the most prominent citizens of Terre Haute are his bondsmen—gentlemen who are endorsed by the Mayor of that city and by Mr. Riley McKeen, President of the Indianapolis, Terre Haute & St. Louis Railroad.

At the Buffalo Convention it was found necessary, by reason of the growth of the organization and the increasing demand for charters, to create the office of

ORGANIZER AND INSTRUCTOR.

To this end, Mr. S. M. Stevens, of Lowell, Mass., was elected to the position, and it may be doubted if in all the history of the order a more fortunate step has been taken. Mr. Stevens is peculiarly adapted for the position, being thoroughly in sympathy with the men and an untiring, unselfish worker. He was formerly employed as fireman and engineer on the Boston Lowell & Nashua Railroad, and Mr. Wm. M. Purker, superintendent of that road, speaks of him in an introductory letter as follows: "Mr. Stevens is now engaged in promoting the interests of firemen, and in that capacity is doing his best to instill into their minds the importance of sobriety, economy, and faithfulness to the interests of the railroads that employ them. It is his earnest endeavor to impress upon them the fact that the railroad interest is their interest, and above all things to avoid strikes. I have full confidence in him."

Learning that Mr. Stevens was in the city, a representative of the GAZETTE called upon him and found him actively engaged in work pertaining to the order. In reply to some reportorial inquiries, Mr. S. said that the

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE ORGANIZATION

is highly satisfactory and that its future prospects were never so bright. He speaks in warm praise of the railway officers, saying that in his travels they have almost invariably shown him, as one of the representatives of the order, all the favors in their power. He has in his possession, as a proof of their kindly feelings, a number of annual passes over the largest railways in the country. The

object of the order, to quote his own words, is to unite railroad employees in a common interest which shall in no wise conflict with that of their employers. The membership is confined to engine men, and the order takes upon itself the sacred mission of providing for the necessities of families stricken with the loss of those who in life provided for their needs. The aim is not only to aid the poor and needy, but to instill in the minds of the members that there is something to be done by them besides throwing coal into the furnace of a locomotive. They are taught that they have a manhood to sustain, and that they should so conduct themselves as to win the confidence and respect of not only their employers, but all others with whom they come in contact. It is said to their credit that they are generally

A BRAVE AND BOBLE SET OF FELLOWS, and the surest indication of this is in the promptness with which they respond to the requirements of their constitution and by-laws. If the public understood the real nature of the organization they would feel safer in their travels for knowing that the men on the engine belong to this grand brotherhood, for they would then understand that their lives are in the keeping of those who are pledged to sobriety and a faithful discharge of all their obligations, and who are taught in the lodge room that "a drunkard is not a safe man in any position of life." They are made to feel their responsibilities, and all who go forth with their lives in their hands can understand how very great these are. The firemen are represented through the medium of type by a small monthly publication known as the Fireman's Magazine. It is a neat, creditable journal, and is about to be enlarged and improved so as to take rank with the best publications of the kind in the world. There is a field for splendid achievements in this line, and it is understood that during the coming year the firemen will have cause to feel proud of their advocate. The book will then speak for itself, as it will be filled with departments embracing the best of editorials, contributions from eminent writers, selections, etc., making it of universal interest.

Romain Le Goff, A French Hero.

FROM THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

One of the batch of streets soon to be christened will be called La Rue Romain le Goff. Who was Romain le Goff? A medical student who lost his life in trying to pluck a soldier from the jaws of death. He died when

less than twenty. The circumstances under which his short and promising career ended were harrowing as those which led up to the climax of Balzac's most poignant novels. Romain le Goff was the son of a distinguished professor of philosophy in a first-class lyceum—a gay, charming, high-spirited, and thoroughly honorable and honest Frenchman of the eighteenth-century school, who, because a Deist, was held in bad odor by inspectors of academies anxious to stand well with the Empress Eugenie and her set. They could not dismiss him, but they nagged at and harassed him so much that his patience broke down, and he asked leave to retire on a miserably small pension. It was his and his wife's intention to set up a private school; but the influence which drove them from the lyceum rendered this scheme impracticable. M. le Goff, when the Delegate Government was at Tours, was secretary-general to the Post and Telegraph Department. He there saw much of Gambetta, and conceived for him affectionate admiration, which, as he did not hide it when the Assembly reigned, was a source of fresh persecution. A paper he directed was suppressed, and serious pecuniary losses thereby entailed on him. Misfortune was rendered blacker by a fall during a *verglus*, in which he broke his wrist. His wife, though an accomplished lady, was glad of the humble place of mistress in a girls' free school, under the municipality of Paris, at Bourg-la-Reine, and was allowed to take her daughter to be her assistant. Mlle. le Goff was very beautiful and carefully educated, and not twenty. The young Romain entered the School of Medicine. In meeting liabilities contracted while he was engaged in his newspaper venture the father's small pension was absorbed, and a good deal of the wife's salary.

As the wolf was very close to the door, poor young Romain boldly faced privations of all kinds, and won a place as house student in a hospital. He had not far to go in the direction of a medical diploma when he began his clinical studies at Val de Grace. There on a January morning at 5 o'clock a surgeon appealed to the *devouement* of the students to save a soldier, whose life could only be preserved by the transfusion of healthy blood into his veins. Nobody answered. Another appeal was made, and then a third. Romain le Goff bared his arm and came forward. The operation being clumsily performed, he lost more blood than was necessary for the salvation of the invalid. Le Goff had not been well fed, his clothing was not wintry, the cold was terrible, and he had to go to another hospital for

an early morning clinical lecture. The poor youth was very weak, and went to a sister of charity for a glass of hot soup or a glass of wine. Sisters of charity are more often than not humanely and kindly disposed towards young people. This one was a harsh fanatic, and of what is not fanaticism capable? She point-blank refused, twitted the student with having protested against an attempt to force the last sacraments upon a soldier who wanted to die without them; and when Romain le Goff pressed her, told him he had no orders from the surgeon, who had by this time left the hospital. Young le Goff, bloodless, without a greatcoat, without nutriment or stimulant to enable him to resist the cold, went on foot over the snow to a hospital at the other end of the town. He was seized with a violent inflammation of the pericardium, and for six-and-twenty days was on the verge of the grave. His sister devoted herself to him. He got over the accidental malady to fall into a consumption; and Mlle. le Goff died a few weeks after he was out of immediate danger, of inflammation of the lungs. Romain lingered for a few years. General Chanzy attached him to the military service to enable him to winter in Algeria, where he expired last May.

The Municipal Council, in giving this youth's name to a street, wishes to perpetuate the memory of his generous action in the Val de Grace Hospital. I well knew the deceased student, and am intimately acquainted with his family. Prosperity has returned to the father and mother, but the children on whom they set their hearts are not alive to enjoy it with them. It will, however, be some compensation to live in a street "alled after their son because he was a civic hero.

Reminiscences of Napoleon at St. Helena.

FROM THE UNITED SERVICE MAGAZINE.

The island being strongly fortified, with a garrison of two regiments, and vessels of war constantly cruising around it, Sir Hudson Lowe should have been convinced that the prisoner was perfectly safe; but so far from this, it is related of him that on one occasion, because Napoleon had not been seen for thirty-six hours, by an English officer, he ordered his aid in the middle of the night to ride over to Longwood, a distance of nearly five miles, and ascertain if he was there. When the aid returned, reporting to Sir Hudson Lowe that he had been unable to see Napoleon, he was immediately ordered to return to Longwood,

with orders to remain there until he had seen him. The poor aid informed Count Bertrand of the nature of his instructions, who posted him behind a tree fronting the window of the chamber in which Napoleon happened to be, and after remaining there several hours he caught a glimpse of him through the window, much to the relief of the aid and delight of Sir Hudson Lowe.

I also heard another story equally as ridiculous of this Governor. It appears that during his time there was a number of Chinese coolies employed as gardeners, and he noticed among them one who resembled Napoleon so much that he actually had him sent off the island, thinking that he might be used to facilitate the escape of his captive. Mr. Carroll, now in his seventy-sixth year, who was born on the island, and had at one period occupied the position of United States Consul, informed me that Napoleon was much averse to the visits of strangers when prompted by curiosity, but when impelled by other motives, an interview was rarely refused, unless prevented by indisposition. He had to a great degree the happy faculty of making a good impression upon all who called to see him, his manners being of the most charming character. Mr. Carroll, who had frequently seen Napoleon, described him as being rather short, with a well proportioned head and finely-cut features; his eyes were gray and of the most expressive character, his hands and feet small and delicately formed, of which he seemed rather vain; in fact he always paid great attention to his personal appearance.

Among other anecdotes related by Mr. Carroll of Napoleon, he mentioned that Sir Geo. Cockburn, who was then in favor with him, brought two ladies to Longwood to introduce to him, and so certain was he of having this honor granted that he had omitted sending word to Count Bertrand, which had always been customary. On the arrival of the company they were informed by Count Bertrand that Napoleon was not well enough to see visitors, which was a great disappointment, not only to Sir George, but to the ladies. Bertrand, however, managed to draw Sir George out of the house and engaged him in conversation, when Napoleon entered the room where the ladies were, to whom he introduced himself, and by his winning manners and charming conversation soon gained their esteem and admiration. He also had refreshments brought in, of which they partook. Napoleon then retired, and shortly afterward Sir George rejoined his party, and had not been aware that they had thus been honored

during his absence, until one of the ladies happened to mention that Napoleon had treated them in the most courteous manner, which annoyed Sir George no little. The object of Napoleon in resorting to this artifice was to show that, notwithstanding he was a captive, he was just as exacting in points of etiquette as when he was Emperor of France.

To children he was always partial, speaking pleasantly to them, and frequently he would take a soldier by the ear in a playful manner.

addressing him kindly. Mr. Carroll also relates that on one occasion Napoleon with his suite galloped through the British camp on Deadwood, when the soldiers involuntarily, and without orders, fell in ranks and saluted him. These traits of character I take pleasure in mentioning, as they give one a better insight into his private life than the reading of his achievements, which seem more like romance.

Scientific.

One pound of coal in the hands of a good chemist can by its consumption be made to evaporate, or convert into steam, 14 pounds of water.

The phosphorescent light of the sea is due to a microscopical animal (the noctiluca) smaller than a needle point.

It is estimated that America, when her productive power is fully developed will be able to feed four times as many as there are now on the face of the earth.

The brittle wort, or single cell plants, visible only by the microscope, are so numerous that there is hardly a spot on the face of the earth where they may not be found.

Romer, a Danish astronomer, who flourished in 1676 was the first person who discovered the velocity of light, which he calculated to be at the rate of 167,600 geographical miles a second.

PLATING COPPER AND BRASS WITH ZINC.—Copper and brass can be easily coated with zinc by immersing them in a boiling bath of ammonia containing zinc foil or powder. The deposit of zinc made in this way is brilliant and adheres firmly to the copper and brass. Whether iron could be coated or galvanized in the same way is not stated.

The lowest line of perpetual snow known is at the Gulf of Penas, on the west coast of Patagonia, latitude 47° south; that line is about 2,700 feet above the water. The weather in this particular region is regarded as the most rugged and boisterous of the whole south portion of South America. It is seldom there is a bright and pleasant day during the year. Storms of wind, rain, or snow prevail, and the exception is their absence.

RAILWAY TORPEDO.—This useful little device is often of great value in railway operations. It is a small circular tin can filled with detonating powder, and is fastened to the rail

by tin straps bent round the rail. The Philadelphia and Reading RR. Co. use on an average 35,000 torpedoes annually on their roads. These explosives are called "fog signals," and are used in heavy weather, when the signal lights on the towers cannot be seen from the engine. They are intended to prevent accidents and have done good service since their introduction.

RAILROADING IN OLDEN TIMES.—William Hambright, an old conductor on the Pennsylvania Central road, who, we are told is familiarly known throughout the State as "Cap," "Cappie," "P'ap," or conductor Hambright, has given to the Columbia (Pa.) Courant some account of his experience. Mr. Hambright commenced his career as conductor or by taking the first train (horse cars) out of Lancaster, in 1833, after which time he ran regularly, and has been employed nearly all the time since as passenger conductor on the Pennsylvania Central RR. He then acted as conductor and brakeman and greaser; his compensation was \$18.00 per month, which was considered good wages at that time. His train of three cars would leave Lancaster at 5 o'clock, P. M., and arrive at Philadelphia at 5 o'clock the next morning, making twelve hours for the journey, and the fare charged was \$3.50. Stoppages were frequent, fresh horses being employed every fifteen or twenty miles. At times they would be greatly detained by the severity of the weather, the winters in those times being much colder than at the present day. There was no fire in the cars, and when a stop was made to change horses, the conductor would make for the nearest hay or straw stack for the purpose of procuring hay or straw to strew upon the floors of the cars in order to make his passengers more comfortable, he riding outside, the cars generally being packed so full that he could

scarcely gain admission. Down grade the horses were always kept at a full run. Horseflesh was very cheap then—sometimes five good animals could be bought for \$100. In the year 1835, a locomotive built by Norris, was brought from Philadelphia to Lancaster in wagons, (why it was not brought by rail we did not learn.) However the wonderful machine was put upon the track and fired up in the presence of an immense assemblage of spectators. It appears the enterprise was not very successful, as it would run a short distance and then halt; then a number of muscular men would lend their assistance by pushing. Every device was resorted to to make "the critter" go, but to no purpose. Some time after this, three small engines were purchased in England, and sent over, which answered all the purposes for which they were intended, one of which is in use at the present time in York, Pa., sawing wood. The Harrisburg and Portland R.R., as it was then called, being laid upon strong pieces of wood, using flat bar iron fastened down with spikes and it was necessary to carry hammer and spikes on the engine. Very often spikes would come out from the end of the bar, causing the ends of the same to stick up, which were termed "snake heads," and the engine would be obliged to stop and spike down before attempting to pass over. Information had to be given the engineer before starting where stops were to be made. Here we may

say that to Mr. Hambright belongs the credit of inventing the bell and rope system for signalling engineers. He got permission from his "boss" to put his idea of the thing into practicable shape. Procuring a rope and common door bell, he attached the latter near the engineer—no house being over the locomotive at that time—and then stretched the rope over the top of the cars. Ever after that and up to the present time bell ropes have been in vogue, though in a more approved style. Conductors were not required to make reports at the end of each trip, as is now practiced: they would hand over the gold and silver—perhaps two or three hundred dollars or more—to the clerk, who would enter it in a book provided for the purpose, somewhat in this wise: "Conductor Hambright, \$325.00," and that was all the formality about it. Checks for baggage were not used, but when the cars arrived in Columbia or Philadelphia, the conductor would open the car door for the delivery of baggage, etc., to the passengers, who crowded around and secured their parcels by answering, "mine," to the conductor's interrogatory—"whose trunk is this?" which was kept up until all disappeared. If a trunk was marked "B" it was to go by boat; if "S" by stage line. Strange to say, there was not as much baggage lost then as now. Very often the conductors would assist the proprietors of the lines during the harvest, and assist at other labors when off duty.

Miscellaneous.

Minnehaha No. 61 is a daisy.

As a "Floor Manager," H. H. Lindenberger, of No. 45, is reported to be the "Boss."

Union Lodge No. 5, is getting along nicely. Thanks to Brother Sittler for an encouraging letter received from him.

The boys of No. 32 say that Brother W. M. Smith, of Ellis, Kansas, is running one of the nobbiest engines in the yard.

The members of Bluff City Lodge No. 55 are not very noisy, but they are as solid a body of men as you will find anywhere.

Louisville Lodge No. 23, rejoices in the good luck of Brother Buxie who has attained the position of Locomotive Engineer. George is a sober, honest and industrious fellow and will be valuable to the Company in whose employ he serves. Good luck "old boy!"

"Credit where credit is due!" The boys of 93, though only 14 in number, have gained the reputation of being one of our standard lodges.

Brother W. W. Miller, of No. 32, has left his switch engine in the Brookville yard and taken a road engine on the Smoky Hill Division.

Forest City Lodge, No. 10, desires to return thanks to the members of No. 45, for attention shown one of their sick members while at Little Rock.

Three more of our members are gracing the right side. We refer to Brothers John Franklin, Anthony Williams and George H. Heron; all of No. 32.

C. W. Piper and C. Davis, of Buffalo Lodge, No. 12, have been promoted, and are now upon the Engineer's side. A better man than either of them never opened a throttle.

The firemen on the Grand Trunk Road at Montreal, have sent in an application for a charter. Brother Stevens will organize them as soon as he can get there.

Wm. and Fred Hickman, of No. 47, are respectfully requested to correspond with their Lodge immediately. Business of the utmost importance demands their attention.

The Magazine Agent of No. 7, has ordered 167 books to start with. W. H. Fisher is his name and he says that whoever gets the prize this year has got to "get up and dust."

Silver State Lodge No. 89, is deserving of much credit for the earnest efforts on the part of its members to advance the interests of the Brotherhood. The boys there are "twice-tried and fire-tested."

Dominion Lodge, No. 67, is prospering. Brothers Alex. Mowatt, J. Dorricot and T. Jackson, have been promoted to the right side. We congratulate these members upon an honor so worthily bestowed.

Elkhorn Lodge No. 28, reports that Brothers Ed. Purtell, Jake Ellis and F. W. Dudley, no longer handle the scoop. Fortune has smiled on them and they are now enrolled as Engineers. May success be with you, boys!

Marshalltown, Iowa, has been heard from. Brother Frank Miller writes us that No. 92 will again bud and blossom into prosperity. For a while her life was despaired of, but Brother Stevens has resuscitated the energy of the boys, and henceforth they will do their duty.

The marriage of Brother George Burke of 91, and Miss S. Hamilton, of Hollister, California, is announced. Brother Burk and his estimable bride are widely known and they have the best wishes of hosts of friends. We join in the congratulations of the worthy young couple.

George L. Blood and George Harris, of the Fitchbury Rail Road, have been promoted, A. A. Kilbourn, formerly a fireman on the Boston and Providence Rail Road, is now an Engineer on the N. Y. & N. E. Road. All of them are members of our Order, and we wish them prosperity.

Thomas Rodgers reports three promotions for F. W. Arnold Lodge, as follows: M. Buckley and Henry Martz are running "Ponies" in the L. & H. yards, while Horace Whittlesly has been elevated to the same position and is running in the Vandalia yards, at East St. Louis. Ever to the front, boys.

A very worthy member of No. 38, is out of employment and will be thankful to any one who will aid him in securing a position as locomotive fireman, or engineer. He is an old and experienced engineman and will give satisfactory reference. Address W. S. B. 161 Union street. Lafayette, Indiana.

We congratulate Brothers Brewer and Bogan, of No. 38. They report that in twenty-one years they will each have a candidate for admission into the Order. Both are bouncing boys and the average weight is 12½ pounds. It is hard to tell which of the fathers is the proudest, yet we feel as though John could lay it on a little the heaviest.

C. A. Vogelsang, the genial young gentleman who represented No. 97 in our last convention, has been promoted to the Engineer's side on the S. P. R.R. of California. This will be delightful news to his many friends all over this broad land. Brother Vogelsang is a credit to himself as well as our Order, and we rejoice in his prosperity.

It gives us much pleasure to announce the promotions of Brothers Britt, Dickert and Lester, of No. 42. They are now Engineers and have the best wishes of their many friends. Their Master Mechanic, John H. Flynn, is very friendly toward the organization and by his many acts of kindness, we are given to understand that he is thoroughly in sympathy with the boys. He is located at Atlanta, Geo., and enjoys the warmest friendship of all who know him.

The B. of L. F. Boys are unusually well thought of in the vicinity of Buffalo, N. Y. Quite recently Brothers A. Sly, Horace Rice, J. W. Jacobs, A. L. Jacobs, W. B. Muncell, E. F. Ware and John Cullahan, of No. 12, were transferred to the right hand side and are now "Knights of the Foot Board." They are deserving of the confidence reposed in them by their superior officers and our wish is "that they may always have the right of way and never find a short rail."

No. 23 sends a budget of good news. Brothers James Scott, Fergus Flannigan and Geo. Bux have been crowned and sceptered as "Knights of the Foot-Board," and Brother George Reeves was married on Sunday, December 12th, at Hopefield, Arkansas, to a most estimable young lady of that place. They all enjoy the congratulations of a host of friends. Brothers Dennis Kelly and James McHugh are running on a road out of Mexico City, Mexico, where they have been located by the L. N. & G. S. Company.

They like the work well enough but cannot get accustomed to the climate.

J. S. Gorgas, of Excelsior Lodge, No. 11, has just ended a long and laborious career as a Locomotive Fireman. For thirteen years and four months he was "Knight of the Scoop," during which time he served nine years on the New Jersey Central RR. in that capacity. On November 17, 1880, he was promoted and now he is enrolled on the same road as a Locomotive Engineer. Brother Gorgas is an earnest and industrious worker and will certainly give satisfaction to his superior officers. We know his qualifications and feel no anxiety about his welfare. He has our most earnest congratulations upon an honor so worthily bestowed.

A PRESENTATION.—Brother E. A. Mace, the worthy Master of No. 75, has reason to feel proud. The members of that Lodge recently presented him with an elegant Silver Hunting Case Watch, as a testimonial of their high regard for him personally and the faithful and impartial manner in which he governed the lodge. Brother Mace appreciated the gift very highly and his untiring efforts to perpetuate the interests of the Order are evidence enough to satisfy the members that it is worthily bestowed. No. 75 is a body of men whom we delight in numbering among our lodges and with such a leader their future prospects are indeed flattering.

On the 1st of December, 1879, we canvassed the membership of all our lodges, and the following seven ranked highest in number,

each having more than 60 members, viz: No. 12—61; No. 16—61; No. 95—63; No. 90—65; No. 75—68; No. 57—69; No. 61—72. It will be noticed that No. 61 was ahead at the time specified. For a long time No. 57 led the van, but the Brothers at St. Paul now have the inside track. They are unquestionably a body of solid men. Always ahead of time in the payment of all demands made upon them by the Grand Lodge, they are deservedly at the head of the list. But they must work to remain there, for others are following close in their wake. Since the convention No. 16 has grown more rapidly than any other lodge in our Order. In a little over two months she admitted 18 solid members among whom were many Engineers. We are eager to know what lodge will be the "Plumed Knight" at the Boston convention. Time will tell.

TO OWNERS OF BROTHERHOOD CHARTS.

I would call the attention of all owners of Charts to the fact that we have had made to order a number of photographs of our present Grand Master, Vice Grand Master, Grand Secretary and Treasurer and Grand Instructor. They are cut to size and not mounted on card board so that they can be pasted over the faces of our Past Grand Officers. Either or all of them will be furnished free of charge, by enclosing a stamp for return postage to Eugene V. Debs, Terre Haute, Indiana.

Respectfully,

S. M. STEVENS,
Instructor.

Resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 6, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held December 5, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His great wisdom to remove from her home on earth to that on high, the only daughter of our worthy Brother, Byron Austin. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of Enterprise Lodge tender to the afflicted Brother and his wife their sincere and heartfelt sympathy in the hour of their affliction, and we pray God to enable them to bear the sad bereavement with christian strength and fortitude.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given our worthy brother; also that they be placed on the Lodge records, and sent to the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine for publication.

WM. J. WHEELER, }
W. W. DAVIS, } Committee.
E. A. MACE, }

CLEVELAND, OHIO, Dec. 1, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge No. 10 of the B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Divine Ruler of the Universe to lay the hand of affliction upon our worthy Brother H. H. Mason and his family, by calling to its home on high their beloved child. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathy to our Brother and his family in their sad bereavement and we trust that they may find consolation in the cherished memory of the departed.

Resolved, That the vacancy made in their family is mourned by each and every member of our Lodge.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the afflicted family, and that the same be sent to the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine for publication.

T. H. SHEPHERD, }
J. MCGUIRE, } Committee.
S. C. MYERS, }

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., Dec 1, 1880.

At a regular meeting of this Lodge held November 20, 1880, the following preambles and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, by accident, our esteemed Brother George S. Granville, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared for death, and

WHEREAS, This Lodge has lost one of its best members; the Order of its most earnest supporters and his family a loving son and brother. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased Brother, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction, and we commend them to Him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit, for strength to bear their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect for our deceased Brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days; that these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Lodge; a copy thereof sent to the family of our deceased Brother, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN D. WEAVER, }
A. W. DEAN, } Committee.

ATCHINSON, KAN., January 1, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Railroad Centre Lodge No. 31 of the B. of L. F. held at their hall December 5, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, We have learned with feelings of deep regret that the worthy mother of Brother John J. Steele has been removed from this life to life eternal. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to Brother Steele our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this, his hour of bereavement, and may God en-

able him to say, "Thy will be done here below as it is done in Heaven."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Brother Steele, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

J. A. LEACH, }
C. W. BENEDICT, } Committee.
WM. DAVIES, }

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

(CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 24, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge No. 10 of the B. of L. F., held December 12, 1880, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

Resolved, That the members of Forest City Lodge No. 10 hereby most respectfully tender their sincere thanks to the members of Rose City Lodge No. 45 for the many favors and courtesies shown by them to our esteemed Brother R. W. Shober during his illness in September last.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Rose City Lodge No. 45, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

JOSH. L. CLARK, }
JOSEPH DIX, } Committee.
T. E. SPOONMAN, }

(CHICAGO, ILLS., Dec. 5, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Garden City Lodge No. 50 of the B. of L. F. held December 5, 1880, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, our Lodge has been made the recipient of a number of useful as well as ornamental decorations for our hall. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. A. S. MacAllister and Miss Minnie Tolman for the beautiful and appropriate mottoes that now adorn our walls.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be extended to Mr. T. F. Burns for the splendid furniture with which our hall is furnished.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be extended to each of the donors, and that the same be printed in our Magazine.

W. S. BARROWS, }
J. SAMMONS, } Committee.
G. BRONSON, }
H. J. STRONG, }

(CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Dec. 1, 1880.

At a special meeting of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27 of the B. of L. F. the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We were recently visited by our Worthy Grand Instructor S. M. Stevens, who

gave us much valuable advice and information. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender Brother Stevens our earnest thanks for his many instructions and assure him that they were highly appreciated.

Resolved, That we consider Brother Stevens a true and tried man in our noble cause, and the members of No. 27 afe, and always will be, ready to pay to him the tribute of their friendship.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our Magazine for publication, and that the same be spread upon the minutes of our Lodge.

L. C. CHASE, }
E. L. DAY, } Committee.
WALTER MUNN, }

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., December 1, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Golden Gate Lodge No. 91 of the B. of L. F. the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, The wife of our worthy Brother F. Ould, presented our Lodge with a beautiful framed motto of our Order. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we accept this beautiful gift with feelings of profound gratitude.

Resolved, That we regard this testimonial of the estimable wife of Brother Ould as a mark of her appreciation of our Order, and that we shall always endeavor to prove worthy of the respect and confidence she has reposed in us.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be tendered to the generous donor, and that these resolutions be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

D. B. FIFIELD, }
C. DIETRICH, } Committee.
O. DALY, }

Humorous.

Answer—How dows you know it when a hornet tackles the calf of your leg.

Query—"How do the the historians know that De Sota discovered the Mississippi River?"

Jones thinks a man is fortunate who has will contested after death only. He says his will has been contested ever since he married Mrs. J.

First gentleman (at the theatre)—"What do you think of the scenery?" Second gentleman—"I never saw a prettier Gainsborough hat in my life.—Wheeling Leader."

Now, by Jove, we've got it! We're going to reform this theatre nuisance. Announcement: A big hat makes a woman look twenty years older than she is. There!—Boston Post.

A Toledo cow fell deaa the other day in her efforts to digest twenty-six hair-pins, seven nails, a door-bolt and a jack-knife. The cows of the Buckeye State can't stand what they used to.

Endy man who has kept a skool for ten years ought to be made a Major General and have a penshun for the rest of his naternal days, and a hoss and waggin to do his going around in.—Josh Billings.

IN THE TRAIN.—Fidgety lady: "But what am I to do? I can't ride with my back to the engine." Insolent youth: "Better speak to the conductor. He'll turn the train round to oblige you."—Funny Folks.

A young gentleman just out of college, once remarked that it was exceedingly insalubrious to inhale the obnoxious effluvia arising from the cadaverous carcass of a defunct horse.

A POSER.—Elderly lady (to shoemaker): "It's not so much a durable article that I require, Mr. Crispin. I want something dainty, you know—something coy, and at the same time just a wee bit sauce!"—Punch.

"Oh yes!" said Harry, when, in reading a novel, he came to the expression, "the one poor lamp only served to make darkness visible;" oh, yes! I understand that. It was in a railroad car, of course."—Boston Transcript.

The Grand Marah Jah of Calcutta

Got tipsy and fell in the gutta;

He was found by a lacky,

Who shouted "Oh, crackey!"

And toted hfm home on a shutta.

—American Queen.

An exchange says that "up in New Hampshire you can, for \$2.50, purchase a barrel of cider with a yellow dog thrown in." Yes, but hang it, who wants a barrel of cider into which a yellow dog has been thrown.—Boston Post.

NON BEN (LOMOND) TROVATO.—Rory (fresh from the hills) to the driver of a sprinkling cart: "Heeh, Mon! Ye're loassin' a' yer watter!" Angus (his companion): "Haud yer tongue, ye feul! Etts latt oot to stoap the laddies frae ridin' ahint!"—Punch

"Very intellectual boy that of yours, Mr. Goggins; I should like to examine his head." Proud father: "Johnny, what bumps have you got?" "I've got the bump of eating, father, and the bump that Billy Hopkins gave me on the nose, but I'm laying for him."

Said a Galveston school teacher:

"If I have ten apples and give you five and your big brother five, what will be left?"

"I'll be left," responded the younger brother, "for he will get away with all of them. That's the kind of a Presidential candidate he is."—Galveston News.

A little girl six years of age, who had attended public worship in a hall, went with a relative, for the first time, to a church, and described it on her return to her mother: "The minister stood on a piano and preached; he read a hymn, and all the people stood up and turned their backs on him, and looked up to a bedroom where four persons stood and sung the hymn."

A Pennsylvania bride's memory sometimes fails her. A young lady living in Kimberly

threw cold water on her lover's suit for many years. He was persistent; and, finally overcome and wearied out with his importunity, she consented to marry him. There was a showy ceremony, and they started on their wedding journey. After a week the bride returned to her home, declaring that she had no recollection of anything between her last refusal of her suitor and her awakening to find, to her great surprise and displeasure, that she was his wife. She insists that she was out of her mind during the interval and declines to see her husband.

This is the way a young lady Sabbath-school teacher in a New England town exhorted her class of boys: "Now, children, if you'll be good children—read your Bible, say your prayers, go to church and never say naughty words—you'll go to heaven, and that will be perfectly splendid. But if you are not good children—if you don't read your Bible and say your prayers and go to church, and if you do say naughty words—you'll go to hell, and that will be perfectly ridiculous."—Rutland Herald.

QUERY.

How can an engine having an injector that fails to work, and but one pump, run 30 miles in one hour without priming—if the tank-valve and lazy-cock are wide open and cannot be closed?

E. B.,
Louisville, Ky.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 43—C. N. Thomas from No. 57.

No. 21—Aaron Platt from No. 47.

No. 18—C. M. Stone, W. Herriman and M. Gaffney, withdrawn from No. 40.

No. 77—C. R. Campbell from No. 84.

REINSTATEMENTS.

No. 10—Sohn Brennan, reinstated in good standing. Expelled by mistake.

No. 22—J. W. Holmes, reinstated in good standing.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 69—J. J. Beach, final.

No. 47—Aaron Platt, to join No. 21.

No. 84—J. Fogarty, final.

C. R. Campbell, to join No. 77.

No. 57—George Arnold, final.

Wm. J. Saville, final.

No. 91—J. Donaldson, final.

No. 57—J. L. Adams to join elsewhere.

BLACK LIST.

No. 10—James Boyle, S. S. Card, and J. Whalen, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 82—William H. Reeves, H. A. Stetson, Edward Dodd, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 28—A. B. Taylor, expelled for defrauding widows and orphans.

No. 100—J. Barry, expelled for intoxication and non-payment of dues.

No. 32—J. C. Barnett, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 33—W. J. Thompson and A. Bail, expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

No. 91—G. Cassidy, J. H. W. Davis, T. Murphy, A. A. Woltenspiel and W. Warner, expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

No. 22—M. Moner, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 57—C. H. French, expelled on general principles.

No. 72—William Perry, expelled on general principles.

No. 12—E. D. Marr, expelled for non-payment of dues.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Officers, and Their Post-Office Address.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

Frank W. Arnold.....	Grand Master,
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.	
Charles Pope.....	Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.	
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,	
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.	
Eugene V. Debs.....	Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Indiana.	
Chas. Vogelsang.....	Grand Warden,
Los Angeles, Cal.	
John Clark.....	Grand Conductor,
Memphis, Tenn.	
Chas. Zepp.....	Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.	
W. N. Tibbets.....	Grand Outer Guard,
Boston, Mass.	
J. H. Brewer.....	Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.	
D. H. Dill.....	Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.	
Eugene V. Debs.....	Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.	
Wm. F. Hynes.....	Associate Editor Magazine,
283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.	

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....	Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....	Denver, Colorado
J. E. Briggs.....	Waterloo, Iowa

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

D. M. Wills.....	Urbana, Ills
J. F. Hittle.....	Rawlings, Wyoming Territory
Louis Elbertson.....	Philadelphia, Pa
August Menish.....	Stratford, Ont
Robert Ebbage.....	Terre Haute, Ind
D. L. Stephens.....	Washington, D. C
J. W. Richardson.....	Louisville, Ky
Wm. Pembroke.....	Salem, Mass
John I. Steele.....	Atchinson, Kansas
Emory Green.....	West Oakland, Cal
D. Fifield.....	San Francisco, Cal
W. M. Palmer.....	Amboy, Ills
Thos. Shivers.....	Atlanta, Ga
Wm. J. Armitage.....	Denver, Colorado

DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

C. J. McGee, box 772.....	Danville, Ills
W. J. Wheeler.....	West Philadelphia, Penn.
4,006 Paschall street.	
Jos. Schellhorn.....	Little Rock, Ark
Wm. F. Hynes.....	Denver, Colorado,
283 Fifteenth street.	
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....	Lafayette, Ind
B. S. Keith.....	Clinton, Iowa
C. R. Raymond, box 13.....	Fort Gratiot, Mich
L. L. Parker, Jr.....	East Cambridge, Mass
72 Cambridge street.	
F. B. Alley.....	Louisville, Ky
305 Washington street.	
John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....	Chicago, Ills.

John Schardt, box 4.....	Nashville, Tenn
Harry Watts.....	Evanston, Wyoming Ter

LODGES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. address, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

5. UNION, at Gallion, Ohio. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at Engineers Hall.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
Theo. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.Master
P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.Rec. Sec'y
J. O. Graham, 490 F st. s. w.Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent
No. 420 12th st. s. w.
8. JACKSON, at Seymour, Indiana. Meets 2d and 4th Sunday in B. of L. F. Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
A. J. Gabard.....Master
L. M. Phipps.....Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Ackley.....Fin. Sec'y
E. G. Snyder.....Magazine Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
E. L. Coit, Piqua Shops.....Master
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier 582 N. High st.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Evans, Piqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master
Josh. L. Clark, 73 Woodbine st.....Rec. Sec'y
M. S. Laughlin.....Fin. Sec'y
Care No. 6 Fruit street.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Mag. Ag't
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. F. Hall, at 2 p. m. 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
J. S. Gorgas.....Rec. Sec'y

- H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
James Hayes, 170 Seneca street.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Mag. Ag't
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13½ E. Washington street.
S. M. Stevens.....Master
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington st.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. N. Zepp, 93 Malott ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
James I. Southard, 332 N. 14th st.....Master
E. V. Debs, City Clerk's office.....Rec. Sec'y
E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y
A. J. Mullen, City Clerk's office.....Mag. Ag't
17. OLD P. ST., at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
C. A. Cripps.....Master
Chas. Kunz.....Rec. Sec'y
Byron Robinson.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.
C. M. Stone.....Master
L. M. Eldridge.....Rec. Sec'y
J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y
box 160, Rood House, Ills.
Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't
box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. TRUCKEE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
Thomas Yeargin, box 8.....Master
L. E. Enos do.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Purcell do.....Fin. Sec'y
Fred. Murray do.....Magazine Ag'ts
M. Coyle do }
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
C. Traver.....Master
C. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Shields, box 470.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
Wm. J. Edy.....Master
Geo. W. Ragland.....Rec. Sec'y
John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
L. E. Beckley, do.....Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, do.....Fin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, do.....Magazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehr's Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.
W. J. Thompson.....Master
Chas. Hahn, 231 Frankl n st.....Rec. Sec'y
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y
P. Powers, 82 Story ave.....Mag. Agent
25. CONNE TING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
R. S. Pike.....Master
J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Russell.....Fin. Sec'y
W. M. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternately Sundays at 2 p. m., at Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Phelps.....Fin. Sec'y
Pat McGuire.....Magazine Ag't
28. BLK HORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.
M. B. Tarkington, box 177.....Master
H. J. Clark.....Rec. Sec'y
Thomas C. Brown, " 114.....Fin. Sec'y
John N. Bonner, " 189.....Mag. Ag't
29. CERRO GORD, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
A. H. Tucker.....Master
W. B. Keith, box 167.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays in each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
Jno. Graves.....Master
A. H. Girard, box 795.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y
J. McNeill.....Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday on the corner of Sixth and Commercial streets.
Harry C. Davies.....Master
John I. Steel, box 146.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Benedict.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Lahey.....Mag.
Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. BORDER, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.
C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan.....Master
C. McCourtie do do.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Walsh.....Fin. Sec'y
John McKenna.....Magazine Agent
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.
R. J. McCool, box 307.....Master
M. Perdue.....Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Stamper.....Fin. Sec'y
Anthony Roth.....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
W. M. Cowles.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. Howell.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. T. Post, box 393.....Mag. Ag't

35. **AMBOY**, Amboy, Ill.; meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Wm. H. Dean.....Master
 Henry chermerhorn, box 345.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. M. Palmer, doFin. Sec'y
 Henry Williams, doMag. Ag't
36. **TIPPECANOE**, Lafayette, Ind.; meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Fourth and Terry streets, Wallace Block.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
 Wm. Long.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. A. Kennedy, 271 S. Fifth street.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Mag. Ag't
37. **NEW HOPE**, Centralia, Ill.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
 M. B. Willard, box 202.....Master
 F. M. James, doRec. Sec'y
 H. G. CormickFin. Sec'y
 M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't
38. **AVON**, Stratford, Ontario; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
 Daniel Ross, box 389.....Master
 F. Mingay, box 103.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. Flaherty, box 389.....Fin. Sec'y
 Geo. Jeffery, doMagazine Ag't
39. **NORTH STAR**,*Austin, Minn.
Master
Rec. Sec'y
Fin. Sec'y
Mag. Ag't
40. **BLOOMING**, Bloomington, Ill.; meets in Engineers' hall every Tuesday night.
 John A. Casey, C. & A. en. house.....Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house.....Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, Cincinnati, O.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall
 H. P. Lewis.....Master
 57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Thos. N. Eller.....Rec. Sec'y
 Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
 Thos. N. Eller, "Fin. Sec'y
 Gardiner Horricks.....} mag. Ag'ts
 H. P. Lewis.....}
 Chas. Rerder.....}
 C. H. & D. en house, Cincinnati, O.
42. **KENNESAW**, Atlanta, Georgia; meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
 C. Dunlap do doRec. Sec'y
 W. H. Thrash do doFin. Sec'y
 J. H. Webb, do doMag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, St. Joseph, Mo.; meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every 2d and 4th Sundays in each month.
 Richard Morris.....Master
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Rec. Sec'y
 D. C. Pierce.....Fin. Sec'y
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
 K. C. S. J. & C. B. shops.
44. **F. W. ARNOLD**, East St. Louis, Ills. meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
 J. B. Machin.....Master
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y
 Thos. Rodgers.....Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, Little Rock, Ark.; meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
 Fred H. Blinn, box 648.....Rec. Sec'y
 Frank A. Richardson, box 648.....Fin. Sec'y
 H. H. Lindenberger.....Magazine Agent
 No. 911 North street.
46. **CAPITAL**, Springfield, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
 W. R. Whitcom, box 1126.....Master
 G. D. Partington doRec. Sec'y
 H. H. Knotts doFin. Sec'y
 Louis Smith doMagazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, Chicago, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 230 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
 W. E. Burnes, 1325 Michigan ave.....Master
 J. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. Glover, 1538 Michigan ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 M. Gepper, 1350 State st.....Mag. Ag't
49. **JOHN M. RAYMOND**, Decatur, Ills.; meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
 Wm. Felton.....Master
 A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Edward Knight.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Felton.....Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, Chicago, Ills.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 4 815 State street.
 J. Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Master
 Henry J. Strong, 4,658 State st.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. R. Parker, 4,703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. S. Barrows, 4,532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, Oswego, N. Y.; meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Master
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Burns.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. J. Boynton.....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana; meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
 Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master
 J. W. Stevens doRec. Sec'y
 M. W. Jamison doFin. Sec'y
 B. B. Ide doMagazine Ag't
54. **ANCHOR**, Moberly, Mo.; meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.
 John Mummert, box 137.....Master
 Geo. R. Stacy, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. R. Stacy doFin. Sec'y
 L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, Memphis, Tenn.; meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
 Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops.....Master
 Michael Cady doRec. Sec'y
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops, }
 John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
 Edward Fuchs, do }

57. BOSTON, Boston, Mass.; meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
 Geo. H. Abbott.....Master
 50½ Hudson street, Boston, Mass.
 Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y
 9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
 Wm. H. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
 14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
 Wm. A. Pembroke.....
 North River Engine House,
 Salem, Mass.....} Mag. Ag'ts
 A. W. Spurr, Ruggles street,
 Boston, Mass.....}
58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California; meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trott's Hotel.
 A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. H. Curtis, do.....
 A. E. Brown, do.....} Agents
59. ROYAL GORGE, South Pueblo, Colorado; meets every Saturday night.
 Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
 H. S. Hinman.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Daley.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Kinney.....Mag. Ag't
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in Dover Hall, 2204 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Paul Walker.....Master
 A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, 2510 Aldr st.....in. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, ".....Mag. Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, St. Paul, Minn.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., at Druids Hall.
 C. Montgomery.....Master
 St. P. & M. M. shops.
 J. H. Sawyer, 84 Oak st.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, Carbondale, Pa.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
 John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
 Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
 P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
 John Moyle, box 229.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, Danville, Ills.; meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., at the southeast corner of the Public Square.
 W. C. Goodrich.....Master
 C. J. McGee, box 772.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. J. McGee, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. C. Goodrich.....Magazine Agent
64. FORT RIDGELY, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
 Thomas Burke.....Master
 J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
 John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
 Huron, Dakota Territory.
65. DOMINION, Toronto, Can.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
 John Scott, 48 Brant st.....Master
- M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Johnson, 51 Vanantly st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel,
 corner King and Brock sts.....Mag. Ag't
66. HURON, Fort Gratiot, Mich.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Postoffice.
 Thomas W. Lord, box 13.....Master
 C. Macklow, ".....Rec. Sec'y
 C. R. Raymond, ".....Fin. Sec'y
 T. French, ".....Magazine Ag't
67. LONE STAR, Marshall, Texas; meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.
 C. Greenwood.....Master
 J. Moynihan.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. A. Christman.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. Chappel.....
 T. Canairt.....} Magazine Ag'ts
68. CAPITAL CITY, Albany, N. Y.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 81 Green st.
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st.....Master
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union st.....Rec. Sec'y
 D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
69. WELCOME, Camden, N. J.; meets in Sellsfeller's Hall, corner Third and Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 Lewis H. Ibertson, 423 Henry st.....Master
 Wm. Cowls, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Harry Higgins, ".....Mag. Ag't
70. BAY STATE, Worcester, Mass.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room 3.
 James W. Mead, 84 Grafton st.....Master
 Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.....Mag. Ag't
71. KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
 John Fleming, 1325 St. Louis ave.....Master
 Archie Clark.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. D. Clinton.....Fin. Sec'y
 corner Liberty and 13th sts.
 A. Murray.....Magazine Agent
 corner 16th and Wyoming sts.
72. ENTERPRISE, West Philadelphia, Pa.; meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
 Henry Walton, 3845 Warren st.....Master
 Frank Dupell, 3821 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Kueley, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Ag't
73. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col.; meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halfway street, lock box 1588.
 George Monahan, lock box 1588.....Master
 W. F. Hynes, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 Thomas Hynes, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 Hynes Bros., No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Ag'ts
74. CUMBERLAND, Nashville, Tenn.; meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
 Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master
 John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y
 10 and 12 S. Market street.

- Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Ag't
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.; meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. F. Canvey.....Master
Care Minn. E. stern Office.
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y
1,309 5th street, south.
S. T. Browne, 1,712 7th st., south.....Fin. Sec'y
A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb.; meets 1st and 4th Tuesdays of each month at M & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
C. P. Round House.
Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th st
85. FARGO, Fargo, D. T.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 64 Front st.
John Burges box 1,798.....Master
Arthur Bassett, box 1,796.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. BLACK HILLS, Laramie, W. T.; meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
N. Z. Wood, box 33.....Master
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
N. Z. Wood, box 134.....Magazine Agent
87. SUMMIT, Rawlins, W. T.; meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham, box 38.....Fin. Sec'y
J. R. Fuskell.....Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, Evanston, W. T.; meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
A. D. Gould.....Master
Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
P. McNamara.....Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, Carlin, Nev.; meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Resseguie.....Master
A. E. Bussford.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Resseguie.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, West Oakland, Cal.; meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month, corner 7th and Chester streets.
E. T. Green.....Master
A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y
Jean Pratt.....Fin. Sec'y
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal.; meets every 1st and 3d Wednesdays at King's Hall, Missouri street, between 17th and 18th.
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
F. A. Griegs, 111 19th st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
John McGrath, 212 16th st.....Mag. Ag't
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa; meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
T. A. Seig.....Master
Frank Miller, box 1,405.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Seig.....Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, Keokuk, Iowa; meets in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
95. CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m. and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Kellard, 218 Fulton st.....Master
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
157 N. Halstead st.
James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
152 N. Sangamon st.
John T. Gorman.....Magazine Ag't
321 West Indiana st.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, Hall on Preston street, between Entwae and Madison streets.
L. V. Tipton.....Master
corner Jefferson and Shirk st
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock.....Fin. Sec'y
Green Mount avenue.
Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave, near Shirk street.
corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. ORANGE GROVE, Los Angeles, Cal.; meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes.....Master
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
Robert Hunt.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Vogelsang.....Magazine Agent
S. P. R. R.
98. PERSEVERANCE, Terrace, Utah Territory; meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m. at City Hall.
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. WABASH, Peru, Ind.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, box 316.....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. ADAIR, Bowling Green, Ky.; meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. E. Hall on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon.....Master
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

THE

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THE SECRET PANEL.

BY RUF SIDNEY.

I had been darning stockings all the morning for those four great, romping, precious boys until my head ached violently, and my heart beat very impatiently. I had hoped to secure time for at least fifteen minutes' practice on Beethoven's lovely "Moonlight Sonata," that morning, and now the hands of the little bronze clock pointed to two o'clock, the children were just home from school, and the last hole just latticed over. No music for me that day! My assistance would be urgently needed in the afternoon with lessons and other mending, and I must forget my desires for reading and practicing. Oh dear!

Don't think, gentle reader, that I was an impatient, quarlesome mother, repining at those legitimated duties, which every maternal heart loves to perform. I was only an aunt, just nineteen, with the cares and responsibilities of a woman of thirty. When sister Bessie died, her husband would allow none but myself to act as her substitute. I understood the children, and dear Bessie's disciplinary methods, he said, better than any of his family. So, young as I was, I cheerfully undertook the charge, simply because I loved Bessie so much.

The circumstances of that morning had been particular'y trying; and, completely discouraged, I felt anything but patient and gentle. The cares of a wife and mother come so gradually, that a woman is fully prepared to meet them, and can bear submissively the troubles which her own offspring bring. But when these same heavy burdens fall upon the shoulders of a young girl, whose education is still unfinished, and whose mind and heart need much moulding, it is more than she can carry uncomplainingly.

Father and mother died when I was quite young, leaving me to Bessie's faithful keep-

ing. So, when God took her, I was left alone, indeed; in this strange world. And at the time of Bessie's death, I lost one whom I had thought to call my best earthly friend always. Philip Carrington and I had grown up together with that peculiar love which, commencing at infancy, I might say, grows and strengthens with the years, until it has twined itself so tightly around the natures of its victims, that to root it out seems like snapping the tendrils of the heart. The histories of our lives were singularly similar, with this one exception, that while his father, a rich banker, left his family abundantly provided for, mine, a poor minister, left scarcely enough to clothe me. Mr. Carrington died when Philip was only a year old, leaving six children and a very delicate wife, who survived him only a year. A maiden sister of Mr. Carrington then undertook the charge of his family, bringing the children up wretchedly, and spoiling them all but Philip, who was too noble to be influenced by her proud, meretricious ideas. As father had labored very assiduously in seasons of affliction in the Carrington family, doing all in his power to relieve and help them when they were too sorrowful to think for themselves, Mrs. Esther, the aristocratic spinster, deemed it her Christian duty to call upon us once a year. She would sail in upon us with majestic dignity, talk to us as though we were servants, and advise us with startling authority. Her visits lasted, happily for us, about ten minutes, when, realizing the exceeding greatness of her modest charity, she would rise ostentatiously, hand a five-dollar bill to me, as a "little pin-money, poor dear, don't speak of it to the church people," and leave. Even after "rich George Thurston" married Bessie, she continued her annual call and donation, much to my humiliation and disgust. She would allow none of the girls to visit us; "children of poor ministers, my dears, are unsuitable companions, for David

Carrington's daughters," she used to say; but after Bessie became Mrs. Thurston, she so far forgot our degradation as to permit their calling upon us occasionally. With Philip she could do nothing. So, finally dismissing him from her thoughts, as "democratic and ungrateful," she never mentioned our name, except in scorn.

What a deplorable crime this poverty is! Philip loved Bessie dearly, and often, laughingly, told George it was nothing but his age which secured her for him, for Bessie was ten years older than Philip, and she had been an invalid for two or three years, but was seriously sick only two weeks. Every day Philip's card was sent up with choice fruit, exquisite flowers, and refreshing delicacies of all descriptions. Dear sister, I knew from the first she was getting ready for the 'New Jerusalem,' and yet no one else could see the 'angel's wings.' George, so completely blinded by the physician's words of comfort, confidently expected that she would be well in a week or two. But Bessie and I knew. And she was 'only waiting till the angels opened wide the mystic gate.'

But how mysteriously Philip and I were separated. So it is, our joys and sorrows come to us in lightning flashes; stunning us so suddenly that it seems, when we arouse ourselves, like a wonderful dream. She, sister, died on the 5th November, Philip's twenty-first birthday; an occasion anticipated with much expectation by him, as giving him possession of his handsome property, and his liberty. Only a month ago Bessie and I had hoped to assist merrily at this celebration. And now she was lying cold and still.

At such times no human sympathy, not even the dearest, can give us consolation. It is only in the Word of God that we can find comfort. I was sitting with the big, old-fashioned Bible in my lap, reading the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians, and repeating to myself, again and again, the glorious promises, 'for the dead shall be raised,' 'the corruptible shall put on incorruption,' 'the mortal shall put on immortality,' when I heard, through the open door of my room, the voice of Philip in the hall below. He was asking Jane "if Miss Ruth would see him." I had given orders not to be disturbed, for I felt that I could not bear the sight of a strange face; and I hardly expected him to call, on that day at least. But at the sound of his voice, I almost resolved to change my resolution; and yet, somehow, I could not let even Philip break in on that solemn hour. While I hesitated, I

heard the outer-door shut, and the question was decided for me. He was gone.

He never came to the house but once after that, and then it was to bid us good-by, preparatory to starting for Europe. I had just returned from Greenwood, about a week after Bessie's death, when he was announced. With a glad, little flutter of my heart I went down, sadly, but calmly to meet him. As I entered the parlor, little Howard was lamenting, most clamorously, over something, which seemed to distress him exceedingly, and upon inquiry I found it was in connection with Philip. 'Oh dear!' sobbed Howie, 'Mr. Carrington's going away to 'Rope,' and I love him, and don't want him to go; and mamma's gone, and everybody. Oh, dear!'

With faltering and astonished voice I turned to Philip for his explanation. With a strangely dignified demeanor, he answered evasively. 'Howard is excited, and makes a great deal of nothing.' 'Aint you going?' shouted Howard, from behind the door, where he had hidden to conceal his tears. Anxiously I waited his reply, looking steadily at him. 'Yes, I sail on Wednesday, Miss Ruth. Won't you give me your blessing, and as many commissions as I can conveniently execute in three years?'

I almost faltered, I was so overcome with astonishment and sorrow. Was this my old Philip? We were certainly not engaged, but still we had loved each other before Bessie died. Happily, my pride came to my assistance, and I answered haughtily: 'Thank you. I can purchase what I need here.'

With a few affectionate farewell words to the children, he rose, and taking my hand in his, said, 'Take care of yourself, Ruth; when you need a friend, think of me. Good-by, and God bless you all;' and hastily kissing little three-year-old Ruth, he was gone.

When the front-door closed I flew to my room, where only God knows how I suffered.

But, how my tide of recollections have drifted me away from that unhappy Wednesday, and my stocking-darning. We were just seated at dinner, I, with disheveled hair and morning-dress, for it was snowing hard, and I had expected no visitors, when Mabel Carrington's little coupe drove up, and she, with her sister Edith, alighted. For a moment I felt wickedly rebellious, and wished I was fashionable and rich; but I soon forgot these inconsistent emotions in my desire to touch up my appearance before they should enter. But a little reflection induced me to conclude that I would see them in my housewife garb. They both rushed at me with such vehemence and affection, that I was non-plussed, and

really would have preferred their stateliness. 'My dear Ruth,' whispered Mabel, 'we are getting up tableaux for Saturday night, and you must form one of the party; we need you for several characters. Let me see, what are they? 'Morning,' 'Noon,' and 'Faith.' Now don't shake your head, we have calculated upon your lovely face, and certainly shall expect you. Your sister has been dead over a year, and you must come: nobody will think strange of it,' etc., etc., until in perfect desperation, I promised to be present at the rehearsal the next day.

I knew full well that somebody had failed them, and in an extremity they had thought of me; still I decided to go, for I felt impelled by a strange force, which I could not explain, to enter the Carrington's house. I wanted to see Philip's home.

I was in a strange flutter of excitement from Wednesday until Saturday. It was not that I feared my ill-success in the personification of the various characters assigned to me, or that I anticipated with enthusiastic delight the fashionable and uncongenial entertainment; but there was that premonition of 'coming events.' Ah! how often 'they cast their shadows before.' The intervening days flew by swiftly, and with strange emotions; I recognized myself in the elegant mirror occupying the pier in 'Miss Esther's boudoir.' I was actually permitted to dress in this fastidious lady's-room. The house was so immense that the amateur performers had ample accommodations, each young lady being offered a separate dressing-room. By a strange accident, or as it afterward proved a loving Providence, Miss Carrington's charming little apartment was chosen for me. My coadjutors all being well acquainted, preferred to arrange their toilet merrily in trios, and quartettes, rather than be located alone. I had noticed when I entered the room a very old-fashioned cabinet, occupying an obscure corner, and looking decidedly lonely, and out of place among its very modern neighbors. Being extravagantly fond of antiquities, I prepared for a leisure examination of it, during the long intermission between my first and second tableau. The top was glass, and underneath were choice specimens of shells, which attracted my eye and attention so much, that I sat down and proceeded to look them over, leaning unconsciously against the side of the cabinet. In doing so, I must have touched a secret spring, for the whole paneled side fell out, as the lid of a desk when you drop it to write upon, and letters, books, and papers were scattered around. I replaced all the ar-

ticles, without glancing at their wrappings, until I picked up a little box neatly tied, whose handwriting was so singularly familiar, that I allowed myself to stop and read the signature. 'Miss Ruth Sidney.' Certainly, that was my name, and this package belonged to me indisputably. I determined to open what I felt must be mine. So, closing the panel as best I could, I undid, with trembling fingers, the mysterious bundle. Enclosed was a dainty white box, with a few withered flowers, and a letter for me, the perusal of which produced such mingled emotions that I cannot now tell whether joy, or sorrow, love or anger, were the most prominent. It was from Philip, revealing his passionate love for me, and requesting me to put the accompanying rose-buds in Bessie's hand, when she was laid in her coffin. 'I shall learn my fate from these flowers,' he wrote. 'If they are in dear Bessie's hand, I shall be with you this evening; if not, the alternative remains with God. I cannot send a gift of formal flowers to precious Bessie, and I want her linked with my love in some way.'

How well I remember Miss Esther's officious call the morning of the funeral; but how she secured possession of these love-freighted articles, I could not tell. Just then the summons came for me to prepare for my second and third tableaux, and with a happy, angry, vindictive spirit, I quickly equipped myself for the farcical performance. When it was over, I retreated hastily from the congratulations and flatteries of the insipid fops who laid in wait, with rude compliments for the successful participants, and fled to the room for my quiet black dress, preferring not to be seen in my fancy dress again. Then with a swimming head, and a raging heart, I walked straightforward to the unapproachable Miss Esther, and in an authoritative voice, which she seemed to understand, for she rose immediately, I said—

'Miss Carrington, I would like to see yourself and nieces alone in your private room; if you refuse, I will proclaim my business before all these, your friends; so you had better accede to my request.' Then turning toward George, who was waiting for me, I bade him follow us to the room. When all were seated I produced the flowers and letters, explaining its sudden appearance to me. Without a word of reproach to her, poor, humbled woman, I told Mary, the younger daughter, to bring her aunt's writing materials, and there I, simple Ruth Sydney, dictated to her, proud Esther Carrington, a letter to Philip, recording her mean and wicked deception. I made her di-

rect and seal it, while George, with significant look, suggested that he should post it. After this I slowly put on my wrappings, never deigning another word to the dishonorable enactor of the uncomfortable scene: while she, with pale face and cringing manner, begged me not to mention it. She had meant to give it to me some day, if I didn't marry, she said. I couldn't forgive her then, as I have now; so, turning unchristianly from her, George and I left for our home.

Week after week passed, bringing no word from Philip, until it was just six weeks since Miss Esther's letter started for London. Although there was the possibility of delayed mails, still I began to feel that Philip had found some other, fairer woman to be his bride. I watched for the postman so anxiously that morning, that little Ruth, who scrutinized my face for indications of 'clear weather,' as closely as George watched his barometer, confidently whispered to Howard, 'I dess Aunt Ruth is thinkin' of mamma, she looks so dispirited, and won't eat no breakfast; let's be real dood to-day, Howie.'

I was too disappointed and heart-sick to attend to household duties, so, slipping away from them all I stole in to my dearly-beloved piano. With a gush of feeling I could not express, I fairly poured forth my soul in one of Mendelssohn's exquisite little songs. I had heard the bell ring, when I first opened the piano, but was too listless to inquire who the new comer was, thinking it too early for calls. When the song was finished I bowed my head on the rack before me, to listen to the flood of memories which the pathetic music suggested. I did not hear the parlor-door open. When I looked up, Philip stood before me.

With one eloquent glance, he said, 'Is this, indeed, my Ruth?'

As for me, I ignominiously fainted in his arms, the shock was so great and so sudden.

That is all of my love-story. But it was long before I could realize that I must prepare to be Ruth Carrington.

IN THE SWING.

BY MRS. JAMES GILBERT.

PRETTY, saucy Kitty went swinging up and down, up and down, her light muslin dress waving and fluttering in the breeze.

"Glorious, Rupert, isn't it?" she cried, calling to her pet and companion, a huge, shaggy dog. "But where are you? Why don't you answer, sir?" And swinging more slowly, she looked everywhere around her.

Kitty was down at the bottom of the old-fashioned garden, back of her father's farmhouse, where a swing had been put up for her, in a little grove of trees.

Suddenly a merry voice cried out "Here," and a handsome young man leaped the low fence, and advanced toward her, laughing, and doffing his hat.

Kitty was out of the swing and on her feet in an instant, her eyes flashing, her figure drawn up to its full height. She looked prettier than ever in her indignation.

"I beg your pardon," said the intruder, bowing half-mockingly; "but I was taking a short cut across the field, when I heard you call me."

"Call you?" Kitty looked as if she would annihilate him.

"Certainly," with the utmost coolness. "You called 'Rupert,' didn't you?"

"I was calling my dog, sir," said Kitty, with infinite hauteur.

"Well, I'm not exactly a dog, was the laughing answer, "but I've often been called 'an impudent puppy'—at your service, miss!" And he bowed again, profoundly.

"I should think so," snapped Kitty, stamping her little foot. And she muttered to herself, not expecting to be heard, "Impudence!"

The stranger heard the word, nevertheless. His manner changed. He became as serious and deferential as the most chivalrous knight of old in presence of his mistress.

"I beg pardon. I'm afraid I'm trespassing. But the path through the field was trodden as if one had the right of way there, and I heard you call—well, I made a mistake." Again the mirthful look danced in his eyes. "Good morning!"

He swept the very ground with his hat, as he executed another profound bow, and then turned, and putting his hand on the top of the fence, vaulted over, and the next moment was out of sight.

Kitty did not swing any more that day, but went back to the house, muttering, "the impudent fellow," while the real Rupert, who had been off chasing a rabbit, re-appeared just at this juncture, and accompanied her, frolicking and barking around her. But this was not the Rupert she meant, when she said, "the impudent fellow."

A week passed. Kitty saw no more of the stranger, though she often wondered who he could be, and if he was staying in the neighborhood. At the end of that time, she attended an evening party at Judge Stacy's. Almost the first person she saw, on entering the room, was the handsome stranger.

'I wish to introduce you to my nephew,' said the Judge, leading that personage up to Kitty. 'His name, by baptism is Rupert Mortimer; but he is such a saucy fellow, that he is best known among his friends, as, 'that impudent puppy!''

The eyes of the two young people met. Young Mr. Mortimer's were dancing with fun. For the life of her, Kitty could not help laughing. So they laughed in concert, and he said, bowing low, and repeating the words he had used in the garden, "Yes, 'that impudent puppy'—at your service."

'He is making sport of me,' said Kitty to herself, and drew herself up haughtily: and for the rest of the interview she was cold and reserved, confining herself to monosyllabic replies. Very soon, at the appearance of one of her many admirers, she excused herself, and went off to dance.

'A bit of a Tartar, I'm afraid,' soliloquized Rupert Mortimer. 'But how pretty she is. She looks, too, as if she had a noble character; and she can take her own part, as I have found to my cost. But I'm afraid she has been spoilt by admiration. To get into her good graces, one must go on his very knees to her; and faith! it is almost worth while to do it. But no! Rupert Mortimer, my boy, keep your self-respect.' Then, with a laugh, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?'

Yet often, that evening, Rupert found himself, as if by some magnetic attraction, drawn to Kitty's side. Kitty, too, could not help, occasionally, glancing, admiringly, at his handsome face and graceful figure. She saw, very soon, that he was the best dancer in the room. So, when a waltz struck up, and he asked her to join in it, she could not resist. 'If I don't dance with him,' she said to herself, 'the other girls will say he didn't ask me; and that would never do.'

Kitty had never enjoyed a waltz so much. She forgot the ridiculous episode in the swing, forgot the stranger's cool effrontery, forgot everything but the dreamy music and the rhythmical movement of her companion. When the band stopped, she sighed, involuntarily, wishing it was all to go over again.

Balls, picnics, and croquet parties followed each other in rapid succession, for the summer was a gay one. Kitty and young Mr. Mortimer were together almost constantly. Somehow, Kitty fell into the habit of expecting Rupert always, as her special escort; and he began to feel that no one but he had a right to Kitty, and to be very jealous, when others attempted to pay her attentions. As

yet, however, no words of love had passed between them; for Rupert, now thoroughly enamored, feared to ruin all by too premature an avowal; especially as, once or twice, when he had ventured to approach the subject, Kitty had suddenly grown haughty and cold.

A final picnic had been planned, to close the season. It proved a great success. The day passed merrily on, until luncheon-time. Rupert had made up his mind to have a quiet ramble with Kitty, after this meal, and if things went well, to speak of his love. But he had counted without his cost, for when luncheon was over, and he had got rid of his aunt, Mrs. Judge Stacy, who had called him to her side to wait on her, lo! Kitty had disappeared. Full of jealous fears, and determined to find out who his rival was, he set forth through the woods to discover Kitty. He had not gone far, before her favorite dog came bounding toward him, jumping and barking, and manifesting the greatest delight at seeing him. But when Rupert stopped to pat his name-sake, the dog started ahead; then stopped and looked wistfully at Rupert, and then rushed on again. 'What can he mean?' said Rupert.

A sudden fear seized him that something was wrong, and he hurried on, the dog rapidly leading the way.

At last, in an opening of the woods, on a moss-covered rock, he saw Kitty, pale, breathless, and apparently in pain.

In a moment he was at her side. All his jealousy was gone. Love was uppermost.

'Oh, darling!' he cried, what is it? Thank God, I have you.'

'Oh! Mr. Mortimer,' she cried, with a little sob, 'how glad I am to see you. I began to think I would have to stay here all night alone. I've sprained my ankle, so I can't walk. What shall I do?' And she burst into tears.

Our hero took both the little hands, and held them tightly in his own, while he questioned her anxiously as to the accident, relating meantime how he came to find her.

'But how?' exclaimed Kitty, ruefully, when he had done, 'how am I ever to get back? I don't believe I can walk a step.'

'Of course you can't. Who said you could?' cried Rupert. 'But you'll get back right, all the same, for I intend to carry you.'

'Carry me!' Kitty gave a little scream, and shrank back, and covered her face with both hands, for she felt the hot blood in her cheeks. 'Oh, no! that will never do,' and she blundered out, unthinkingly, 'what will people say!'

But Rupert did not stop to reply to this question. Very little cared he what people said. Without a word he put his arms about Kitty, and lifting her bodily from her feet, walked off with her as if she had been a feather-weight.

At first, Kitty struggled a little, but the strong, manful arms held her close, and soon she began rather to like it, and to think it all very delightful. 'At any rate,' she said to herself, 'I can't help it; he is too masterful to resist.' With this comforting conclusion, her fair head sank on his shoulder, and for the first time in her life Kitty knew what it was to be supremely happy.

Rupert carried his lovely burden to his own buggy, which stood apart from the crowd, and carefully placed Kitty in it.

'There now,' he said, 'I shall take you home, immediately, and stop for a doctor on the way. Nobody can drive you, with so little pain, as I can,' he added, seeing she was about to object. 'Besides, you must begin to obey me, so as to get your hand in, for you are going to be my wife, you know.'

"Your wife!" cried Kitty. She gave a pout, and toss of her head, but she blushed, and not with anger either. Yes! blushed to the tips of her dainty ears.

'Of course,' retorted Rupert, as he stepped softly into the buggy, and took his seat beside her, looking half-saucily, half-fondly into her eyes, which fell before him. 'I've meant it all along. Didn't you?'

'Really, you are the most 'impudent puppy' I ever saw,' retorted Kitty, bursting into laughter in spite of herself.

But, for all that, she did not repulse the kiss, with which, before starting, Rupert thought it necessary to fortify himself for the journey.

What more is there to tell? Very little. For Kitty and Rupert were married early in the autumn, and were superlatively happy.

'Do you know,' said Rupert, one day, 'that it was the merest accident we ever knew each other? I had come down to my uncle's, for a single night only, when I saw you in the swing, and my whole life was changed. I fell in love at first sight, and resolved to stay, and make your acquaintance, even if it took all summer.'

'So I owe my happiness,' answered Kitty, archly, 'to my faithful dog—dear old fellow—being off guard that afternoon.'

'And to an 'impudent puppy' coming along,' retorted Rupert, with a kiss, 'just in the nick of time, and taking his place.'

Poetry.

The Agitation

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Lonely sitting, deeply musing,
On a still and starry night,
Full of fancies, when my glances
Turned upon those far romances
Scattered o'er the Infinite;
On a sudden broke upon me
Murmurs, rumors, quick and loud,
And half-waking I discover'd
An innumerable crowd.

'Mid the uproar of their voices
Scarcely could I hear a word;
There was rushing, there was crushing,
And a sound like music gushing,
And a roar like forests stirr'd
By a fierce wind passing o'er them:—
And a voice came now and then,
Louder than them all exclaiming,
"Give us Justice! we are men!"

And the longer that I listen'd,
More distinctly could I hear,
'Mid the poslag of the voicing,
Sounds of sorrow and rejoicing,
Utterance of Hope and Fear;
And a clash of disputation,
And of words at random cast—
Truths and Errors intermingling,
Of the present and the past.

Some were shouting that Oppression
Held their consciences in thrall;
Some were crying, "Men are dying,
Hunger-smit and none supplying
Bread, the birthright of us all."
Some exclaimed that Wealth was haughty
Harsh, and callous to the poor;
Others cried, the poor were vicious,
Idle, thankless, insecure.

Some with voice of indignation,
Told the story of their wrongs,
Full of dolour—life-controller—
That for difference of color

They were sold like cattle throngs,
Others, palid, weak and shivering,
Said that laws were surely bad
When the willing hand was idle,
And the cheeks of Toil were sad.

"Give us freedom for the conscience!"

"Equal rights!"—"Unfettered mind!"

"Education!"—"Compensation!"

"Justice for a mighty nation!"

"Progress!"—"Peace with all mankind!"

"Let us labor!"—"Give us Churches!"

"Give us corn where'er it grows!"

These, and other cries, around me
Surged incessant, loud or low.

Old opinions jarr'd with new ones;

New ones jostled with the old;

In such Babel, few were able

To distinguish truth from fable,

In the tales their neighbors told,

But one voice above all others

Sounded like the voice of ten,

Clear, sonorous, and persuasive—

"Give us Justice! we are men!"

And I said, "O! Sovereign Reason,
Sire of Peace and Liberty!"

Aid for ever their endeavor—

Boldly let them still assever

All the rights they claim in thee,

Aid the mighty Fermentation

Till it purifies at last,

And the Future of the people

Is made brighter than the Past

Playing at Croquet.

BY MRS. G. W. WHITE.

We had an introduction,

I scarce remember how;

She swept a graceful curtsy

I made my lowest bow;

'Twas on the lawn it happened,

We stood, a party gay,

With mallets duly waiting,

All ready for "Croquet."

A shower of silken ringlets,

Like golden sunbeams fell,

Around her form of beauty,

And wove a magic spell.

Her eyes were of the azure,

That marks a summer day,

My heart she quickly captured,

While playing at "Croquet."

At picnics, hops, and parties,

As oft it chanced we met,

I still got more entangled,

In love's bewildering net;
For hearts, like balls, are sometimes
Hit, when they're not "in play;"
And many a hope has vanished,
When beaten at "Croquet."

At last I dared to ask her,

If she would change her name,

The witch, she flashed for answer,

"If you can win the game!"

And when my pet was vanquished,

I kissed a tear away;

And that is how I won her,

While playing at "Croquet."

My Little Wife and I.

BY GEORGE H. CORMICK.

We are traveling over life's road together,

My little wife and I;

We are happy in fair or stormy weather,

My little wife and I.

The reason why is very plain,

There's nothing queer about it;

We never give each other pain,

When we can do without it.

We have toiled o'er many a road most dreary,

My little wife and I;

But our hearts were light, when our feet were
weary.

My little wife and I;

The reason why we journeyed on,

Since hand in hand we started,

We ne'er have seen the battle won,

By those that were faint hearted.

Though our home be plain, that never
teazes,

My little wife and I;

Though a humble cot right well it pleases,

My little wife and I.

The reason why we are content,

We do not fear to labor,

And though in toil our time is spent,

We envy not our neighbor.

We never dream of ill for the morrow,

My little wife and I;

But take what may come, be it joy or sorrow

My little wife and I.

The reason why we do not fret,

And you'd do well to try it;

We ne'er have found a person yet,

That was the gainer by it.

One of the grandest pleasures in target-
shooting consists in the fact that the target
can't shoot back.—[Boston Transcript. And
that it has so little occasion to.—[New Haven
Register.

Editorial.

R. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

THE story is a simple one and briefly told. It relates to a Fireman's home, his family, and death. He was once a member of Vigo Lodge, Terre Haute, and while in good standing, was the recipient of many favors at the hands of the Brotherhood. On becoming a member of the Order he took a solemn oath to discharge the obligations of membership, and for a time he was faithful to the spirit of that oath. But he wearied of well doing, and, proud of his strength, concluded that he could get along just as well without the Order as with it. From neglecting to attend the meetings he soon came to neglect the payment of his dues. The officers of the Lodge were most considerate to him, however, and for a whole year his name was carried on the rolls, and his friends in addition to discharging his indebtedness, cared for him kindly during an attack of fever, and generously donated him fifteen dollars with which to provide his family with food when he again commenced work. After this a committee waited on him and sought to persuade him to return to the Lodge. Another and another committee visited him, but he was deaf to all arguments, and persistently refused to heed the advice of his comrades. He was told that the life of a fireman is of more uncertain duration than that of men in other walks of life—that he was liable to be maimed or killed any day, and in the event of such a calamity he was asked to consider his family if not himself. To these pertinent reasons he merely replied that he "guessed he would get along all right," and that he "did not care to be bothered any further about the matter." The Lodge was reluctantly forced to expel him. Now comes the sequel with its awful warning and solemn lesson. A few weeks following his expulsion, this man was smitten with what is commonly called hasty consumption. He was compelled to give up his place on the engine, and in a short time his case grew so serious that he was unable to quit his bed. Perhaps he did not realize that he would never more leave that couch of pain, except in the narrow confines of a humble wooden box, followed by wailing wife and sobbing, awe-struck child. Hope, a false and deceiv-

ing star, may have lighted his troubled dreams with visions of returning health and a comfortable home; but rapidly, silently, came the inevitable end. Death is no respecter of persons. His noiseless shadow glides through the lowly cottage and across the gilded thresholds of princes, smiting a potentate here and a peasant there with its fatal chill, with equal unconcern; and after the dread, invisible presence has passed, is heard the lamentation of broken hearts, the wail of agony, the shrieks of despair! The once strong and independent fireman had missed his guess. His strength was no match for that of the destroyer. He found at last that he could not "get along all right." He needed help, and more than ever would his family need the ministrations of the Order, should he die. Who can say what bitterness filled his heart when he thought of his situation in those closing, miserable days of his life? It was then—there, on the verge of the grave into which he was sinking—that he testified to his respect for and belief in the Order from which he had so reluctantly been expelled; for it was there—in a dying hour, and there, on the bed of death—that *he told his wife and family that he was still a member of the Lodge at Terre Haute, in good standing*, and so, with a lie upon his lips, with despair in his mind, his soul passed into the presence of that God at whose earthly altar he had sworn to cherish and provide for the faithful woman who was his wife and the mother of his child! He had not the courage to tell them the truth. He made them believe that though he was leaving them forever, he had still been thoughtful of their needs, and that the benevolent organization which he had spurned as a bothersome thing in the days of his health, would be with them now to comfort them in their sorrow, and minister to their wants. Could any Order desire a more startling and solemn endorsement than this? This man knew too well the benefits he had not only denied to himself, but of which he had deliberately robbed his suffering family. Beyond enforcing the lesson of his death we have no word of condemnation to speak. We sincerely sympathize with the poor family

left destitute by the husband and father, whose imperative duty it was to prepare while it was yet day with him against the night which is coming to all and wherein no man can work. We would not utter a word to add to the pangs which the living suffer, but in deceiving his wife and child—in raising expectations of help from a source from which this man, of all men, had the least right to expect help—in creating hopes which he knew must be dashed to pieces by the exposure which would follow—he did a grave wrong. He may have been in all other respects a good man, but such a course as this is not consistent with those kind and thoughtful qualities of manhood which make the best of husbands, brothers, fathers or friends. Shortly after his death his aged parents wrote to the Lodge asking for that assistance for the wife and child which they had been led by their son to believe they had a right to ex-

pect. Whatever private charity the members might extend under the circumstances was not only right but highly commendable, but the secretary was forced, although with a heavy heart, to reveal the truth, and the parents were made acquainted with the facts in the case. What must have been their feelings and the feelings of the poor wife, when they realized that the object of their love and care had deceived them in almost the last words his tongue ever uttered! In mercy we draw the mantle of charity over the sad scene. The most practical lesson to be drawn from this man's life and death is man's dependence upon his fellows. No one knows what a day or an hour may bring forth, and it is every man's duty—a duty for the faithful discharge of which he is answerable to his family and his God—to make every provision in his power against misfortune and death.

Ladies' Department.

A Visit to Marshall, Texas.

FOR LADIES' DEPARTMENT B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE.

Good morning Jerusha, how do you do? Oh, yes! I'm back again, arrived two hours ago on the early train and the very first thing I did after disposing of my bird cage, band boxes, etc., was to run right down and see you. I've so much to tell you that I could scarcely wait to get here. I've had such a delightful time. Texas isn't such a bad place after all. No, thank you I can't remove my bonnet for I haven't very long to stay. Where did I spend most of my time? Why in Marshall, for you know I heard how that the B. of L. F. were going to have a grand ball and I placed myself in such a location as I thought would secure a go for me. I was determined not to get left on the ball question and sure enough, as I sat demurely reading one afternoon in pops Brother Philipson and solicits the honor of my company to the ball. You just ought to have seen me blush, it's so becoming too; as a matter of course I feigned indifference but after artfully coaxing, I at length rather reluctantly consented. No sooner were this worthy Brother's toes turned hencewardly when I gave vent to my joy. I would have died had I not received a bid. Well, if it aint just up with me now after the jolly time I had, for you know, Mr. Philipson was my beau. Don't

you remember him? Tall and portly I showed you his picture where he's standing on the tip top round of the ragged edge of some Indianapolis roof. "A delegate to a Woman's Rights Convention, you know." Yes, as I was saying he was my beau. You look at me Jerusha Sharpe as if you thought I had no business with a beau. It's news to you, eh? Well, so it is to me. It's been so long since I've had one, but please remember Miss Sharpe that I'm ahead of you for I've captured a great big whale. I have, and you know that by actual calculation you are thirteen months my senior and prospectively you have none. No offense I hope. But to proceed. By the way, perhaps, a brief description of my very elaborate "toilette" might interest you. Even if I do say so myself it just naturally eclipsed everything there. You know I wore my gray poplin dress with four inches of train, a big piece of extravagance I know, yet it's put once a year and then it's so handy for the gentlemen's feet. Think of a pair of the daintiest Congress gaiters peeping from beneath, they did pinch just a little, but you don't catch me letting on. My tresses were combed smoothly back from my classic brow and caught low on the neck. I heard that the majority of the Brothers are ardent admirers of "sweet simplicity." Over my left ear drooped a spray of bleeding hearts. Note the

effect and then withal my dignified bearing was a matter of much comment. As I bobbed gracefully into the brilliantly illuminated hall the band touched up the most enticing Grand March and I sallied forth in that Grand March leaning majestically upon the mighty arm of Brother Wales (I told you I had caught one) while my escort saucily sought the hand of another. The next I remember and oh, dear! will I ever forget it! The way Brother Dill's heel sought refuge upon my toes so dextrously as to create a very revolution in my most promising corn crop. Corn cakes have gone up. The cou(r)ntry's lost. Let me see—Smith—Smith—seems to me I've heard that name. Oh! yes it all comes back to me now. Jas. A. and C. T. actually took sides against each other and *all* for me. You surely don't censure me, for how could I go through the gallop with both at once. Then too with what charming "sang froid" Brother Newell took in the situation. He's a veritable—it just won't pay, Jerusha, to tell *what*, but then he's mighty nice just the same. Have I mentioned Brother Daily, he's always on hand when there's any fun agoing, that is, not always on hand either, not hourly but daily. That's a pun. I feared that you might not recognize it. Brother Jay(bird) is a little warbler, I can assure you. Great guns! No! it can't be, your clock ~~must~~ be fast. I declare to goodness does it seem possible that I've been here four solid hours. I must be going and in a hurry too, for I must be getting my bonnets unpacked. Come to see me right soon I've mountains to tell you. If you see Mary Henman and Bettie Lickshingle before I do, give them me love. Remember that you come right soon and you may expect the story (to be continued).

Good bye.

ELLEN.

Make Home Attractive.

A love for the beautiful is found in every one. In some it is but faintly manifest—is covered and choked by grosser feelings and stronger passions, like the timid violet overgrown and hidden from view by a rank growth of weeds of grosser vegetables. In others it becomes a passion, and every garden plot in the soul is fringed with flowers. The truly devout man or woman is wont to read God in his works, and study his character from the things he has made; and the fact that he has created flowers in such profusion, making even the wilderness joyous with their presence, is to us positive proof

that the love of the beautiful is an attribute of His soul, and to love and cherish flowers is God-like and well-pleasing in His sight. We say to our readers, then, cultivate flowers. Beautify your homes and render them attractive. You ask, will it pay? We answer, yes—equal to any investment you can make. It will bring smiles to the lips of your wives and daughters, and check the waywardness and discontent of your sons. Make home beautiful, and your daughters will feel proud of it, and your sons will hold it to be the dearest spot on earth, while you can sit, in your declining years, beneath the shadowing branches of the trees you planted in youth, and watch with pleasure the joyous sports of your grandchildren, as they cull the flowers that spring up to gladden that Eden-like spot—made doubly dear by the presence of both flowers and children.

A soul without the element of ideality unfolded, is but an intelligence imprisoned in a house of clay, chained to a clod; and a home devoid of beauty is but a prison to the young and joyous souls of children, from which they will constantly wish to escape, though every grosser want be abundantly supplied.

Parents who mourn over the wanderings of your children, their tendency to leave home and seek other and often evil associations, let us give you a recipe that will be worth millions to you if adopted. Surround your homes with every attraction that the ingenuity of the soul can suggest, and then give your children as perfect freedom as is consistent with virtue and order, and if your example is good, they will seldom wish to exceed those bounds of sports and pleasures. Anticipate the wants of your children, and where you are at fault consult them.

It is not undignified to do so, and it will save you many a bitter trial in after years. The sportive mirth of childhood is not sinful, but it is a grievous error to attempt to crush out. The ebullitions of youthful joyousness and love of pleasure, as seen in boys and girls, should be encouraged and rightly directed. Attempt to dam them up, and in nine cases out of ten, they will overflow into the channels of vice, crime, and dissipation.

How to Economize.

I took a ladies basket, which had been cast aside, having been used until it was considered worthless, and replaced the absent part of the cover with a piece of paste-board, or a piece of an old box; then covered the basket with black oil-cloth, and lined it with red

flannel. This concealed the holes. I fastened to the lower edge of the cover a scolloped piece of red flannel about two inches wide, and another piece about three inches in width, to the lower edge of the basket, trimming the edges of flannel with green braid. This formed a drapery, which added much to its appearance. I then attached the cover to the basket, and hung it on the wall in my sewing-room for a receiver, into which, I cast thimble, needle-box, scissors, pin-paper, spools of thread, etc. Its preparation was not expensive, as I prepared it from pieces that had accumulated from time to time, and had been thrown aside for future use.

I not only value it for its utility, but it is really ornamental.

To Mary in Heaven.

[Composed by Robert Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

Thou lingering star with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
Oh Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last.

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wildwoods thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wing'd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with milder care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his
breast?

Recipes.

SILVER CAKE.—White of one dozen eggs; flour, five cups; white sugar and butter of each, one cup; cream or sweet milk, one cup; cream of tartar, one teaspoonful; soda, half a teaspoonful; beat and mix as the "Gold Cake." Bake in a deep pan.

LEMON PIES.—Grate one lemon; add one cup of white sugar, a small piece of butter, yolks of three eggs; beaten until stiff; then add the apples, and beat all together till stiff enough to stand alone. Fill a deep dish with rich cream, or boiled soft custard, and pile the float on top. This is excellent with other fruits, in place of the apples.

APPLE FLOAT.—One pint stewed and well mashed apples, white of three eggs, and four large spoonfuls of sugar, beaten until stiff; then add the apples, and beat all together till stiff enough to stand alone. Fill a deep dish with rich cream, or boiled soft custard, and pile the float on top. This is excellent with other fruits, in place of the apples.

GOLD CAKE.—The yolks of one dozen eggs; flour, five cups; white sugar, three cups, butter, one cup; cream or sweet milk, one and a half cups; soda half a teaspoonful; cream of tartar, one teaspoonful; bake in a deep coal pan; beat the eggs with the sugar, having the butter softened by the fire; then stir it in; put the soda and cream of tartar into the cream or milk, stirring up and mixing all together; then sift and stir in the flour.

CLEANING SILK.—Use potato water for all colors and kinds. Grate some potatoes into cold spring water, say a large potatoe to every quart of water, of which five or six will do for a couple of dresses. If for very light silk, pare the potatoe; if any way dark, merely wash them clean. The pan of water must not be stirred in the least for forty-eight hours, then very slowly and steadily pour off the clear liquor, but not a particle of the sediment, into an open vessel—a bath, or such like. Dip the pieces of silk into this liquid up and down a few times, without in the least creasing them; then wipe them on a flat table with a clean towel, first one side and then the other. It is as well to hang each one as dipped upon a line to allow the drops to drain off a little before wiping. Have a damp cloth to cover them in till they are done, then iron one way on the soiled side. It is astonishing to see how nice a dress looks done in this manner.

Our Exchanges.

Ingersoll on Alcohol.

Col. R. G. Ingersoll, in speaking to a jury in a case which involved the manufacture of alcohol, used the following eloquent language:

"I am aware that there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe that from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, dishonor and crime, that it demoralizes everybody that touches it from its source to where it ends. I do not believe anybody can contemplate the object without becoming prejudiced against that liquor crime. All we have to do, gentlemen, is to think of the wrecks on either bank of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of the ignorance, of the destitution, of the little children tugging at the faded and withered breast of weeping and despairing mothers, of wives asking for bread, of the men of genius that it has wrecked, the men struggling with imaginary serpents, produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the almshouses, of the asylums, of the prisons, of the scaffolds upon either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this damned stuff that is called alcohol. Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affections, erases conjugal loves, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives, widows; children, orphans; fathers, fiends; and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera, imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. It covers the land with idleness, misery and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your alms-houses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims to your scaffolds. It is the life blood of the gambler, the element of the burglar, the prop of the highwayman and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects

the thief, esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligations, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and the child to grind the parricidal ax. It burns up men, consumes women, detests life, curses God, and despises heaven. It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury box and stains the judicial ermine. It degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness; and with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolation and unsatiated with havoc it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It does all that and more—it murders the soul. It is the sum of all villainies, the father of all crimes, the mother of abominations, the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy."

The Iron Horse in India.

EXPERIENCE OF A NATIVE.

A correspondent of the 'Church Missionary Intelligencer' gives the following account of a railroad train with its locomotive, as told by a native who had visited Calcutta, and who, after returning, was telling his friends about the wonderful sights he had witnessed:—"I had to go to Calcutta, and, as I had heard much about the ironway, I was anxious to know how the English had constructed it. I therefore set off for Raniganj, and pictured to myself what kind of road was necessary to enable bullocks to draw carts without slipping. On reaching Raniganj, I looked on all sides for the iron-road, but could see none. On inquiry, I was directed to a very, very long building, in which I saw two thin iron rods running along on the earth, and a long line of carriages joined together by huge iron chains. How the *Sahib Log* (the Europeans) could train horses or oxen to run on those thin iron rods, laid down as far as the eye could see, in a straight line, was more than I could conceive, for I was sure my pony would

never walk on them. As I was calculating how many pairs of oxen would be required to draw this multitude of large carriages, I was terrified by the snorting and roaring of a dreadful monster which came along at a fearful rate, and stopped near the carriages, giving at the same time a tremendous kick, which shook all the carriages. No rakshas could look more terrible than this being. Well, that awful and terrible creature was to be harnessed, and was, after all, more docile than many a horse of ours, for it stood very quietly while it was fastened to the carriages, a bell giving the sign. 'What,' said I, 'with such a monster to draw us?' 'Yes,' was the reply. I could not make up my mind, but those who, like myself, hesitated to enter the carriages, received a kick or two, so in we went. I trembled from head to foot, and gave myself up for lost; yet what could I do?—the carriage was closed. At last the bell rang a second time, a terrible squeak was heard, like the voices of a hundred elephants, and off we started. No sooner had we gone a little way than the anger of the creature which drew us subsided, and it went on dragging us as if we were nothing. Thus we went quietly on until we reached another station; but no sooner did we stop than the creature again became furious. This time, however, it seemed to be thirsty; for the coachman unharnessed it and took it to a high tower, where it drank I cannot tell how many *maunds* of water (a *maund* or *mun* is 80 pounds). It then received a feed of some black stuff, and having well eaten and drunk, it went on again—yes, on, on, on, the creature seemed never to get tired. We reached Calcutta in no time.

The man looked proudly around the circle of his hearers, and they looked with astonishment at a man of such experience.

George Eliot

DESCRIPTION OF THE GREAT NOVELIST.

Kate Field, when a young girl, met George Eliot at the House of T. Adolphus Trollope, brother of Anthony Trollope, in Italy. She thus describes the interview:

There she stands quietly in the moonlight, speaking earnestly to Adolphus Trollope, while Lewes hovers near, calling her attention to the exquisite beauty of the lights and shades made by the moon. One by one the guests are presented to the author of "Adam Bede," who receives all with shrinking diffidence; more and more I wonder whether Mr. Trollope will remember the American girl in the corner—a nobody. There I sit, growing

very dejected, when the host offers his arm to George Eliot, and they walk toward a Madonna which is above my head. They stop to admire the work; the host discovers me. I am introduced and my heart beats quickly as George Eliot takes my hand and seats herself beside me, expressing great interest in all young girls who aspire to lead broader lives than those carved out by society. I gaze at her with delight and see a woman of medium stature, of large frame and fair Saxon coloring. In heaviness of jaw and height of cheekbone she greatly resembles a German, nor are her features unlike those of Wordsworth, whom Hazlitt swore looked just like a horse. We are all said to resemble some animal, and George Eliot's animal, like Wordsworth's, is the horse. Her eyes are pale blue, her mouth large and sensitive, her teeth large and white. The expression of her face is gentle, while her manner is singularly timid; yet, as if by force of will, as if she had been told something about me by good Mr. Trollope she puts this timidly aside, relates her own literary experience, and suggests advice,

'For years,' she says, 'I wrote reviews because I know too little of humanity, and I doubt whether I should ever have ventured upon a novel had not Mr. Lewis urged me to it. To him I submitted my "Scenes of Clerical Life," short stories of the worth of which I was in doubt.' Mr. Lewis insisted upon their publication, and their success put an end to my reviews. All my manuscripts pass through his hands before they are submitted to the public. He is my critic and my inspiration.'

To think that George Eliot should be telling all this to a school-girl! Why, I can scarcely believe my own ears; yet, I venture to ask whether she enjoys writing; whether it is easy work. 'No,' she replies, 'I am miserable when writing, but I am still more miserable when not writing.' After more kindly words George Eliot rises, her husband comes forward and claims acquaintance with 'the little republican.' I find myself actually talking and laughing with these two wonderful creatures, and then they bid me good-night. That is all I see of them, their fortnight's stay in Florence being over.

Ye Olden Days.

DETROIT FREE PRESS.

Thirty years ago Michigan people were a frank and truthful set. Strangers could come here and trade horses with their eyes shut, and breach of promise cases were unknown.

Folks meant what they said, and when they gave their word stuck to it.

Exactly thirty years ago this month a widower from New York state appeared in Lansing on business. That same business carried him over to DeWitt, eight miles away. While en route, he stopped at a log farm-house to warm his cold fingers. He was warmly welcomed by the pioneer and his wife, both of whom were well along in years, and after some general talk, the woman queried:

'Am I right in thinking you are a widower?'

'Yes.'

'Did you come out here to find a wife?'

'Partly.'

'Did anybody tell you of our Susie?'

'No.'

'Well, we've got as bouncing a girl of 22 as you ever set eyes on. She's good-looking, healthy and good-tempered, and I think she'll like your looks.'

'Where is she?'

'Over in the woods, here, chopping down a coon-tree. Shall I blow the horn for her?'

'No. If you'll keep an eye on my horse I'll find her.'

'Well, there's nothing stuck up or or affected about Susie. She'll say yes or no as soon as she looks you over. If you want her, don't be afraid to say so.'

The stranger heard the sound of her ax and followed it. He found her just as the tree was ready to fall. She was a stout, good-looking girl, swinging the ax like a man, and in two minutes he had decided to say:

'Susie, I'm a widower from New York state; I'm 39 years old, have one child, own a good farm, and I want a wife. Will you go back home with me?'

She leaned on the ax and looked at him for half a minute, and then replied:

'Can't say for certain. Just wait till I get these coons off my mind.'

She sent the tree crashing to earth, and with his help killed five coons which were stowed away in a hollow.

'Well, what do you say?' he asked, as the last coon stopped kicking.

'I'm your'n!' was the reply; 'and by the time you get back from DeWitt I'll have these pelts off and tacked up and be ready for the preacher!'

He returned to the house, told the old folks that he should bring a preacher back with him, and at dusk that evening the twain were married. Hardly an hour had been wasted in courting, and yet he took home one of the best girls in the state of Michigan.

Locomotive Firemen.

It is not generally known, except by those directly connected with the management of railroads, that a flourishing organization, or Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, exists in the United States. The order has a wide representation on many of the principal roads of the country. Its objects are largely benevolent. A leading officer of the society is called the "organizer and instructor," and this position is now held by S. M. Stevens of Lowell, Mass., a gentleman thoroughly well-informed and interested in the operations of the organizations.

Mr. Stevens has been in this city, for two or three days, and Sunday a lodge was organized here at the room of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. There were sixteen charter members, principally from the Grand Trunk, Eastern and Maine Central railroads. The name of the lodge is Great Eastern No. 4. Following are the officers elected:

Master—Chas. B. Pearson.

Recording Secretary—F. O. Mitchell.

Financial Secretary—Morris Lynch.

Magazine Agent—W. J. Johnson.

Mr. Stevens states that the Order is very popular and prosperous in the Western States. The first order was instituted at Port Jervis in December, 1873, by Joshua A. Leach. There are now some fifty lodges, with a membership of over 1,200, some 800 having joined the last year, when there were thirty-three lodges formed, and there are applications for thirteen new charters. The condition of the brotherhood, Mr. Stevens goes on to say, was never as satisfactory as it is now, and its prospects are accordingly excellent. Its immediate object is to unite railroad firemen into a society for their common welfare, and accordingly it agrees to care for the families of those who lose their lives in pursuit of their occupation. Not only are the needy helped, but the manhood of the members is developed by the cultivation in them of the sense of self-respect, and a desire to so live as to gain the confidence and respect both of their employers and associates. The members are pledged to sobriety and the faithful discharge of all their duties, and are taught their full responsibilities. It is one of the cardinal principles of the Order that its members shall engage in no strikes. It is a purely benevolent society, and a member who is totally incapacitated from work receives as large compensation as the family of a member who dies. Mr. Stevens goes from here to Montreal to establish additional lodges—*Eastern Argus, Portland, Me.*

The B. of L. F. Ball.

The ball given by the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, last Friday night, was in every way an occasion long to be remembered by those who were present, and who enjoyed such festivities. Over one hundred couples of the elite of Trenton and other points on the C. R. I. & P. railroad, were in attendance. Winters' Hall was beautifully decorated with evergreens, pictures, mottoes, etc. We were permitted, as were many others, through the politeness of the committee of reception, to enter and witness the gay and festive throng. Our vision was attracted by the motto of the Brotherhood, in huge letters on the opposite wall from the entrance: "Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry." Beneath this were also displayed: "First Annual Ball of Success Lodge, No. 33, B. L. F." The word "Welcome," in the end of the building, in large and conspicuous letters, and other attractions, made the hall appear really inviting. The music was also considered splendid. At 11 o'clock supper was announced, which had been prepared at Schletter's restaurant.

The systematic order, genteel deportment, and unexceptional character of all the guests, speaks well for the committee on invitations, and the committee of arrangements, and other committees of the Brotherhood are entitled to a large share of thanks, for their successful efforts to make the occasion second to none ever given in Trenton.

The prize ring was awarded to Miss Maggie Fitzsimmons, as the most graceful lady dancer at the ball.

The Brotherhood desire us to tender their thanks to the public for the very flattering mark of appreciation demonstrated in the liberal attendance at their entertainment, and promise one year hence, to give their second annual ball, when they trust to meet all who were present on this occasion, and many others who are worthy to enjoy a first-class entertainment.—*Trenton (Mo.) News.*

A Humorist's Advice.

There is a good deal of terse common-sense in these extracts from the *Hawkeye's* advice to young men: 'Remember, my son, you have to work. Whether you handle a pick or a pen, a wheelbarrow or a set of books, digging ditches or editing a paper, ringing an auction bell or writing funny things, you must work. If you will look around you, you will see that the men who are most able to work are the men who work the hardest.

'Don't be afraid of killing yourself with overwork, son. Menseldom work so hard as that on the sunny side of thirty. They die sometimes, but it is because they quit work at six p. m., and don't get home until two a. m. It's the intervals that kill, my son. The work gives you an appetite for your meals, it lends solidity to your slumber, it gives you a perfect and grateful appreciation of a holiday.

'There are young men who do not work, my son; young men who make a living by sucking the end of a cane, and who can tie a necktie in eleven different knots and never lay a wrinkle in it, who can spend more money in a day than you can earn in a month, and who will go to the sheriff's to buy a postal card, and apply at the office of the street commissioner for a marriage license.

'So find out what you want to be and to do, son, and take off your coat and make success in the world. The busier you are the less evil you will be apt to get into, the sweeter will be your sleep, the brighter and happier your holidays, and the better satisfied will the world be with you.'

Christmas Eve Balls.

The date for the long anticipated Locomotive Firemen's Ball, arrived with Christmas Eve, and the Grand Opera House was last night crowded to its utmost, with railroad men, their families and friends. The parquet was floored over on a level with the stage, making a large and commodious room for tripping the light fantastic. The orchestra was placed in the west wing of the gallery, while the caller was located on the east side of the house down stairs. The arrangements and management were complete in the extreme, and not a jar or mismove occurred to disturb the evening's pleasure. Every available inch of the floored portion was occupied by the dancers, while the dress circle and aisles were thronged with delighted spectators, many of whom were awaiting a chance to participate in the amusements. The attendance in general was made up of railroad people, many from different points along the lines of our various roads. Supper was spread in the basement of the Opera House, and such a supper would be palatable to the most fastidious. The ball was the most successful yet given by the firemen, and, in fact, was one of the grandest ever given in the city, and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen can be well proud of their efforts.—*Lafayette, (Ind.) News.*

What the Press Say of Us.

The January number of the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine has just been issued. Its editor is Eugene V. Debs, of this city, who is Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Grand Lodge of the Order. It is a handsome volume of thirty-two pages and contains a variety of information, instructive, useful and interesting, not only to the members of the Brotherhood but to all persons whose business or social relations bring them in contact with this large class of our citizens. There is in the volume besides much personal information of lodge news a great deal of selected and original literary matter in which the fine literary taste and ability of Mr. Debs are abundantly manifest. The issue before us, volume V. No. 1., is creditable to the editor and ought to be a source of satisfaction to the readers to whom it is addressed.—*T. H. Gazette.*

The Express is in receipt of the January number of the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine. It is a thirty-two page pamphlet devoted to matters of interest to locomotive firemen and railroad men in general, containing reports of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen's Lodge throughout the United States, and is published by order of the Grand Lodge. It not only contains railroad news, but is spiced with choice miscellaneous reading. Eugene V. Debs, of this city is the editor, with Wm. F. Hynes, of Denver, Colorado, as associate editor. The magazine is printed by I. M. & C. C. Brown, and shows neat workmanship.—*T. H. Express.*

Second Annual Ball.

The second annual ball of Lone Star Lodge No. 70, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, came off at the opera house on Wednesday evening, and was fully up to the high standard established by the first affair of the kind. Nothing was left undone, and everything passed off as smoothly and pleasantly as possible. The opera house never presented a more inviting appearance, the simple but tasteful decorations showing to splendid advantage. Around each window were arranged holly branches, and from the center chandelier to the four side ones hung festoons of evergreen, while over the entrance was a beautiful arch of the same material. The room was pleasantly heated, and the floor never in a better condition for dancing.—While the attendance was not large, there

were enough present to render it pleasant, and we are sure they never passed a more agreeable evening. The music was all that could have been desired, in fact we have never heard better in Marshall. The programmes, which were gotten up in elegant style, consisted of twenty-five well selected dances. Dancing was continued until a late hour. At twelve o'clock came the supper—the crowning glory of the evening—at the Capitol Hotel, and such a supper! A supper such as the memories of an epicure might linger round for months to come, and arranged in a manner to delight the eye no less than its taste did the palate. The long tables surrounded by the gay throng, in full evening dress, presented a scene pleasant to look upon.

We congratulate the brotherhood upon the success of their second ball.—*Marshall (Tex.) Herald.*

Literature in France.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

France is a fortunate country for authors. They are better paid than in any other country, and therefore accumulate large fortunes. In England, two centuries and a half ago, Milton received a mere pittance for "Paradise Lost;" and in the last century Johnson and Goldsmith almost starved by authorship; Scott and Dickens, however, received large sums; but even their profits were small compared with those of French editors and authors.

Emile de Girardin is said to be worth \$1,700,000; George Sand, \$230,000; Adolphe Thiers, \$200,000; Victor Hugo, \$120,000; Victorien Sardou, \$100,000; Jules Janin, \$125,000, and Alexander Dumas, \$80,000, while the late Theophile Gautier died a millionaire.

It is encouraging to know that genius is recognized and rewarded in any country. But it is not so pleasant to know that the genius is displayed almost exclusively in works of fiction. Scientific writers, historians, and leaders in the more solid departments of literature, fare as hardly as in other countries. Their remuneration is small; the great incomes fall to dramatists and the writers of fiction.

Passing Remarks.

FOR LADIES' DEPARTMENT B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE.

Remarks concerning railroad men are frequently heard. Too often are they referred to with a sneer. Fortunately we do not all view this subject from the same standpoint and allow me to remark that there is not a truer

or a braver man than the one who fearlessly faces danger at all times. How often has the engineer been found dead in a wreck, his lifeless hand still grasping the throttle. What better proof do we ask than the one just presented to us, of the fortitude of a man, who sacrificed his life, thinking not of himself but of the lives in his keeping. At his side are the charred remains of the poor fireman, who passed away without a murmur. His tired hands folded on his lifeless bosom, tells us that his work is done and well done—I have nothing more to say for them—I leave it to the charity of the readers, to draw their own conclusions. Yours respectfully,

JESSIE MAY.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Jan 15, 1881.

A Close Observer.

I sat, the other day, in a street-car opposite neighbor to a brown alpaca dress. It was a bright brown, bordering on the shades of butternut off; it was a cheap stuff, flimsy and coarse. Upon this dress I counted ten bright, brown, cheap and flimsy ruffles, twelve flimsy, cheap, brown, bright bows, and folds which faded into the "vast abrupt" of the uncleanly straw in which they dragged, beyond the reach of my arithmetical education. Over this dress an upper-dress of bright green delaine fell cheerfully. The upper-dress was "finished," with four intricate black folds, and certain irrelevant black buttons in buttonless locations dotted hither and thither like spilled huckleberries on a grassy field. A gray garment of the cloak genus surmounted this, fitted so closely as to reveal every "charm" of a high-shouldered, long-waisted, and flat-chested figure. The sleeves of this garment were wide, and exposed a bare, brown, bony wrist, surrounded with tumbled lace, clasped with a gutta-percha bracelet, and shrinking from the winter wind which blew to the uncovered elbow sharply. About the neck of this robe were suspended a cherry-colored silk handkerchief, a necklace (presumably akin to the bracelet), a glass-bead cross, of the sort called "crystal," a fur-tippet, a lace frill, and a velvet string. Gutta Percha earrings, whose pattern was a study for a journey, depended a few inches above; false curls fell about them, and became entangled with them occasionally, to the serious endangerment of the outer lobe of the owner's ear; rows of false braids supervened, and the stuffing of "rats" protruded here and there.

The whole was covered with a Mansard

roof of black velvet, blue ribbon, pink roses, gray raspberries, bead fringe, 'imitation' lace, and green feathers, edged with several inches of false ringlets sewed underneath the eaves, and dripping—fantastic icicles—upon the front which they adorned. Within this chaste combination of effects was a woman all of fifty-two years old; a Yankee woman—long, lean, gaunt, red, grave. She carried a muff and two yards of white 'cloud.' When she rose, she tripped upon her dress (which trailed the ground.) When she left the car, she tripped upon her cloud; the muff engaged her hands and her lace-bound shivering wrists; at the car-door she tripped again; and tripping, still tripping, a ghastly parody of maiden playfulness, she tripped herself out of sight.

Beauty in dress, as in other arts, will, I fancy, establish its birthright by the ease with which it adjusts itself to unbeautiful surroundings. The Highland plaid is not ungraceful on humble shoulders. The short skirt and little *bonnet* of the French peasant are not uncomely, because the peasant wears them. The white silk neckerchief of the Quakeress can never become common nor unclean.

Surely, it is one of the simplest laws of taste in dress that it shall not attract undue attention from the wearer to the worn.

A Clear Track—A Safe and Pleasant Run.

THE SECOND ANNUAL BALL OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

The life of a stoker, though a laborious one, is not without its pleasant phases, and the men who spend a good portion of their lives on the engine enter into a recreation with truer zest and feeling than those whose pursuits are less invigorating. The balls of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen always mark an epoch in their history, and the second annual ball at the Opera House last night was in every sense of the word really enjoyable. The boys had spared no expense in preparation. The hall was handsomely decorated and well filled. All the available space of the room was filled with dancers, and many spectators sat on either side watching the graceful movements of the dancers. The music was furnished by the Moberly orchestra and string band, which, if it can not put wings on a person's heels, no music can. The floor managers were polite and attentive, and all who wanted, who were not acquainted, were furnished with partners. The pro-

gramme was an excellent one and was carried out to the letter. At 12 o'clock the party repaired to the Grand Central, where one of the most sumptuous and elegant repasts ever spread in Moberly was partaken of by those who had their appetites sharpened with the pleasant exercise. Smith & Sicotte, at each successive banquet, do better and better. The decorations of the tables last night were the handsomest, without an exception, ever seen in Moberly, displaying the skill of an artist.

After supper dancing was resumed and kept up until an early hour, when the party departed for home, pleased with the night's entertainment. The boys are to be congratulated on the successful issue of their scheme, and especially to those who managed the affair should credit be given. May their next annual ball be as successful and as pleasant an affair as was the last.—*From the Moberly Headlight.*

Trees.

In one grove in California are 1,380 trees, none measuring less than six feet in diameter.

A magnificent white oak stands in the Quaker burying ground at Salem, N. J. It is more than 200 years old, and is remarkable for its amplitude of shade. In one direction its branches have a spread of 112 feet.

The tallest trees in the world are in Australia. A fallen tree in Gippsland measured 435 feet from the root to the highest point of the branches. Another standing in the Dundenong district in Victoria is estimated to be 450 feet from the ground to the top.

The largest chestnut tree in the country is growing on the farm of Solomon Merkle, at Berks, Pa., and is nearly forty feet in circumference at the base. The top of the tree is reached without danger by steps that are fastened between the limbs. It is estimated that this tree contains about seventeen cords of wood. It still yields about three bushels of chestnuts annually.

A russet apple tree in Skowhegan, Me., was planted in 1762. In its branches a playhouse for children has been built for half a century or more. The tree is seven feet from the ground to the branches, five in number, all of which are very large and average thirty-five feet in length, covering a space of ground sixty-three feet in diameter. It is more than four and one-half feet in diameter, and has yielded an average of thirty bushels of apples each year. A sprout from this apple tree stands thirty-two feet from the parent stem, but is forty-eight years younger.

Is there nothing beautiful in death? Go ask the young mother, weeping beside the pall of her first-born, if there is nothing beautiful in that calm, transparent little face; in those little hands, so delicately folded upon the unheaving, white-robed bosom; in those tender lids, so softly closed above those sleeping eyes. Is there nothing of beauty there? And is there nothing beautiful in the soul-comforting thought that another spirit has been added to the angel throng in glory, whose seraph songs of welcome are ever attuned for her coming? Ah, grief-stricken mother! in your crushing sorrow, go and humbly prostrate yourself within that silent chamber whence you have brought your little confined babe, and, with heart of faith and lips of love and submission, ask of your Father and his Father, 'Is it well with my child?' And soft as angel's whisper shall come the answer to your anguished heart, 'Mother, it is well.'

Another Hannah Jane Found.

A recent writer speaks of finding a woman keeping a shop filled with fancy articles, mainly of her own make, who informed him, in reply to his inquiries, that she did this to support the family while her husband prepared himself for a profession, and that when he got through college and was established in business (and not before) she would close her shop and rejoin him. The gentleman asked, 'Do you think your husband will realize the sacrifice you are making for him?' 'Oh it's not a sacrifice but a pleasure.'

Apropos to this, we happen to know of a case where a literary woman gave her husband a professional education with the products of her pen. These two cases are not so very exceptional as people think. If the secrets of all homes and hearts were laid bare, woman would get much more credit than is generally accorded her.

The Grand Ball.

The ball of the Locomotive Firemen's Association, at the Grand Opera House on Christmas Eve, was the largest dancing assemblage of the season. The parquet was floored over on a level with the stage, every inch of which was occupied by the merry dancers, while hundreds were seated in the dress circle witnessing the terpsichorean display. When the second quadrille was called, two hundred of the young folks responded, making twenty-five cotillions that were in motion at one time, to the exhilarating orchestra of ten excellent musicians. An excellent supper was

served in the basement. Over three hundred tickets were sold. The whole affair reflects credit on the young men who superintended

the arrangements, as they made it one of the most enjoyable events that ever occurred in Lafayette.—*Lafayette Courier*.

Correspondence.

Self Respect.

Editors B. of L. F. Magazine:

At first thought the importance and merit contained in the meaning of these two small words is scarcely noticed. But when a little time is used to search the mind for the proper definition we find that it has a meaning, grand when practiced, and degrading when disregarded. There are two pictures daily exhibited to us as we hurry step by step toward our last resting place. One is a pleasant one, the other dark, desolate and dreary, casting a shadow of gloom upon all who step within the circle that it controls. Of the latter there are many illustrations presented to us of its evil examples, and not one have I found that did not in the beginning originate from lack of self-respect. We take for example, a young man just starting upon the treacherous path leading through life's journey, with prospects excellent and in almost all cases the hopes and good wishes of dear friends are with him. With a cheerful heart and firm step he attempts for the first time to think for himself, chooses his vocation and future companions. He seems as it were, to realize the responsibility that God has placed in his keeping, the elevation of himself, and that of his fellow creatures. If his actions are good and just, they tend to elevate; if on the contrary they are bad, the result is degradation to himself, and a great portion of mankind. Many may ask in what manner the actions of one, provoke like performance on the part of another? The answer is, by examples shown; example alone is the ruin or building up of many. Take for illustration a parent that does not inculcate into the minds of his children the principles of good, by performing the same himself, what is the result? If he is a victim of intemperance, chooses companions that are bad, cultivates the use of language that will produce a bad effect, do not children invariably follow in his footsteps? It is natural for them to do so. For to our parents do we look for instruction, be it good or bad we follow them. They are our advisers, and in our eyes infallible. As evil

thoughts and actions are very easily cultivated, the curses of children rest upon the head of any father, or mother, who lead them astray, when their minds are susceptible to the teaching of immorality. Self-respect, is never found in a house of debauchery. 'Tis not self-respect that leads the father or son to a drunkard's grave. 'Tis not self-respect that furnishes our periodicals with the numerous murders, thefts, and cases of fraud that are recorded. No! my brothers, self-respect causes nothing of this kind, but on the contrary it leads to good of all kind. A person must frequent places of good repute, act honestly, be temperate in habits, industrious, and be just to his God and fellow men to gain self-respect. Brothers let me urge you all to practice this virtue. You will never regret it, but on the contrary it will become a benefit, and a lasting one. You will gain the confidence of your employers, for you shall have earned that confidence. Many favors that each one of you wish, will be granted with pleasure, that would otherwise be refused. Merit confidence by cultivating self-respect. It is worth a trial, and I guarantee a reward will reach you which will amply repay your efforts.

HANK LOVELY.

Letter from John M. Raymond, Esq.

The following letter from Mr. Raymond explains itself. His name is familiar to many of our readers who will remember his able and instructive contributions to our Magazine over the "non de plume" of "Marshall:"

COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS,
COUNCIL CHAMBER, BOSTON,
January 2, 1881.

To F. W. Arnold, Esq., Grand Master B. of L. F.:

MY DEAR SIR: Your letter of the 15th inst. conveying to me the thanks of your organization, and informing me of the honor you have been pleased to confer upon me in naming the Decatur Lodge, after myself is before me. While I have at all times taken a lively interest in the success of the grand objects of your noble order and Brotherhood, I yet feel but little worthy of this marked honor and recognition. If I have done anything in the

past that has been of slight benefit of encouragement to you and your associates, I have been most highly recompensed by the keen satisfaction the simple knowledge of it brings.

Permit me to add that I have watched with no small degree of pride and delight the progress which your Order has made, in extending its principles and benefits, through the past few years over so large a portion of our country. I recognize the master hand and mind of your Grand Organizer in this, my noble friend Stevens. There can be no grander work or calling in this world, than that in which he is engaged and to which your organization has in its wisdom called him.

Thanking you for your kind and courteous expressions, in which you have conveyed to me this grateful recognition of your organization, and accepting it in the same grateful spirit with which it is tendered. I remain

Sincerely and fraternally yours,
JNO. M. RAYMOND.

A Brave Fireman.

SALINA, KANSAS, Jan. 12, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—

On the evening of the 5th of January, Bro. John McKenna, a fireman on the Kansas Division of the Union Pacific R. R., went out on his run as usual, from Brookville, west. He arrived at Ellis, the end of their division, the morning of the 6th. His engineer was here informed that they were to go through to Wallace, the end of the fourth division. At Ellis, engine 35 was attached to a snow-plow, Bro. E. G. Pearson on the left side of her; Bro. W. E. Walsh as fireman of engine 75 and last was the 77, Bro. McKenna's engine. The boys had a fly trip until within five miles of Sheridan Station, when the snow-plow engine left the rail with a terrible crash. The shock was so great that the engineer of the 77 was thrown against the cab and fell insensible to the floor. Here it was that Bro. McKenna did such noble and heroic work. Lifting the engineer upon his own side, he grasped the throttle with one hand and with the other applied the air-brake, and succeeded in reversing the engine, which was rushing on to certain destruction. As quickly as the 77 had been checked, Bro. McKenna jumped off his engine, and ran to the 75, where to his great joy, he found Bros. Pearson and Walsh safe and sound. The boys had a narrow escape, and had it not been for this timely action on the part of Bro. McKenna, the en-

ginemen on both locomotives would undoubtedly have been killed. Too much praise cannot be bestowed on Bro. McK., and the boys of No. 32 never tire of repeating his deed of heroism.

Yours Fraternally,
C. McC.

Letter from a Master.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Jan. Jun. 1, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—

I herewith forward you for publication a letter addressed to the members of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36, by John H. Brewer, worthy Master of said Lodge. The letter is in substance as follows:

To the Officers and Members of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36:

BROTHERS:—As Master of your Lodge, allow me to congratulate you for the excellent manner in which you conducted our Sixth Annual Ball. I cannot laud too highly those Brothers who were in attendance and served on their respective committees. To make a long story short, the Ball was a grand success both financially and socially and will long be remembered by those present.

Thanking you all for the interest manifested on that occasion and hoping to see the same faces at our next Annual Ball, I remain

Fraternally,

JOHN H. BREWER,
Master of No. 36.

Of these few remarks we feel justly proud. We feel that our efforts are appreciated and shall ever hereafter strive to make ourselves worthy of this compliment.

Fraternally,
ONE OF THE BOYS OF No. 36.

An Encouraging Letter.

CHICAGO, January 6, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—

I again venture to write you regarding the flourishing condition of No. 95. There are a great many far better informed correspondents than myself, who could write in a more creditable manner, who are either working too hard or do not manifest enough interest in the Brotherhood, to give us the pleasure of hearing from them occasionally. As to myself, I have been so very busy for some time past, that the idea of writing for the Magazine has been abandoned again and again. All the boys are making lively time in our part of the country, considering the intensely cold weather, though it does not prevent us

from having large and enthusiastic meetings. The boys are all taking an active part in the work, and judging by appearances, expect to be the crowned lodge in time to come. We have some noble men among us who are willing to make almost any sacrifice for the advancement of our Order. Trusting that some of the backward lodges will follow in our foot-prints, I remain

Fraternally,
X. KEWS OLD 95.

L. E. Beckley's "Leap for Life."

Below we give an account, clipped from one of the Urbana (Ills.) papers, of a collision on the I. B. & W. R. R., which came near resulting seriously to Brother Beckley, of Central Lodge No. 22. As it was, he jumped in time to save his life, although he was considerably bruised. With Mrs. Beckley's careful nursing however, he was soon able to be out again and is now 'ready for another one.' The following are the particulars:

Last Friday night, as local freight No. 16 was taking water at Mahomet, a wild train following, dashed into the caboose, demolished it, set the fragments on fire and burned it and two merchandise cars. The engineer of the local freight, cut the engine loose from the train when he reached Mahomet, and ran on to the water-tank to take water. Conductor Geo. Roach, meanwhile, sent a brakeman, Mr. Downing, back with a red light, to stop any approaching trains. Soon after, he started out himself, to relieve the brakeman. When but a short distance from his train, he heard the wild train coming, and knew from the noise that she was running at a high rate of speed. With wonderful presence of mind he threw off his coat and ran back to save the passengers in his caboose, knowing that he could not stop the approaching train in time to do any good. He had barely got the reluctant passengers out of the caboose, when the engine struck and ran clear through it, setting it and the next two cars on fire, and

breaking the remainder of the train loose from the burning cars and driving it along the track until it struck the engine 21, driving a flat car into the tank of that engine so tight, that it could not be pulled out by an engine, but saving the train from the fire. The passengers lost all their effects and barely saved their lives. Nat. Cohen, of this city, was one of them. The wild train was drawn by engine 48, with S. C. Briggs at the throttle. He and his firman, Beckley, jumped from the engine before she struck, and were both slightly hurt. Conductor Roach and his near brakeman have been discharged. This is the fourth caboose engine 18 has demolished, within six weeks. The boys call her the caboose finder.

No. 38's First Annual Assembly.

STRATFORD, Jan. 1, 1881.

The First Annual Ball of the B. of L. F. at Stratford, was given on New Year's Eve, and was a grand success in every respect. At 7½ o'clock the doors of the Town Hall were thrown open to one of the most select assemblies that ever took possession. After a short time the string band began to play its choicest music, to the delight of all present. Dancing, the amusement so highly appreciated, was at once indulged in and kept up until the town bell proclaimed from its lofty pinnacle, the old year slowly passing out and the new one stepping into its shoes. After a round of general hand-shaking with the compliments of the New Year sounding and re-sounding, supper was announced. The gallant firemen and their ladies repaired to the "refreshment stand" and after partaking of the delicacies provided, dancing was resumed until 1 a. m. when the company dispersed, satisfied that New Year's Eve had been passed in a most enjoyable manner.

Great credit is due to the different committees for their successful management of affairs.

Fraternally,
J. I. H. of 38.

Scientific.

In the United States, alone, there are about 130,000 square miles of workable coal fields.

Wrought iron is nearly pure iron, but still contains a very small proportion of carbon. It is obtained generally from cast-iron by burning out its carbon in a reverberatory furnace.

The beautiful art of photography depends on the chemical action of light upon the compounds of silver.

Pure water is a compound of oxygen and hydrogen. In nature it occurs in the solid form as ice, in the liquid form as water in the gaseous form as steam.

Nitrogen is a colorless gas, which extinguishes fire and will not support life. It forms about four fifths by weight of all the atmosphere.

An alcoholic liquid, containing a small quantity of a ferment, in presence of air, yields vinegar. Vinegar consists chiefly of water and acetic acid.

Respiration is a chemical action similar to combustion. Large quantities of air are, by it, made unfit to support life, hence the supreme importance of ventilation.

Steel is also a compound of iron and carbon, containing less carbon than cast iron, but

more than wrought-iron. It is made from cast-iron by adding carbon to it.

The decay of wood or other vegetable matter is a slow process of combustion. By the gradual loss of carbonic dioxide and water, the decaying wood is finally changed into a brown or black mold, called humus.

Circular motion is always produced by the action of two forces, which are called the centripetal and the centrifugal forces. The centripetal force acts along the radii of the circle, and tends to draw bodies toward the centre. The centrifugal force acts at right angles to the radii, and tends to make bodies fly farther from the centre, in the direction of the tangent to the circle.

Miscellaneous.

A good canvasser—Bro. P. Powers of 23.

No. 52 is at all times ably represented by Bro. Jamison.

Bro. Brentnall of No. 69 is running in the Chicago yards.

Bro. Newell, of Lone Star Lodge, is running an engine on the I. & G. N.

The finest ladies' man in the land—Bro. Rodgers of 44. *That's him!!*

The members of No. 18 are a little scattered—Bro. Barnes writes us from St. Paul.

Bluff City Lodge No. 55 has a valuable business manager in the person of Bro. Jacob Fuchs.

Bro. Chas. Raymond, one of 69's energetic members is located at Battle Creek, Mich., at present.

Welcome Lodge, at Camden, N. J., is flourishing under the careful management of Bro. Lewis Elbertson.

Bro. W. E. Walsh of 32 has been doing some important work for that division and the boys are justly proud of him.

Some person asked us the other day, why Bro. Post of 34 was so hasty. We replied kase he wasn't slow. We came out a cigar ahead.

Lost—A beautiful dog, black hair, rather long, blue feet, white eyes, barks at his shadow. Any one finding a dog of the above description will be highly rewarded by returning said dog to

Bro. JOSH. L. CLARK, No. 10.

We had the pleasure of a visit from Bros Beckley of 22 and Baker of 36. The time was so delightfully spent, that we shall be glad to have them call again.

Bro. W. E. Sullivan of No. 43 is acting as Magazine Agent for that division at present—Bro. Murray having been taken to Kansas City to run a switch engine.

The members of No. 88 are very anxious to hear from Bros. J. O'Donald and Chas. Anderson. Address W. H. Woods, Financial Secretary Lodge No. 88, Evanston, Wyoming Territory.

R. M. Hughes, one of No. 25's very best members is now running an engine on the W. & St. P. R. R., west of Sleepy Eye, Minn. The boys know his merits and say that although he is gone he is not forgotten.

Robert Sidebotham, Wm. Seagers and Robert Turnbull of Lodge No. 38 will learn something to their interest by corresponding with their Financial Secretary. They will address F. Mingay, Box 103, Stratford, Ontario.

Thanks. Angus Menish desires to return his sincere thanks to the members of No. 38 for an elegant gold watch chain with which they presented him. Bro. Menish rendered them valuable services by going to Montreal and visiting Mr. Wallis, the Mechanical Superintendent of the Grand Trunk Railway, by which means their wages were raised. He is one of our most highly esteemed members and his merit will always meet with recognition.

Bro. Thomas Conant, of No. 70, has accepted the position of Engine Despatcher—Bros. J. Smith, Joe. Muller and T. Dailey, of the same lodge, have been promoted to the right hand side and are now paddling their own canoe.'

J. M. Dodge, Ex Vice Grand Master, now of San Diego, Cal., has been made the happy father of a blooming daughter.

'Jack' feels very proud of her and well he may. We congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Dodge and wish the 'little one' health, happiness and prosperity.

Charles F. Hahn, of Louisville, Ky., is our local reporter for Lodge No. 23.

His last letter informs us that they have taken in an Engineer of 29 years' standing, E. Gilligan by name, who is a real honor to our organization. Also that three more Engineers are about to join our ranks at that point.

Another county heard from. No. 72 comes proudly forward and reports seven promotions: Bros. W. Cowles, Harry Higgins, J. Lewis, W. Applegate, R. Allen, Thomas Smith and Frank Harvenson. These are deserving boys and will serve the companies well in the capacity of engineers.

Brother Harry Watts, of No. 85, is one of the lucky boys. He has drawn two prizes. One prize for having 3d largest Magazine subscription list. We don't know what he did to get the other prize. He got her, though, just the same. A life partner she is. They have our best wishes for the future. Brother Watts has also been placed on the right-hand side.

The following members of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27 are in luck, having been promoted to the right hand side. Bros. D. Brant, C. C. Lowey, J. Carr, J. Blatt, Ed. Humphrey, J. Humphrey, L. Chase, P. McGuire and L. Piedlow. The Master Mechanic has shown good judgment in placing these boys as he did.

Two of the boys of Louisville lodge have embarked on the sea of matrimony.

Brother Daniel Lyons was married to Miss Sarah Chester, a very intelligent and highly accomplished young lady of Louisville, and Brother Ed. Bickham to Miss Katie Weissinger, a leading society belle, of New Albany, Ind.

In the words of Rip Van Winkle, 'May they all live long and prosper.'

Grand Instructor Stevens instituted Great Eastern Lodge No. 4, at Portland, Maine, on the 9th of January. He was ably assisted by Bro. Harlow of No. 90 and also Brother Sias

of No. 57, who did everything in their power, to aid Bro. Stevens in discharging his responsible duties. No. 4 starts out with most encouraging prospects and our Instructor informs us that they mean business and will develop a splendid Lodge at Portland.

MARRIED—Brother H. G. Bechhold, of Cleveland, O., to Miss Dollie Mosselb, of Alliance, O. The boys of No. 10 are tying up fast. They comprehend the folly of passing the long and dreary winter in solitude. Though the cold weather is quite disagreeable, we conclude that it is good for something, since it invariably brings such affairs to a crisis. The newly wedded pair have the best wishes of No. 10 and a host of other friends.

Brother Jacob S. Cool of No. 52 met with a sad death on December 30th last. He stepped from an engine in the Logansport yards on to another track, not noticing a train that was backing toward him. The cars struck him and he was dragged thirty feet beneath the wheels ere the train could be stopped. The car under which he was caught had to be raised with a lever before he could be extricated. He was taken to his home where he suffered intensely for eleven hours and then died. Bro. Cool was one of No. 25's best members and his death is universally mourned.

A Notable Marriage.

On the evening of January 10th we had the pleasure of attending the marriage at Terre Haute, Ind., of Miss Carrie Wolfe, to Mr. Morris T. Martin, of Chicago, Ills. The young couple have gone to Chicago where they will reside in future. Miss Wolfe was a very popular Terre Haute lady and Mr. Martin is likewise very widely known and esteemed in the city of Chicago. We earnestly congratulate them and wish them a long life filled with unalloyed happiness.

Awarding of Prizes.

On the 24th of January we awarded the Prizes offered to the agents getting the highest number of subscribers for volume 4 of our Magazine.

H. H. Lindenberger, of Little Rock, Ark., Agent for Lodge No. 45 received the first prize. He disposed of 248 copies, and 57 bound volumes of the Magazine for 1880, making in all 305 subscribers.

John Gorman, of Chicago, Ill., Agent for No. 85, secured 293 subscribers and was awarded the 2d prize.

Harry Watts, of Evanston, Wyoming, Agent for No. 88, had 225 subscribers and received the 8d prize.

For Brother Lindenberger we purchased an elegant 18 karat stem-winding Gold Watch with extraordinary heavy cases and E. G. Raymond's best movement.

Brother John Gorman received a very fine Lady's Gold Watch for his prize, which we presume he will award to his sweetheart.

For third prize Brother Watts received \$25.00 in cash.

The question now is—"Who will bear off the palm for 1881?"

Some earnest work is already being done and the contest promises to be close and interesting.

Tribute to Hon. W. R. McKeen and His Reply.

Hon. W. R. McKeen, President of the Vandalia Line, is one of the most popular railway officials in the United States and is especially esteemed by his employes, for his kind and generous treatment of the most humble of

them. As a tribute to his splendid manhood the members of Vigo Lodge No. 16 of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen presented him with a gold-headed cane on Christmas last, which he acknowledged with the following letter and of which the boys feel very proud:

TERRE HAUTE, IND., JAN. 22, 1881.

JAMES SMITH, CHARLEY FLAHERTY, EUGENE

V. DEBS, Committee,

Gents: Your letter of 25th ult., representing Vigo Lodge No. 16 Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was duly received, also a cane presented by the Lodge, which I take pleasure in accepting.

I desire to tender to the members of the Lodge, each and all of them, my sincere thanks, and to say that I shall take special pleasure in carrying this cane, as it comes from men whose esteem I desire and for whom I entertain great respect and the warmest feelings.

I am very respectfully, etc.,

W. R. McKEEN.

Numerous.

The divorce lawyer's favorite fruit—A tart pair.

It's the Gentile thing in Mormondom to have only one wife.

Beneath the mistletoe an old girl always stands firm. She's a veteran.

The man who is 'fond of his little joke' is rarely fond of another's joke, little or big.

A pumpkin weighing 106 pounds has been raised in Morrisania. It will soon be knocked into pie.

Josh Billings says: 'Beware of the man who travels on his humility.' That's a new name for a pass.

The Boston Courier calls love's young dream a nightmare. Wouldn't a night filly be more poetical?

It is not necessary for a man to keep his mug at the barber's shop, but he must take it there to be shaved.

Maiden lady's quotation slightly altered from an old aphorism—"Where singleness is bliss 't is folly to have wives."

When one sees a man thrown from his saddle over the head of a horse, he must recognize the power behind the thrown.

'H'odds and 'H'ends, or Selections from H'English Literature, is the heading of a department in a newly-fledged contemporary.

Did you ever think that the slippery walks cause many a man to make a 'teter' of himself? When his feet go up his head goes down.

A prisoner at the grate. Turnkey—"Are you in for contempt?" Prisoner (with indignation)—"No, sir, I haven't fallen that low—it's a simple drunk."

Young Sportsman wants to know: 'What is the best kind of a dog for me to buy?' A dead one, Sporty, and have it buried the same day you buy it.

A California young man of 26 years has recently married a widow of 72. We don't know the parties, but are willing to bet that the bride has property.

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.

It is clear that the Philadelphia News man has some pretty daughters, for he says: Nothing will chap lips quicker than going out into the cold air after a good-night kiss.

All swell that end swells—The only thing to which a 'swell' is of any use is an organ.

'Come right into the house, children,' shouted Mrs. Shuttle. 'You are making more noise and uproar than a session of Congress. What do you suppose the neighbors think?'

'What does 'encore' mean?' asks an exchange. It is only one phrase of a universal desire among the sons of men to get something for nothing, and get it right off.

A California heiress was left \$50,000 worth of diamonds which she could take possession of on her wedding day, and it is not surprising that the first fellow who offered himself was accepted.

A new Paris paper is called the Idiot. It is not as one might suppose a branch of the New York Tribune.—Boston Post.

No; the Tribune is complete in itself.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Ella Wheeler says in a recent poem 'Love is enough.' Miss Wheeler, there is a cold winter coming on, and while love may be enough in the summer time you'll find a sealskin sacque or an overcoat would be a valuable adjunct to love in the winter.

There was a fight imminent between two boys on Elm street Monday evening. One of them darkly intimated that he was bigger than the other. The smaller, who is the son of a deacon, defiantly retorted, 'I don't care if you're as big as a church debt; you can't scare me.'

'Tis said that absence conquers love,' quoted a husband, in writing home to his wife, from whom he had been some time away: 'I hope, dear, it won't be so in your case.' 'Oh, no,' she replied in her next letter, 'the longer you stay away the better I shall like you.'

Emma Abbott tells a St. Louis reporter that the stage kiss is a 'cold, dim, pale phantom—unsatisfactory, elusive, and empty.' Miss Abbott ought to substitute a Hawkeye reporter for that tenor. If there is anything the staff of this paper can throw soul into it is a radiant kiss.

Nobody wants to be Secretary of the Navy for the remaining two months of Mr. Hayes' rule. A man couldn't more than get the trick of walking with his feet wide apart, pulling his trousers up every little while and hailing people with 'avast there, messmate,' before he'd become an ordinary landsman and then those habits would make him appear ridiculous.

Before marriage,
With wondrous care,
She seeks the mirror,
And bangs her hair.

After marriage,
With angry glare,
She grabs her slipper
And bangs her hair.

'Oh dear!' exclaimed a young lady, entering a public hall the other evening, 'what a dreadful odor of carburetted hydrogen!' 'Mum!' said the janitor, with a puzzled countenance. 'The smell of the carburetted hydrogen,' she explained. 'That's no kind o' gin, mum,' replied the janitor, 'that's garse; the pipes is shaky, mum.'

One of the children in our primary school ran to her teacher, exclaiming: 'Only think! Fred Brown spoke to me just now, and *we have never been introduced!* I mean to dress just as pretty as I can this term, and see if I can't get Fred to be my beau.' She was seven or eight years old, and Fred ten.

Perhaps you will smile at this early outcropping of coquetry, and yet in your heart do you not 'sigh a little sigh?'

High time—That made on an elevated railroad. 'Hymen's bonds' are recommended as a safe, popular investment. The Police Justice has a trying occupation. A political issue—a campaign document. When a revolver is aimed at a man in the heat of a discussion he generally looks at it as a pointed argument. A novel pump, discharging fifty gallons a minute, worked by hand, has been invented by a convict on Blackwell's Island. Now we know where all the novels come from.

BABY SHOWS.—I have been to the baby show. I have seen over 200 babies of all kinds and colors. Big babies, little babies, pretty babies, homely babies, white babies and colored babies. I hear that the managers of the exhibition are so perplexed over the claims of the different babies that they are going to leave it to the Public and give the prizes to the children getting the most votes. I guess the little two and a quarter pound baby will receive the prize given to the smallest baby.

A laughable incident occurred during my visit to the hall. A stout lady near me was making a tour of the hall, when she chanced to step on a rug which had been accidentally pushed into the aisle. With a shriek she jumped a yard or more, exclaiming; 'Gracious me, I've stepped on one!' When she learned her mistake her relief was great;

somewhat mortified, she said: "Well, it was soft and felt like a baby." Evidently she thought the youngsters were lying around promiscuously.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.—We received from a correspondent the following somewhat incoherent account of a duel which was fought in his neighborhood. Some way or other, we are half in the dark about the result of the duel in question, but we shall leave the decision to our readers: A duel was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot Nott, or, as accidents with fire-arms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.

JOSH BILLINGS ON MARRIAGE.—By awl means Joe get married, if you have a fair show. Don't stand shivering on the bank, but pitch right in and stick your head under and shiver it out.

There ain't any more trick in getting married than there is in eating peanuts. Many a man has stood shivering on the shore until the river run out. Don't expect to marry an angel, they have been all picked up long ago. Remember Joe, you hain't a saint yourself. Do not marry for beauty exclusively; beauty is like ice, awfully slippery and thaws dreadfully easy. Don't marry for luv, neither; luv is like a cooking-stove, good for nothing when the fuel gives out.

But let the mixture be some beauty, becomingly dressed, with about two hundred and fifty dollars in her pocket, a gud speller, handy and neat in her house, plenty of good sense, tuff constitution and by-laws, small feet, a light step; and to this sound teeth and a warm heart. The mixture will keep in any climate and will not evaporate. Don't marry for pedigree unless it's backed by bank-notes. A family with nothing but pedigree generally lacks sense.

IN LUCK.—He sat on a window-sill in the Postoffice and jingled forty cents in change, and when another boy asked him if he was going out to look for Christmas presents he replied:

"No, I hain't. I'm in luck this year."

"How?"

"Well, my sister is down with the measles, and she can't expect anything but medicine. Ben run away two weeks ago, and I won't have to get him anything. Mam pulled my hair yesterday, and she knows she's gone up for any Christmas present."

"But there's your father?"

"Oh, yes. I expected I was stuck on the old man, and was kinder lookin' around for a nice pipe, but this morning he gave me one on the ear, and that settled his Christmas goose in a second. These 'ere forty cents are going to be used to buy a good boy a heap of peanuts, taffy, chestnuts and candy, and the good boy is jist my size and age."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

We often receive letters from members in bad standing threatening dire vengeance should we publish their names in the Black List in case of their expulsion. To all those we would say that they had better spare their pains for we are not easily frightened.

We ask our Lodges to furnish us, for publication, the details of the mis-acts of expelled members. Our object is to show them to the world and thus prevent any further imposition on their part.

We are organized for good purposes and must give these miscreants to understand that they cannot impose on us with impunity; that they must have some respect for our organization if they have none for themselves.—THE EDITOR.

TO ALL LODGES.

Those Lodges having a surplus of rituals or constitutions and by-laws will confer a great favor on us by returning to the Grand Lodge as many of each as they can spare, in order to avoid the necessity of having new ones printed before the next convention.

We are also greatly in need of March, April and May numbers of our Magazine for 1880, and those who have any of the said numbers to spare will greatly oblige us by returning them to the Editor.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must not fail to tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head*."

Dead Head Packages are not billed and therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and would offer them to our subscribers at the low figures of \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 4—S. H. Quackenbush to join No. 16.
No. 14—E. W. Davis, Fred. Green, T. A. Dexter, Jacob Opp, T. Maypoth, Scott Boyd and A. Morehouse—withdrawn to join No. 3.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 16—S. H. Quackenbush—from No. 4.
No. 18—Jos. Holmes from No. 81.
No. 32—G. W. Smith of No. 33.

BLACK LIST.

No. 12—C. G. Swan—Expelled for non-payment of dues and defrauding Lodge.
Wm. Leahy—Expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 62—N. G. Marsh—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

Resolutions.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS AND PRESENTATION.

STRATFORD, ONT., Jan. 3, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge, No. 38, held January 2, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to our worthy brother, Angus Menish, for the faithful manner in which he conducted the business of our Lodge, as its Master and to show our gratitude and esteem we present him with a gold chain as a proof of our high regard and brotherly love; and be it

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to him and the same to be published in the Magazine.

D. ROSS,
G. JEFFERY, } Committee.
T. MINGAY,

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

LOGANSPOUT, IND., Dec. 12, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge No. 52, B. of L. F. held at their hall, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, The hand of Divine Providence has removed from our midst, Maggie, beloved wife of our esteemed Brother John Asbury; be it

Resolved, That it is but a just tribute to the departed, to say that in regretting her death we mourn for one who was in every way worthy of our respect and regard.

Resolved, That we sincerely condole with the husband of the deceased and commend him for consolation to Him who doeth all things for the best.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of our division, a copy furnished to the family of the deceased and that they be published in our Magazine.

JOHN W. STEVENS,
MART. W. JAMISON, } Committee.
J. S. COOL,

FOREST CITY LODGE, No. 10, }
CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 28, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge No. 10, of the B. of L. F. held in their hall, December 28, 1880, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to afflict our worthy Brother H. Hollar and his wife by taking to Himself their two infant sons, in whom were centered their hearts' best affections and

WHEREAS, They are bowed down with grief which no hearts but their own can ever realize, and

WHEREAS, Their once happy home is no longer cheered by the sweet music and songs and merry laughter of their only children. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we do most sincerely extend to our worthy Brother and his wife, our heartfelt sympathy, and commend them to the loving care of Him who doeth all things well, and hope that in the future they may meet their loved ones to part no more.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our bereaved Brother and his wife, and also published in the Firemen's Magazine.

Respectfully submitted,
T. H. SHEPHERD,
M. S. LAUGHLIN, } Com.
T. COUGHLIN,

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES,

Officers, and Their Post-Office Address.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
Charles Lope.....Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,
Los Angeles, Cal.
John Clark.....Grand Conductor,
Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
W. N. Tibbetts.....Grand Outer Guard,
Boston, Mass.
J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,
283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado
J. E. Briggs.....Waterloo, Iowa

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

D. M. Wills.....Urbana, Ills
J. F. Hittle.....Rawlins, Wyoming Territory
Louis Elbertson.....Philadelphia, Pa
August Menish.....Stratford, Ont
Robert Ebbage.....Terre Haute, Ind
D. L. Stephens.....Washington, D. C
J. W. Richardson.....Louisville, Ky
Wm. Pembroke.....Salem, Mass
John I. Steele.....Atchinson, Kansas
Emory Green.....West Oakland, Cal
D. Fifield.....San Francisco, Cal.
W. M. Palmer.....Amboy, Ills
Thos. Shivers.....Atlanta, Ga
Win. J. Armitage.....Denver, Colorado

DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

C. J. McGee, box 772.....Danville, Ills
W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Penn.,
4906 Paschall street.
Jos. Schellhorn, box 648.....Little Rock, Ark
Win. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado,
283 Fifteenth street.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Lafayette, Ind
B. S. Keith.....Clinton, Iowa
C. R. Raymond, box 13.....Fort Gratiot, Mich
L. L. Parker, jr.....East Cambridge, Mass
72 Cambridge street.
F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky
505 Washington street.
John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Chicago, Ills.
John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn
Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Terr

LODGES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. address, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, at Jersey City, N. J.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
Fred Green.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Ag't
4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.; meets in Engravers' Hall, Cor. Temple and Congress streets, every Sunday at 2 p. m.
C. B. Pearson, 27 St. Lawrence St.....Master
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.....Rec. Sec'y
Maurice Lynch, 16 St. Lawrence St. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Johnson, Grand Trunk Dpt., Mag. Ag't
5. UNION, at Gallon, Ohio. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at Engineers Hall.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
Theo. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.Master
P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.Rec. Sec'y
J. O. Graham, 490 F st. s. w.Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent
No. 420 12th st. s. w.
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
E. L. Cott, Piqua Shops.....Master
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier (582 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Evans, Piqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master
Josh. L. Clark, 73 Woodbine st.....Rec. Sec'y
M. S. Laughlin.....Fin. Sec'y
Care No. 6 Fruit street.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Mag. Ag't
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m. 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
J. S. Gorgas.....Rec. Sec'y

- H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
James Hayes, 170 Seneca street.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Mag. Ag't
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13½ E. Washington street.
S. M. Stevens.....Master
J. A. Tweedle, 258 E. Washington st.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. N. Zepp, 93 Malott ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
James I. Southard, 332 N. 14th st.....Master
E. V. Debs, City Clerk's office.....Rec. Sec.
E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y
A. J. Mullen, City Clerk's office.....Mag. Ag't
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
C. A. Cripps.....Master
Chas. Kunz.....Rec. Sec'y
Byron Robinson.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.
C. M. Stone.....Master
L. M. Eldridge.....Rec. Sec.
J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y
box 160, Rood House, Ills.
Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't
box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. TRUCKEE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
Thomas Yeargin, box 8.....Master
L. E. Enos do.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Purcell do.....Fin. Sec'y
Fred. Murray do } Magazine Ag'ts
M. Coyle do }
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
C. Traver.....Master
C. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Shields, box 470.....Fin. Sec.
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 in Engineers' Hall.
Wm. J. Edy.....Master
Geo. W. Ragland.....Rec. Sec'y
John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
L. E. Beckley, do.....Rec. Sec'y
L. F. Beckley, do.....Fin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, do.....Magazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehr's Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.
J. W. Richardson, 286 Wenzel St.....Master
Chas. Hahn, 231 Franklin st.....Rec. Sec'y
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y
P. Powers, 82 Story ave.....Mag. Agent
25. CONNE TING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
R. S. Pike.....Master
J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Russell.....Fin. Sec'y
W. M. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternately Sundays at 2 p. m., at Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Phelps.....Fin. Sec'y
Pat McGuire.....Magazine Ag't
28. BLKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.
M. B. Tarkington, box 177.....Master
H. J. Clark, " ".....Rec. Sec.
Thomas C. Brown, " 114.....Fin. Sec'y
John N. Bonner, " 189.....Mag. Ag't
29. CERRO GORDO, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
A. H. Tucker.....Master
W. B. Keith, box 167.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays in each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
Jno. Graves.....Master
A. H. Girard, box 795.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y
J. McNeill.....Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday on the corner of Sixth and Commercial streets.
Harry C. Davies.....Master
John I. Steel, box 146.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Benedict.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Lahey.....Mag.
Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. BORDER, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.
C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan.....Master
C. McCourtie do do.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Walsh, box 137, Ellis, Kan.....Fin. Sec'y
J. McKenna, box 77, do } Mag. Ag't
33. SUCCESSES, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.
R. J. McCool, box 307.....Master
M. Perdue.....Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Stamper.....Fin. Sec'y
Anthony Roth.....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
W. M. Cowles.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. Howell.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. T. Post, box 393.....Mag. Ag't

35. **AMBOY, Amboy, Ill.;** meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Wm. H. Dean Master
 Henry Chermerhorn, box 345 Rec. Sec'y
 W. M. Palmer, do Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Williams, do Mag. Ag't
36. **TIPPECANOE, Lafayette, Ind.;** meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Fourth and Terry streets, Wallace Block.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street Master
 W. S. Baker, 113 Grover St. Rec. Sec'y
 H. J. Hale, care of 161 Union St. Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street Mag. Ag't
37. **NEW HOPE, Centralia, Ill.;** meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
 M. B. Willard, box 202 Master
 F. M. James, do Rec. Sec'y
 H. G. Cormick Fin. Sec'y
 M. B. Willard, box 202 Mag. Ag't
38. **AVON, Stratford, Ontario;** meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
 Daniel Ross, box 399 Master
 F. Mingay, box 103 Rec. Sec'y
 J. Flaherty, box 399 Fin. Sec'y
 Geo. Jeffery, do Magazine Ag't
39. **NORTH STAR, Austin, Minn.**
 Master
 Rec. Sec'y
 Fin. Sec'y
 Mag. Ag't
40. **BLOOMING, Bloomington, Ill.;** meets in Engineers' hall every Tuesday night.
 John A. Casey, C. & A. en. house. Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st. Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house. Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st. Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON, Cincinnati, O.;** meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 8 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall.
 H. P. Lewis Master
 57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Thos. N. Eller Rec. Sec'y
 Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
 Thos. N. Eller, " Fin. Sec'y
 Gardiner Horricks } mag. Ag'ts
 H. P. Lewis }
 Chas. Rerder }
 C. H. & D. en house, Cincinnati, O.
42. **KENNESAW, Atlanta, Georgia;** meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops Master
 J. C. Dunlap do do Rec. Sec'y
 W. H. Thrash do do Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Webb, do do Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH, St. Joseph, Mo.;** meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 8th streets, every 2d and 4th Sundays in each month.
 Richard Morris Master
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops Rec. Sec'y
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 8th st. Rec. Sec'y
 D. C. Pierce Fin. Sec'y
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops Rec. Sec'y
 Charles Murray Magazine Agent
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
44. **F. W. ARNOLD, East St. Louis, Ills.** meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
 J. L. Benedick Master
 S. W. Dugan Rec. Sec'y
 Thos. Rodgers Fin. Sec'y
 H. Whittlesey Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY, Little Rock, Ark.;** meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st. Master
 Fred H. Blinn, box 648 Rec. Sec'y
 Frank A. Richardson, box 648 Fin. Sec'y
 H. H. Lindenberger Magazine Agent
 No. 911 North street.
46. **CAPITAL, Springfield, Ill.;** meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
 W. R. Whitcomb, box 1,126 Master
 G. D. Partington do Rec. Sec'y
 H. H. Knotts do Fin. Sec'y
 Louis Smith do Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT, Chicago, Ill.;** meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:20 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
 W. E. Burnes, 1,325 Michigan ave. Master
 J. Mylett, 1,412 Indiana ave. Rec. Sec'y
 J. Glover, 1,538 Michigan ave. Fin. Sec'y
 M. Gepper, 1,350 State st. Mag. Ag't
49. **JOHN M. RAYMOND, Decatur, Ills.;** meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
 Wm. Felton Master
 A. Johan Rec. Sec'y
 Andrew Sheridan Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Felton Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY, Chicago, Ills.;** meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 4,815 State street.
 J. Walsh, 354 Swan street Master
 Henry J. Strong, 4,658 State st. Rec. Sec'y
 W. R. Parker, 4,703 State st. Fin. Sec'y
 W. S. Barrows, 4,582 Dearborn st. Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY, Oswego, N. Y.;** meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. Master
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st. Rec. Sec'y
 John Burns Fin. Sec'y
 L. J. Boynton Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana;** meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
 Ambrose Ross, lock box 628 Master
 J. W. Stevens do Rec. Sec'y
 M. W. Jamison do Fin. Sec'y
 B. B. Ide do Magazine Ag't
54. **ANCHOR, Moberly, Mo.;** meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.
 John Mummert, box 137 Master
 Geo. R. Stacy, box 820 Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. R. Stacy do Fin. Sec'y
 L. F. Stephens, box 64 Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY, Memphis, Tenn.;** meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
 Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops Master
 Michael Cady do Rec. Sec'y
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave. Fin. Sec'y
 A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops, }
 John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
 Edward Fuchs, do }

57. BOSTON, Boston, Mass.; meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
- Geo. H. Abbott.....Master
50½ Hudson street, Boston, Mass.
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y
9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
Wm. H. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wm. A. Pembroke.....
North River Engine House,
Danversport, Mass., } Mag. Ag'ts
A. W. Spurr, 278 Ruggles street,
Boston, Mass.}
58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California; meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trott's Hotel.
- A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
A. J. Mackay, doRec. Sec'y
A. J. Mackay, doFin. Sec'y
A. H. Curtis, doMagazine
A. E. Brown, doAgents
59. ROYAL GORGE, South Pueblo, Colorado; meets every Saturday night.
- Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
H. S. Hinman ".....Rec. Sec'y
John Daley, ".....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Kinney, ".....Mag. Ag't
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in Dover Hall, 2204 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
- Paul Walker.....Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Shepherd, 2510 Aldr st.....Fin. Sec'y
Joseph Shepherd, ".....Mag. Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, St. Paul, Minn.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., at Druids Hall.
- C. Montgomery.....Master
St. P. & M. M. shops.
J. H. Sawyer, 84 Oak st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, Carbondale, Pa.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
- John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
John Moyses, box 229.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, Danville, Ills.; meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., at the southeast corner of the Public Square.
- W. C. Goodrich.....Master
C. J. McGee, box 772.....Rec. Sec'y
C. J. McGee, doFin. Sec'y
W. C. Goodrich.....Magazine Agent
65. FORT RIDGELY, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
- Thomas Burke.....Master
J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
Huron, Dakota Territory.
67. DOMINION, Toronto, Can.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
- John Scott, 43 Brant st.....Master
- M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave.....Rec. Sec'y
John Johnson, 51 Vanantly st.....Fin. Sec'y
Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel,
corner King and Brock sts.....Mag. Ag't
69. HURON, Fort Gratiot, Mich.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Postoffice.
- Thomas W. Lord, box 13.....Master
C. Macklow, ".....Rec. Sec'y
C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek,
Michigan.....Fin. Sec'y
T. French, box 13.....Magazine Ag't
70. LONE STAR, Marshall, Texas; meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.
- C. Greenwood.....Master
J. Moynihan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. A. Christman.....Fin. Sec'y
T. Chappel.....Magazine Ag'ts
T. Canant.....}
71. CAPITAL CITY, Albany, N Y; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st
- D. O. Shank, 239 Green st.....Master
L. O'Brien, 7 Union st.....Rec. Sec'y
D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent
231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. WELCOME, Camden, N. J.; meets in Sandsfelder's Hall, corner Third and Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
- Lewis Tibertson, 423 Henry st.....Master
Wm. Cowls, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y
Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.....Fin. Sec'y
Harry Higgins ".....Mag. Ag't
73. BAY STATE, Worcester, Mass.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room 3.
- James W. Mead, 84 Grafton st.....Master
Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st.....Fin. Sec'y
Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.....Mag. Ag't
74. KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
- John Fleming, 1325 St. Louis ave.....Master
Archie Clark.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Clinton.....Fin. Sec'y
corner Liberty and 13th sts.
A. Murray.....Magazine Agent
corner 16th and Wyoming sts.
75. ENTERPRISE, West Philadelphia, Pa.; meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
- Henry Walton, 3845 Warren st.....Master
Frank Dupell, 3821 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Ag't
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col.; meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Hallway street, lock box 1588.
- George Monahan, lock box 1588.....Master
W. F. Hynes, doRec. Sec'y
Thomas Hynes, doFin. Sec'y
Hynes Bros., No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Ag'ts
79. CUMBERLAND, Nashville, Tenn.; meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
- Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master
John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y

- Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind. Mag. Ag't
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.;
 meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block,
 Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts.,
 on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday
 evenings of each month.
 J. F. Canney.....Master
 Care Minn. Eastern Office.
 J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y
 1,309 5th street, south.
 S. T. Browne, 1,712 7th st., south.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
 corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb.;
 meets 1st and 4d Tuesdays of each month
 at M & B. Hall, 12th street, between
 Douglas and Farnham.
 D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
 Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
 U. P. Round House.
 Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
 James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
 218 Dodge and 13th st
85. FARGO, Fargo, D. T.; meets 1st and 3d
 Sundays of each month at 64 Front st.
 John Burnes box 1,798.....Master
 Arthur Bassett, box 1,796.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
 Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. BLACK HILLS, Laramie, W. T.; meets
 in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays
 of each month.
 N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Master
 E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
 N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Magazine Agent
87. SUMMIT, Rawlins, W. T.; meets every
 Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30
 p. m.
 Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
 John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
 S. M. Cunningham, box 38.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, Evanston, W. T.;
 meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every
 Thursday evening.
 A. D. Gould.....Master
 Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
 Chas. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, Carlin, Nev.; meets in
 Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20
 p. m.
 J. A. Resseigne.....Master
 D. E. Bussford.....Rec. Sec'y
 F. A. Resseigne.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, West Oakland, Cal.;
 meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month,
 corner 7th and Chester streets.
 E. T. Green.....Master
 A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jean Pratt.....Fin. Sec'y
 M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal.;
 meets every 1st and 3d Wednesdays
 at King's Hall, Missouri street, between
 17th and 18th.
- Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
 F. A. Griggs, 111 19th st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
 John McGraigh, 212 16th st.....Mag. Ag't
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa.;
 meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wed-
 nesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
 T. A. Seig.....Master
 Frank Miller, box 1,406.....Rec. Sec'y
 Frank Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. A. Seig.....Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, Keokuk, Iowa; meets in
 Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sun-
 days of each month, at 2 p. m.
 M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
 H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
95. CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.; meets in Engi-
 neers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st
 Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and
 last Sunday at 2 p. m.
 Wm. Kellard, 218 Fulton st.....Master
 John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
 157 N. Halstead st.
 James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
 152 N. Sangamon st.
 John T. Gorman.....Magazine Ag't
 321 West Indiana st.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md.;
 meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each
 month, Hall on Preston street, between
 Eutaw and Madison streets.
 L. V. Tipton.....Master
 corner Jefferson and Shirk st.
 John O'Neill, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jos. H. Shock.....Fin. Sec'y
 Green Mount avenue.
 Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
 Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave. near Shirk
 street.
 corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. ORANGE GROVE, Los Angeles, Cal.;
 meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th
 Fridays of each month.
 Wm. Hughes.....Master
 C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
 Robert Hunt.....Fin. Sec'y
 C. Vogelsang.....Magazine Agent
 S. P. R. R.
98. PERSEVERANCE, Terrace, Utah Terri-
 tory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m., at
 City Hall.
 W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
 F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
 Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y
 G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. WABASH, Peru, Ind.; meets 2d and 4th
 Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in I.
 O. O. F. Hall.
 Chas. A. Wilson, box 316.....Master
 M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
 C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. ADAIR, Bowling Green, Ky.; meets
 every Monday evening, in B. of L. F.
 Hall, on Main street, near Depot.
 C. O. Dixon.....Master
 Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
 Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

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MORE THAN HER MATCH.

BY FLORENCE VIRGINIA R. BROWNE.

Long shafts of midnight were shooting down through what seemed an almost impenetrable wood, and quivering on the green mosses. A faint wind dallied with the foliage. Wild flowers flecked the ground.

Here, in this sylvian retreat, sat Miss Le Barron, and she was considerably out of humor, for every now and then she drove the point of her parasol into the unoffending mosses. She looked, and was downright disgusted with everything and everybody. The belle of three seasons, during which she had escaped heart-whole, she was now nonplussed, and all because of a three weeks sojourn at a country villa. To be sure, moonlight, sifting through vines over a rustic porch, has something more intoxicating than the glare of gas-jets; a wandering, scented wind, just off from meadows, has rather a finer appeal than air vitiated by cut-flowers and Lubins; drives over grass-grown roads, that are hedged with wild vines, and o'erhung with branches, are just a trifle different, in effect, from city parks in landau or coupe; and that animal, man, who, in town, is done up in dress-coat and kids, is, in the country, where one would suppose zoological specimens would thrive better, something more human, in white duck, and straw hat, and a knot of violets in his button-hole. At any rate Madge had found it so.

Madge had never been off her guard before. Hitherto she had summered at fashionable watering places. But this year she had come to a quieter place, and had met Lyndhurst Barrington. She did not yet know, however, she was in thrall. She only knew she was cross and lonesome, and so she sat punching the little wood-blossoms, and pouting. She thought Barrington exceedingly companion-

able, and that the other four gentlemen stopping at the villa, were little better than wooden men. As for downright earnest love, why, her intentions, for three years, had been never to venture her heart at sea, but only to glide about the shore, flirting, safe to disembark any time. Yet she was now thinking of Lyndhurst Barrington, in a way many would have termed love. But she would not admit this to herself. He was a delightful summer friend—that was all, she said. She liked summer, and flowers, and birds, and hazy atmospheres, and a quiet flirtation; but when these went, the coming season brought new enjoyments and fresh flirtations; and Barrington could go with them. Were there not others, pray, who could read Tennyson, and sing tenor? But now, just this moment, it was rather lonesome. If he only would come!

He had gone to town, the morning previous, promising to return at evening. She had walked with him through this wood-path, on his way to the station. He had lingered a moment at the style beyond, to tell her how beautiful she looked, how the fresh morning air had brightened the color on her cheeks.

‘Come this evening, as far as here to meet me,’ he had said, ‘won’t you? The path will be a horrid labyrinth without you.’

‘You will surely return?’ she had answered. ‘If you don’t I shall find every tree a hobgoblin, when I go back alone.’

‘Come? I shall think of nothing else, I shall do nothing all day but pull out my watch to see if it is time for the train.’

Then he had caught her hand in a quick way, thought a moment, bounded over the style and hastened down the path, turning often to look back at the pretty picture she made, listlessly leaning on the bars, with a tinge of regret on her face. At a turn where she would soon be hid from sight he had dared to waive her a kiss.

Madge was now waiting, according to ap-

pointment, and she had taken care to concoct a most ravishing toilet.

But all her little preparations were wasted. Mr. Lyndhurst Barrington did not come. Still she waited. It seemed so unreasonable, so cruel, to disappoint her. Perhaps he was only trying to tease her, had got out unseen and would surprize her directly by his appearance.

A doleful sigh of wind coming from the dark recesses of the wood, a sudden shutting down of night, made Miss Le Barron feel something like fear; and she started nervously to return. As it grew darker her dread became terror; she fancied strange noises were about; her feet scarcely touched the ground; she skimmed on, fluttering at heart, like some low-flying bird belated from its nest.

What wonder that she vowed that night as she brushed out her hair, never to forgive Mr. Barrington? What wonder that a harmless little bunch of violets, which he had gathered for her the day previous, and which she had treasured in a solitaire vase on her dressing-case, she now found faded, disagreeable and colorless, and that she tossed them pettishly out into the darkness from her window.

'I detest him and his violets,' she cried. 'He may stop in town, till doomsday, for aught I care.'

Miss Le Barron did not sleep well, and rose in the morning with a little dull weight on her feelings. 'Perhaps,' she thought, 'he will not come even to-day.' As she dressed for breakfast he was constantly in her mind.

'Perhaps he did it on purpose,' she said. 'Perhaps he didn't, but lost the train. But he had no business to lose the train,' she added, crossly. 'Perhaps he was ill; perhaps some woman had asked him to remain. Well, if so, I don't care,' she said. 'He shall see I am happy enough, and not even piqued, when he comes.'

Still, as the day wore on, Madge found the ladies of the company provoking and the gentlemen more uninteresting than ever. Mechanically, toward evening, she donned the same toilet, as on the night previous, and took a circuitous route through the garden, that none might be cognizant of her movements. Emerging out of sight, she struck straight for the wood-path; and here we find her again listening for the roar of the train, notwithstanding all her angry vows of the night before.

Beautiful, cross, unreasonable girl! 'I will not go the bars,' she was saying to herself, 'and that will be a disappointment to him.' She was somewhat unsettled, however, for

fear she might be in just such another predicament as on the preceding evening, and have to return through the gloomy wood alone. She had seven-eighths of a mind to go straight back, even yet. But she remained, after all, so perverse is woman.

At last, with a sudden screech, the engine came steaming along. Miss Le Barron began to trace figures on the ground with her parasol, and put on a most unexpectant air, her features sinking into a repose and unconcern benign enough to befit a saint.

She saw Lyndhurst Barrington descend from the cars, and came striding on joyously till he came in sight of the stile; for, though hidden herself, she could observe all his movements.

He came on, eagerly, looking to the right and left for her; and almost stumbled over Miss Le Barron.

'Oh, Madge!' he cried, as he threw himself at her feet, 'you did forgive me, and have come to meet me.'

'Forgive you, Mr. Barrington?' Nothing could be more icy cold. 'Pray, what has been your fault?' She looked, as she spoke, straight before her, but with an air of surprise, which was exceedingly well counterfeited.

He looked up eagerly into her face, as he answered,

'Why, I was button-holed to death in town yesterday. It seemed as if a conspiracy had been entered into, and that every fellow I knew, had left his summer haunt to go to town to detain me. I transacted but half my business, and put off Jack Longley with only a nod, on my way to the depot. I suppose he'll never speak to me again. After all, I was one minute too late. I saw the confounded train sweeping out of the depot just as I reached it. I was in despair, thinking you would come to meet me.'

'I did walk down, last evening, but I can hardly say, sir, that I came to meet you. I did not expect you. I thought, if business or illness kept you, you might be gone a week. I never thought of you, as hobnobbing with your male friends and sauntering to the depot.'

'Madge!' and a serious look came into his face. 'Let us drop bickerings, and begin where we left off yesterday.'

'Very well,' she replied. 'I believe the point at which you left off was whistling, and I was doing nothing in particular; so if you will strike off a stave of anything, I will demurely, but admiringly, walk by your side.'

'Madge,' he exclaimed excitedly, 'I did no

such thing. Do men gaze at statuary or painting, and whistle? Faith, my last remembrance is of a prettier picture than an art-room ever held. I saw a beautiful woman, looking regret at my leave—a woman I want for my wife.'

Here was a poser! Proposed to! It came like a sweet surprise, nevertheless! But it was contrary to Miss Le Barron's tactics. Were weeks of delightful flirting to be cut off, in a moment, in this fashion? How could he have believed her in earnest? It was ridiculous. She had meant to play the injured mistress for several days, and make him abject in his efforts to reinstate himself with her. She did not want a climax reached with this man. Her heart had told her it would leave her a regret she had never known before. To avoid this now, she would begin with badinage.

'Really Mr. Barrington,' she said, 'you must be hungry, or over-tired, to make such a statement. A spread table, steaming viands, comfort, and a wife, must have shot through your brain. I can assure you a delightful supper awaits you, and a piazza smoking-party.'

'Miss Le Barron,' he began, frowning, without apparent notice of her words, and rising to his feet, 'three weeks ago I did not know you; but in that time all my life now seems to have been crowded. I never stopped to question your actions. I felt you loved me. It seemed as if there were no need of asking for vows—they would denote a commencement as love. I wanted it to be as if we had loved forever.'

'Very well,' she interrupted, 'let it be so; no vows, no asking, no commencement. You see I agree with you perfectly.'

'No, I will not have it so,' he cried, trying to take her hand.

'Your perseverance to-day,' she answered, 'is exceeded by nothing but your neglect of yesterday. I agree to all your moods, and then you change them. I cannot follow you through any more intricacies, or ingenious changes.'

Here she slipped her hand into his arm, in the old familiar way, as if that would end the controversy. He gently disengaged her hand.

'As you please,' she laughed, shrugging her shoulders. 'I can pick my way through this bog without help.'

'I hope I am not wanting in gentle behavior, but before I, or you, stir a step further,' he said, stepping in front of her, and barring the way, 'I want a simple answer to

a simple question—plain 'yes' or 'no.' Do you love me, Madge?

'If I cannot say 'yes' perhaps I cannot say 'no.' I think friendship does not justify an abrupt 'no.' I—'

'I don't want equivocation,' he broke in. 'If you loved me, eyes, lips, voice, acts, all would blend into 'yes.' It must be 'yes' or 'no,' I say.'

Madge had never met any man so masterful. But she answered, nevertheless. 'Then, 'no,' since you force me to be unladylike.'

'I do not ask you to be unladylike; I do not say you are. I asked you for your love. It was a straightforward question. I wanted a straightforward answer. My arm, Miss Le Barron.'

And thus walking, assisting her over every trifling inequality of the ground, they went on to the villa.

Miss Le Barron was exceedingly gay that evening. Lyndhurst loved her! Of course, she was not going into any prosy engagement. She could not hedge herself in by marriage. But they could live the delightful life they had lived this last three weeks, always. He had nothing in particular to do. Why could he not come to the city, establish himself in bachelor quarters, visit her every day? She could, she thought, flirt just the same, when he was not by; and his attentions, therefore, be just so much gained. Her life was not to be altered an iota. She did not profess to love the man. He must not, however, scatter his attentions. He must concentrate all his admiration on her.

But toward the close of the evening, when Madge found he had not sought her once, a shadow of a thought passed through her mind that, perhaps he was not a poodle-dog, after all, to be led about in this way by a string.

She had sung, thinking to bring him to her side; but he had lounged away, smoking, a thing he had never done before, when she was at the piano. She had taken a garden stroll with a rival, Mr. Oakley, and Lyndhurst had carelessly drawn up his outstretched legs, as he sat lazily on the steps, to let them pass down, without other notice of their presence. He had, she decided, fairly ill-treated her, a lady; and she would not tolerate rudeness. She would teach him what was due to her.

But days passed. A week wore on. She found no possible chance to visit her anger on him. He never joined her. He was always civil and well-bred, but that was all. She was downright perplexed.

She scarcely ever met him, even at table,

much less of an evening. He went fishing by sunrise, rode on horseback half the day, and after supper asked the gentlemen up to his chamber; the ladies, sitting lonely in the parlor, heard, through the open windows, laughter ring out, and gay songs being sung. It was getting maddening.

One evening, Madge curved herself up on a sofa, and looked at the matter squarely. She must out-general him. But how? She had tried hauteur, and it had signally failed. Now she would try a dash of "giving in," even though it hurt her so to do. She would plant herself on the old footing.

Just then, Lyndhurst stepped into the room, cautiously at first, as if fearing her presence. She immediately rose to meet him. He did not start, but looked her over from head to foot, without a word. She gayly said,

"Don't you think your Highness is over-doing things a trifle?" Then she lost control of herself and showed her vexation. "Sing to me," she cried; "walk with me, talk to me, do anything to obliterate this doleful week."

"Well, Miss Le Barron," he answered, coolly, "Suppose we talk and walk. I'll say, under the stars, what I said under the oaks; and you shall give me a true answer."

She looked at him a moment, then fairly blazed. "I never saw such persistence. Thank Heaven I go home to-morrow, where gentlemen know what is due to a lady, and take 'no' for 'no,' without getting sullen. Good-night, Mr. Barrington; and good-bye. If you ever consent to be less boorishly persistent, I shall be pleased to see you in New York."

He watched her out of the room, and then sat down to the piano.

Miss Le Barron's first impulse was to seek out the party on the lawn; but, somehow, every face on earth, but one, seemed tame. Then she resolved to go into the library and read; but books were so wearying. "I would play," she said, pettishly, "if that pig-headed masculine was not monopolizing the piano."

Just at this point she burst into tears. Crying, usually, to Miss Le Barron, consisted of a couple of tears mopped up by a bit of lace. She had never before thrown herself down, in such limp shape, and got into such a thorough tempest of weeping, as now. She was an hour at it. Gradually she got calmer; she sat up, and began to consider what was next best to do.

She tried to think of going home as a pleasure soon at hand. Home! What had she there? Only an old aunt, who dozed in a lace-cap, with a cup of chocolate at her elbow

half the time. The memory of the pleasant days, spent here, would drive her wild, in that gloomy house. Then she acknowledged it would be terrible anywhere, without—with-out—

She jumped to her feet.

"He will drive me wild," she said, "banging, in that way, on the piano."

She passed into the hall, and looked into the drawing-room, where he sat placidly playing. "Poor fellow!" she thought, "how can I call it obstinacy; it looks like misery written all over his features. And isn't he superb looking? Why, New York has never approached him; and he will be mine, if I say it."

Suddenly—can you comprehend it?—she walked straight into the parlor, and stole up behind him, put her arms about his neck, and pressed her cheek against his.

Not a word was said for some moments. But his fingers fell from the keys, his arms dropped listlessly at his sides, his head sunk lower and lower on his breast, and Madge felt a mist gathering in her eyes, a mist of happy tears.

"Come out under the stars," she whispered, "I want to say 'yes' to you."

"I am answered, Madge," he said, drawing one of her hands over his shoulder, and talking with it against his lips. "Let us not mar this moment of surprise and joy, by a single word."

"Lyndhurst, you are provoking as ever. When I would not, I must; now, I will, I shall not. I shall have to practice humility, I see, and study my lord's moods. You've played the high hand long enough, and I insist on saying 'yes' in my own. There, now, if you don't want to speak again, for an hour, I will rest my face right here and dream."

"I don't think you find me a tyrant," he said, kissing her. "But come out, Madge, and let's compare our mutual miseries, during the last week."

He led her through the low window, holding back the swaying vines for her to pass. There, arm-in-arm, under the stars let us leave them.

My crown is in my heart, not on my head; not decked with diamonds nor to be seen. My crown is called "Content." A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy.

What is beauty? Not the show of shapely limbs and features. No! There are flowers that have their limited hours to breathe their sweets, then go. 'Tis the stainless soul within that outlives the fairest face. Beauty is the mark God places on virtue and goodness.

Poetry.

The Water that's Past.

ONE OF LAWRENCE BARRETT'S SONGS IN 'THE
MAN O' AIRLIE.'

Listen to the water-mill
Through the live-long day,
How the clanking of the wheels
Wears the hours away!
Language the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the fields the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves.
And a proverb haunts my mind,
As a spell is cast—
'The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed.'

Take the lesson to thyself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by,
Youth is passing too;
Learn to make the most of life,—
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring thee back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid;
Love while life shall last—
'The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed.'

Work while yet the daylight shines,
Man of strength and will;
Never does the streamlet guide
Useless by the mill.
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon the way;
All that thou canst call thy own
Lies in thy to-day. ♣
Power, intellect, and health
May not, cannot last;
'The mill will never grind
With the water that has passed.'

Oh, the wasted hours of life,
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh.
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word;
Thoughts conceived, but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take! oh, hold it fast!—
'The mill will never grind
With the water that has past.'

Loneliness.

BY H. C. DODGE.

Alone and so lonely I'm-sitting to-night
In front of our hearth-flame. How cheerless
its light,
How sad is its sparkle, how cold is its ray—
For thou, oh, my darling, art far, far away.
Alone and so lonely; not even a sound
To break the dead silence that hems me
around.
Our home is December—it used to be May—
But then, oh, my love, thou wert not far
away.

The birds do not sing and the sun doth not
shine
As they did when thy looks, all of love an-
swered mine.

Oh, dreary the night is and weary the day—
Alone and so lonely—thou'rt far, far away.

Oh, not all alone, for in spirit thou'rt here.
Thy voice all of sweetness falls soft on mine
ear—

I clasp thee, I beg thee, fair vision, to stay—
But, no! thou hast flown, oh, so far away.

Ah, dream! thou art gone and I'm lonely,
alone—

But heart, be thou patient, the one thou hast
known

In sorrow and joy is, too, biding the day
When she, from thyself, will be not far away.

Oh, Time, hasten on in thy flight till we meet;
Then linger forever while bliss is complete,
While our hearts reunited fervently pray
That naught will take one from the other
away.

The Violet's Grave.

The woodland! And the golden wedge
Of Sunshine slipping through!
And there, beside a bit of hedge,
A violet so blue!

So tender was its beauty, and
So dounce and sweet its air,
I stooped, and yet withheld my hand—
Would pluck, and yet would spare.

Now which was best?—for spring will pass,
And vernal beauty fly—
On maiden's breast or in the grass,
Where would you choose to die?

—From the *Scilian of Vicorta*.

To Des Moines.

AIR:—SWEET BYE AND BYE.

FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

Of you ever go down to Desh Moines,
Und into dot round house you go,
If you don't know the poss dots down there,
I'll disscribe him, so him you vill know.
He's a frame like a ten veeled enchine;
Mit a gait as mashestic and slow.
Mit a look like a hungry gray hound,
Then that is old Pinkley you know.

Chorus:—

To Desh Moines, to Desh Moines,
Ish the place where old Pinkley dosh stay;
To Desh Moines, to Desh Moines,
Ish the place where old Pinkley dosh stay.

He so cross as von old grizzly bear,
Mit a head that is all over sore.
And if he should give you von frown,
I'm snre you would not want von more.
His hair it is silvered mit gray,
And his eyes vell you mght call it plue.
And if on you he schances to gaze,
You think that he would look you through.

Chorus:—

To Desh Moines, etc.

He's a horse and a buggy they say
Vot he rides mit himself round the town,
For to see fot the boys they do, do.
Ven in that round house they cannot be
found,
But dot frame and dot eyes vot was plue,
Some day vill be laid in the clay,
And a mound vill be all that is left
To tell fare old Pinkley does lay.

Chorus—

To Desh Moines, etc.

'OLD CHAIR IRON.'

"A Joy Forever."

We passed from out the dazzling light,
We left the rustling throng of dancers;
Miss Smith had said to me, 'We might,
I almost think, sit out the Lancers.'
And, wandering on, we lost our way—
A country house is most perplexing—
Miss Smith was filled with sweet dismay,
And closer clung—'twas very vexing.

We rested at a window seat,
My hand detained half willing;
We murmured of the floor, the heat.
And other things as wildly thrilling,

Some mistletoe, o'er head entwined,
Gave rise to arch but tempting banter.
I kissed her—lost my peace of mind—
And got a piece of hers instantner.

She stamped her foot, her bosom rose
And fell with maidenly vexation:
She said—but what she said, Lord knows!
For I was lost in admiration,
But there she stood, a deer at bay,
A picture for a master's sketching;
I soothed her, as a mortal may,
And thought she never looked so fetching.

My deeds were rash, my words insane—
At length we could no longer tarry—
And when we joined the dance again
Miss Smith was Kate and I was Harry.
Ten years' possession has not tired
My love, but I'm in this position;
The tantrums which I once admired
Have paled from frequent repetition.

Confugatina to Conjugaluty.

Sally Slater, she was a young teacher who
taught,
And her friend, Charley Church was a preach-
er who prought!
Though his enemies called him a screecher
who scraught.

His heart, when he saw her, kept sinking and
wunk,
And his eyes, meeting hers, began winking
and swunk,
While she, in her turn, fell to thinking and
thunk.

He hastened to woo her, and sweetly he
wooded,
For his love grew, until to a mountain it
grewed,
And what he was longing to do, then he doed.

In secret he wanted to speak, and he spoke,
To seek with his lips what his heart long had
soke;
So he managed to let the truth leak, and it
loke.

He asked her to ride to the church, and they
rode;
They so sweetly did glide, that they both
thought they glode,
And they came to the place to be tried, and
were trode.

Then homeward, he said, let us drive, and
they drove;
And as soon as they wished to arrive, they
arrove;
For whatever she could contrive, she con-
trove.

The kiss he was dying to steal, then he stole;
At the feet that he wanted to kneel, then he
knoel;
And he said, "I feel better than ever I fole."

So they to each other crept clinging, and
clung,

While Time his swift circuit was winging and wung;
And this was the thing he was bringing and brung.

The man Sally wanted to catch, and had caught—
That she wanted from others to snatch, and had snatched—
Was the one she so liked to scratch, and she scratcht.

And Charley's wary love began freezing, and froze,

While he took to teasing and cruelly toze,
The girl he had wished to be squeezing and squeeze.

"Wretch!" he cried, when she threatened to leave him, and left,
"How could you deceive me, as you have deceft?"
And she answered, "I promised to cleve, and I cleft!"

Hotel—an Elegy.

The town clock tolls the knell of parting day,
The omnibus winds slowly o'er the lea;
The loafer homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves this world to supper and to me.

Now fades the glimmering greenback on the right
The haughty clerk gives forth a solemn sigh;
Of stairs I am usherd up a dozen flight,
And put into a parlor near the sky.

Beneath this ragged bed the blankets shade,
Where heaves the quilt in many mouldering heaps,
Safe in his narrow bed forever laid,
The jolly bedbug with his father sleeps.

The pride of flunkies, with their pastry sour,
All "sasses" that porters and that clerk he gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
When they a scorching get beyond the grave,

'Tis: you, proud subordinates to whose many fault
The weary traveler is forever prey,
Elsewhere ye could not earn your daily salt
But here ye wield a tyrant's fearful sway.

Can aged butter, or animated cheese;
Back to the table call the fleeing guest?
Can landlords voice repress that violent breeze
When everything is advertised the best?

Yet still in this man-killing spot so dire,
Hands that the rod of Empire might have swayed
Am condemned to build my lonely morning fire
Or in dark hall ways squeeze the chamber-maid.

Full many a roast of purest cut serene
The dark unfathomed caves of cook stoves bear:
Full many a loaf is born to blush unseen
And waste its wheatness on the oven air.

Yet man to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
In darkness oft this mansion has resigned,

To fresher fields and pastures hies away,
And leaves a mourning landlord far behind.

ELEGY.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth to fortune and to fame unknown
Fair maidens frown not on his humble birth,
Fat "mince pie" marked him for its own.
H. W. BEECHER.

A HATE.

BY FRANK X. REUSS.

I would that I could all the hate
The world e'er saw, and all the pain
That e'er was suffered to thy fate
Now add, you'd live all misery o'er again.
I would that I could drown thee in a sea
Of burning molten brimstone, and thy heart
Be torn by peacemeal—adding to thy misery;
While ten thousand demons yell that smart
And rack thy brain. They'd tear thy eyes
From out the sockets, and pour therein
A glaring fiery stream, until thy cries
For pity were ten times more horrid than thy sin,
And they should pierce thy body deep
With fiery lances; and each demon yell
Should make thy soulless body shrink and creep.
The marrow in thy bones should hiss with fire like hell.
And thirst like that, no human yet e'er felt,
Should make thy throat like boiling cauldrons steam.
Thy cries for water fall thee, and thy entrails melt.
Thy brain be crazed, and thou do naught but scream.
And you should tear your locks, and beg and pant
For water, and be laughed at, though there be springs
Of icy coolness playing round thee, but to taunt
Thee in thy misery, to add but to thy stings.

Dust and Ashes.

BY K. K.

Where are you this evening, sweet heart mine,—
Do joyous voices, and laughter sound
On your ears to-night, while soft lights shine,
On the faces of friends and admirers 'round?
'Tis foolish perhaps, this hunger of soul,
But the young will love, and the gay will laugh,
And even Ambition forgets his goal
Sometimes, in a mad'ning thirst to quaff
The golden chalice of pleasure's wine,
Which beauty pours out and presents to him
Where the kiss of her ruby lips divine
Has left its warmth on the goblets rim.

What is Ambitions wild desire?
What pleasure allures, or beauty charms
The love's pure flame of vestal fire,
That quickens the spirit it feeds and warms?
They pass like the flowers that bloom and die:
Love stands like the rock that endures forever;
Like a rainmade torrent they soon are dry,
But love is an overflowing river:
They perish—but Love and Love alone
Is immortal—and knows not death nor rust;
But time will write on their gray grave
stone,—
Dust and ashes; ashes and dust.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

OUR DEAD AND DISABLED.

It will be remembered by the older members of our Order that our present system of insurance was adopted at our Fourth Annual Convention which was held in the City of Indianapolis, Ind., in September, 1877.

Since that time thirty-one deaths and disabilities of members in good standing have occurred. There is nothing remarkable in this for we have developed into a grand organization in the past three years and the mortality is proportionately slight, but when we consider that twenty-six out of these thirty-one unfortunates came to violent deaths, it is horrible indeed to contemplate. Were we to go into details and give a full and accurate account of the untimely death of each and all of them and the terrible agony they endured while struggling with their last breath to escape their impending fate, it would make a sad and solemn chapter for a railroad man to read.

Our poor boys have met death in every conceivable form and many of us who have seen our friends brought back mangled beyond recognition, know only too well what the locomotive fireman has to expect when he mounts his iron steed and starts out to earn his daily bread. Hundreds and thousands of them have been killed since the organization of our stupendous railway systems and yet their duties are as responsible and dangerous as they ever were and scarcely a day passes but one of them goes down into darkness and death, in order that our railroads may be kept in operation and discharge their vast and important responsibilities.

The fate of many of them is sad indeed and carries with it an impression that is deep and lasting.

All of us remember at least one gallant comrade who went out upon the road in manhood's happy morning and was brought back a mangled mass of flesh. In many instances the victim was our very best friend, and for months we mourned his loss or until another had shared his hapless fate.

In the face of the many violent deaths that

occur almost daily upon our railroads, the locomotive fireman should not dare to make a single trip unless he is prepared, as far as he is able, to meet the summons. He knows not what moment it may come and therefore he should lose no time in making the necessary provisions. Some one must respond to the call and who that will be, no man can tell. When "the next" is called it may be you or it may be myself or some other member of the craft.

The question now arises—"how can I best prepare myself in case of my permanent disability; or my family in case of my death?"

We answer by saying—"join the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen!" This noble institution will protect you and your family to the end. Should you be snatched away, your widow and dear little children will not be allowed to suffer for want of assistance. It is the principal part of our holy mission to administer to their wants, and to know this will be a consolation to you even in your expiring moments. But remember that when you become a member of this grand Brotherhood you will have certain duties to perform and to neglect them is simply a crime on your part, for you are robbing the ones dependant upon you, of that support which it is your duty to bestow upon them.

Your dues should at all times be promptly paid and even in advance rather than be just one day in arrears.

Think how badly you would feel in a tangled wreck with your quivering flesh bared to the hissing steam if you were just a few days behind in your assessments!

There would be no sad and sympathetic brothers to extricate your body and take it to its afflicted home and from thence to the cemetery.

There would be none of your former companions to visit your sad and suffering widow and weeping little children.

The strong arm of the Brotherhood would not be raised in their defense for you had proven a traitor to the cause you had promised to support and now it owes no debt to you or yours.

Think of this and then tell us whether you can afford to be recreant to your obligation!

We are banded together for grand and noble purposes and he is worse than a criminal who dares violate his sacred obligation with us.

To help those who cannot help themselves is our aim and very often the bounty comes within the reach of those who almost cry aloud for it.

Among those whom we are pledged to aid are many who are left entirely destitute and sometimes it happens to be a gray-haired father who is tottering upon the very verge of the grave.

Then again it may be the grand old mother of some heroic son—her hair whitened with years and troubles such as only a true mother endures. Or it may be some sweet and gentle sister who, with her eyes swimming in tears, clasped to her loving heart even the mangled remains of her hapless brother.

And oh! The little children that are left fatherless—when it falls to their sad lot to have their brave father snatched away, how gladly we extend to them our rugged though honest hand of help.

Can any man prove untrue to an organization with an object so grand and holy?

No, a manly man never can and only those can who are Judas Iscariots to themselves as well as their families.

We want every true and honest locomotive fireman in the Union to join us, but those who are destitute of those principles we cannot nor will not admit.

We are now fully armed for the future and our grand work will be carried on more extensively than ever before.

We invite the world to examine the fruits of our labor, for there is nothing hidden or mysterious in our ranks.

We are aiding that portion of humanity which offers up its lives for the good of the whole, and however humble our efforts may be they are earnest and will finally prevail.

Our aims, hopes, ambitions and aspirations are to perpetuate the welfare of our noble Brotherhood.

DURING the coming year it shall be our highest aim to successfully attack intemperance all along the line of our organization. The subject is an old one and has occupied the thoughts of our profoundest minds for countless years and it seems as though human ingenuity is unable to contend with this horrible vice.

We propose however, so far as we can, to drive it from our ranks entirely, for it not only debases and degrades its victims as indi-

viduals, but renders them unfit for membership in an organization like ours.

We call the attention of all our Lodges to the necessity of taking this matter into the most serious consideration, for upon the sobriety of our members, depends in a great measure, the stability of our Order.

If a member so far forgets himself as to make a practice of getting drunk, his Lodge ought to deal with him in strict accordance with our laws. He may be a good fellow and all that but it must be remembered that "he is not only an enemy to himself but the craft he represents as well." Those who know him will wonder why he is not expelled and finally conclude that the organization which tolerates his dissipation cannot be of a very exalted moral standard.

Everywhere we can see the wrecked victims of intemperance. No matter where you go you will find them and many among them are from the most respectable families.

When once a man has formed the vicious habit of using intoxicating liquors he cannot well escape it. He craves his drink when the time comes the same as he does his meal and daily he becomes more addicted to it.

With all the dreadful examples of intemperance there are many of us who never heed a warning.

Many of us imagine that we can take a drink when we please and likewise let it alone, but there are few of us who do not remember at least a few times when we had drunk to excess, and as long as we drink even moderately we have no guarantee that our debauchery will not be repeated.

In no calling is it more vitally important that men should be sober than that of the locomotive enginemen and in order to merit the confidence and respect of our superior officers we should have a clear record on the subject of sobriety.

The man who stands at the throttle ought to have a clear head and a steady nerve for upon the faithful discharge of his responsible duties depend the precious lives and property given to his keeping, and in our judgment no man who is in the habit of drinking to excess ought to be allowed to run an engine.

Those of our members who disregard our laws upon this question ought to be stringently dealt with. They must be taught that they cannot be drunkards and members of our Order at the same time. If they wish to bring disgrace upon themselves they must wholly abandon our Brotherhood and do so outside of it.

S. M. Stevens.

Our Grand Instructor has been East for some time and good results are everywhere following in his footsteps. Up to the time of this writing he had organized Hand-in-Hand Lodge No. 2 at Providence, R. I.; Adopted Daughter No. 3 at Jersey City, N. J.; Great Eastern No. 4 at Portland, Me. and St. Lawrence No. 15 at Montreal, Canada.

These four Lodges add much strength to our Order in the East and will prove the means of getting many more in the near future.

Brother Stevens reports them all to be honest and earnest and says that they take hold and go to work like men.

We congratulate our new sister lodges and hope they may continue as they have begun.

We can easily see the effective work of our Grand Instructor, for wherever he goes the Brotherhood rises and progresses.

Brother Stevens is toiling hard and very often against adverse circumstances but his will and earnestness overcome all obstacles.

We appreciate him highly for the excellent work he is doing for the locomotive firemen of this country.

S. M. Stevens Abroad.

CLEVELAND (O.) EVENING NEWS.

Several days since S. M. Stevens, instructor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, spent a few hours in this city, looking after the interests of that order. The order is not progressing as well as it ought, for the probable reason that firemen hereabouts do not understand the numerous advantages derived by becoming a member. Railroad officials no

longer look upon this order in an unfavorable light, but on the contrary, it is receiving the hearty endorsement of some of the leading railway men in this country. One of the order's particular aims is to discourage strikes and also to promote the occupation of railroad firemen to a high position in the eyes of the world. Mr. Stevens gave the *News* a call while here, and proved to our satisfaction that what it mentioned above is true. He spoke very highly of the different railroad officials, who took a special interest in him and his work, and did everything in their power to make his visits pleasant. He was en route for Massachusetts, where his family resides, and from where he has been absent for the past two years, during which period he has spent all of his time in this work, in which he is so deeply interested.

Number 1 of Vol. 5 of *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, edited by Eugene V. Debs, Terre Haute, Ind., has been laid on our table. It is a model of beauty, the selections are fine, and the news for *Locomotive Firemen* is complete. If to run a locomotive engine was as much pleasure as to spend an evening reading in this Magazine, we almost wish we were 'one of the boys.'—*Indiana Statesman, Terre Haute, Ind.*

The first number of the *Locomotive Fireman's Magazine* under its new editor, Mr. Eugene V. Debs, of this city, has been laid on our table. It is typographically a beauty, and is edited with great journalistic skill. This magazine has a circulation of nearly five thousand copies in the United States and Canada and shows at a glance that the railroad boys have quite a literary turn of mind. —*Saturday Night, Terre Haute, Ind.*

Ladies' Department.

Stupid Women.

'Kate, can't you get something nice for dinner—something extra I mean—expect an old college chum down—met him at the club last night—haven't seen him in five years.

'Get us up something good—now do; and can't you smarten up a bit; I hate those pok-erish wrappers; they give a fellow the blues.'

The Kate addressed looked up from the cradle she was rocking, with weary, tired eyes, all filled with tears that did not fall, as

with this ungallant compliment her devoted lord swung himself out of the room, with the soliloquy, 'What the mischief ails these women? Before we marry them they are all vivacity and brilliance; but in a few years they dwindle down to mere nonentities—perfect humdrums; its passing strange! I can't make it out; and with these profound meditations, the mystified man strode up the long flight of stairs to his office—a sky parlor, which exulted in the heraldry of 'Edward B. Cling, Attorney at Law,' etc., and soon forgot the stupidity and inanity of woman in gen-

eral, and of his wife in particular, in the voluminous case of Simons *versus* Simons.

No doubt his home life *was* something of a problem to Edward Cling, Esq., a practical enigma—couldn't see through it. What had become of his witching Kate; his 'Bonny Kate, the Kate of his consolation,' in those three or four ungracious years? Could it be that pale, heavy-eyed woman in the unornamented morning wrapper, was she the dimpled beauty that sent all the life-blood dancing in swift currents through his heart, a few short months ago? Whose laugh once sounded to him more musical than

'The horns of elf-land faintly blowing.'

Well, ~~we~~ would like a chance at that problem, sir, if you please.

Did it ever occur to you that sympathy, and companionship, and tenderness, and appreciation were necessary to a woman's development in beauty?

I deny that 'beauty is only skin deep;' it springs from the heart and soul.

Starve a woman in love, and you steal from the winning beauty of her face, from the rounded symmetry of her form, from the guileless confidence of her manners.

Did it ever occur to you that it was not altogether conducive to a woman's beauty to be taxed to the utmost of her strength all day, and then left to her very enjoyable reflections till sometime after midnight, while you are away at those delightful champagne parties; to be left alone playing nurse, and counting the uneven boards of the floor, with a sick babe in her arms, till cock-crowing time in the morning, while you are luxuriating in those jolly toasts up in the club-room yonder.

Did it ever cross your mind that if you were to drive up with those spanking greys, and buffalo robes, and take the tired watcher out for a little ride once in a while, instead of those sparkling young ladies you just picked up on the avenue, that it might bring back the roses to the pale cheek?

Or if you were to share with her the pages of the last new monthly, in the long evening, instead of selfishly devouring it up all alone in your office, 'where it was nice and quiet, and no crying babies to disturb you.'

Did you ever recognize the fact that a change of thought and ideas might be restful to the little discouraged wife up in the nursery, whose muffled monotone is the same, day in and day out?

You light your cigar, and toss on your hat, and rush out among men and things; your pulses quickened; your intellect aroused; your brains kept awake with news by tele-

graph, by rail, and by steam. You know the history of each day as it passes, and speculate on the events of to-morrow—lay plans for a hundred years to come; and when there is no more to do or tell, wander back to your your fireside—if there is no other place to go to, and face a weary, spiritless woman, whose thoughts have never strayed out of that twelve foot nursery ten minutes during the day; whose hemisphere has been narrowed down to baby's teeth, Johnny's cut finger, and Bessie's torn apron.

Of course, in such a flat state of things a discussion on the result of the elections, the last European news, or even the recent explorations, would be preposterous; and so, with a hasty excuse about 'business up town,' you make a dive for the door as soon as you have gulped down your tea, and depart for a *fresher atmosphere!!!* The saints protect us! And what is to become of your worn-out representative up there, whom you have left to earn her diploma as nursery-maid, sewing-girl, housekeeper, etc.?

Back to the old tread-mill again to sing,
"Backward, turn backward, O, time in thy flight;

Make me a child again, just for to-night!"

Strange that women are so timesome, so inanimate, so sluggish, that their powers of fascination so soon are on the wane—strange, isn't it?

Room for Woman I

BY A. E. RICHMOND.

Room for woman among the earth's broad acres! Room for her to work with heart, and hand, and brain in every avenue and highway where the finger of Providence may point, or the beck of nature may bid her. Room for her to work out, nobly and bravely, a competence—an independence it may be—for herself and the helpless ones clinging to her. Room for her to exercise all her God-given faculties, to whatever field they may call her, whether it may be to gather the flowers by the way-side, or to blast the great rocks on the mountain top. If only she be nerved for the work, let no man dare to stand in the way.

This age has thrust great responsibilities in the face of woman—greater far than came to our quiet old grandmothers, quietly spinning at their cottage doors, while the rumble of the great world sounded on outside, unheard and uncared for.

How shall the young woman of to-day, fresh from the college or academy, where she

has passed the same severe course of study as her brothers, discussed with them the great questions of the times, and waked up to feel that even woman is no longer a unit in God's creation,—how shall she, if she be a thinking woman, dare to push aside these responsibilities that are laid at her feet, and say, 'This is none of my work: let man shoulder it?' And if man will not shoulder it, and some woman, with her keener intuition and quicker perceptions, hears the voice of the Eternal, saying, 'Go work to-day in my vineyard,' shall she dare to answer, 'I go not: there is my brother—send him?'

How many of us are there who stand accountable for 'talents folded in a napkin'—unused talents, forgotten talents, pushed aside, trampled under foot—when they might have helped to make the world beautiful, and bear a blessing to some poor benighted soul!

Some wrong we might have righted, some song we might have sung, some burden we might have lifted, some words we might have said. But the song is unsung, and the words are all unspoken, and we have 'lost the glory of our day.' Our hands have been full of our ruffling and fluting, our fashionable foibles and fooleries, and the gifts, that might have borne us up heaven on wings like the eagles, lie neglected in the dust.

Who will say that Felicia Hemans was not a nobler woman, and a truer mother, for the great gift of song that welled up in her soul? Who will say that Anna Dickinson is not keener in her sympathies, more lofty in her inspirations, and more tender in her nature, for the stand she has taken on the American platform?

But, it may be said, all women have not great gifts. Then let her fall in where she can work best, whether to glean in the stubble-fields, or to bind sheaves for the harvestmen. How many women are there to-day, standing empty-handed among the reapers, 'because no man hath hired them,' or because their place in the great harvest-fields is filled by those who should be out on life's war paths,—by men in finger-rings and bosom-pins, flirting their scented handkerchiefs; while without, wandering vainly from street to street, petitioning humbly for a place to labor, stand with their pale faces women with heart, and brain, and skill, who might fill their places better, so much better,—only *they are women*.

Not many months ago, we lighted upon a young lady at one of the hotels, a graduate of one of our colleges, who had waded long and toilsomely through a tedious course of study at her own expense, and now asked the privi-

lege of 'working at the oars;' but after traversing the whole length and breadth of one of our northern cities to obtain a place as clerk or bookkeeper, found a rebuff at every door,—'places all filled,'—while at every corner she was met by hosts of starched and perfumed young swells exchanging glances with one another from behind their piles of ribbons and laces, and enjoying the discomfiture of the noble girl who in nature and education stood leagues above them.

This is an every-day tale.

Where are the philanthropists who will shoulder this responsibility, and in the earth's great harvest-fields make room for woman?

Recipes.

To Scour Knives.—Cut a potatoe into two pieces; dip the juice side into brick-dust, or pulverized sand, and rub your knives with it. The rust will disappear like magic.

Toast.—Beat up three eggs with one ounce of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sweet cream, and one teacupful of new milk. Put it into a saucepan over the fire, and keep stirring until it boils up like custard. Add a pinch of salt. Dish it immediately after taking it from the fire, on buttered toast.

Cement for Jars.—One-third of yellow bees-wax, and two-thirds of finely-powdered rosin; put them together into a clean sauce-pan, and set it near the fire to melt slowly; when all is melted remove it from the fire, and stir in finely powdered red brick dust until it becomes the consistency of sealing-wax; then dip the corked jars in twice.

Scotch Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter, one pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one gill of milk, one large table spoonful of powdered cinnamon. Stir the butter and sugar together, then add the cinnamon, flour and milk; roll out the dough into sheets, cut it in cakes, and bake them in a moderate oven until they are brown.

Stewed Sweetbreads.—First soak them in cold water for two hours, then put them in boiling water, and let them boil for five minutes; take them out, and put them in cold water until they are quite cold. Trim the sweetbreads, and put them in the stew-pan with a little carrot, onion, parsley, thyme, and bay-leaf; add a little stock, and put the stew-pan in the oven for twenty minutes, then place it on the hot stove, and let it remain there for an hour tightly covered. They must not boil, as it would harden them; they only want to steam. Take them up, and dash them on spinach without gravy.

Our Exchanges.

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

WHAT THE BROTHERHOOD HAS DONE IN THE PAST AND AIMS TO DO IN THE FUTURE.

It is not generally known, except by those directly connected with the management of railroads, that a flourishing organization, or Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, exists in the United States. The order has a wide representation on many of the principal roads of the country. Its objects are largely benevolent. A leading officer of the society is called the "organizer and instructor," and this position is now held by S. M. Stevens of Lowell, a gentleman thoroughly well-informed and interested in the operations of the organization. From him many interesting facts about its establishment and operation have been obtained. Referring briefly to the foundation of the order Mr. Stevens says it was instituted in December, 1879, at Port Jervis, N. Y., by Joshua A. Leach, who was then a fireman on the Erie road, and now lives at Atchison, Kansas. In the course of three years the order grew till fifty or more lodges had been established on different roads in all parts of the United States and Canada, and the membership had risen to some 1200.

Mr. Leach was the first Grand Master and held the office for two years. He then declined further service, and at an international convention at St. Louis in 1876, W. R. Worth of Brookfield, Mo., was elected to that place. The next year at Indianapolis, F. B. Alley, of Louisville, Ky., was chosen; in 1878 at Buffalo, W. T. Goundie of Philadelphia, Penn., and in 1879, at Chicago, F. W. Arnold of Columbus, O., who was also re-elected last fall. The present Secretary and Treasurer is Eugene V. Debs of Terre Haute, Ind., the City Clerk and a leading citizen, who has the confidence of all parties in the community. In his position he shows great energy and industry, and is doing much to promote the interests of the order. The office which Mr. Stevens holds was established by the Buffalo Convention, on account of the great amount of work made necessary by the increasing demand for charters. Mr. Stevens was formerly a fireman and engineer on the Boston & Lowell and Nashua & Lowell roads. The condition of the brotherhood, Mr. Ste-

vens goes on to say, was never as satisfactory as it is now, and its prospects are accordingly excellent. Its immediate object is to unite railroad firemen into a society for their common welfare, and accordingly it agrees to care for the families of those who lose their lives in pursuit of their occupation. Not only are the needy helped, but the manhood of the members is developed by the cultivation in them of the sense of self-respect, and a desire to so live as to gain the confidence and respect both of their employers and associates. The members are pledged to sobriety and the faithful discharge of all their duties, and are taught their full responsibilities.

Mr. Stevens was asked about the connection of his order with the railroad-strike riots in Pennsylvania and elsewhere in the summer of 1877, and he replied without hesitation that the representations made at the time did it great injustice. There was at that time not one lodge on either the Pennsylvania or the Baltimore & Ohio roads, on which the strikes originated. Moreover, the strikers were in no instance members of the brotherhood, and on roads where the order did exist at that time there were no difficulties. The members universally desired harmony and peace, and their disposition would have been made manifest but for the misrepresentations of an unworthy secretary, whom the order was unfortunate enough then to have. Had the spirit and rules of the order prevailed, Mr. Stevens thinks, there would have been no strikes. Mr. Stevens spoke in terms of praise of many railroad officers, saying that they have showed him extended courtesies. He goes soon to Portland and Montreal, to establish additional lodges of the organization.—
From the Boston Globe.

THE LITERARY LIFE.

THE MOODS OF THACKERY, DICKENS AND OTHERS.

With the best advantages, with perfect seclusion and every facility for the concentration and marshaling of thought, authors are notoriously subject to strange freaks of humor, which render them intellectually prostrate and utterly unable to command their known and tried powers. The muse of poe-

try is the ficklest of jades, as everybody knows, but the muse (if there be one) of prose is scarcely a whit more staunch or trustworthy. Perhaps Thackeray is the best modern example of the vagaries of mood in writers. For weeks together he could not put pen to paper to do anything like justice to himself, and for this misfortune Mr. Anthony Trollope rather unfairly attacks him on the score of industry. "Unsteadfast, idle, changeable of purpose" are epithets which the lesser throws at the greater novelist, merely because, as he says, Thackeray "could not bring himself to do an allotted task day after day." "Idle" seems a vulgar accusation to hurl at a man of Thackeray's genius and achievements. The writing of books like "Pendennis" and "The Newcomes" can scarcely be looked upon as "day-work" in the sense in which a blacksmith's labor would be considered.

If such an author was idle, so was Dickens, who frequently had to give up his work in despair, in spite of the strongest determination to master a hostile mood. "I am utterly lost in misery," he writes, at a time when his strength was the most vigorous, "and can do nothing. I have been reading 'Oliver,' 'Pickwick' and 'Nickleby' to get my thoughts together for the new effect, but all in vain." Over and over again he exclaims in his brief notes to Mr. Foster that "the fit is not in him," and he must go for a ride or a walk. From Italy he writes one autumn, just as he was about to start upon a Christmas book: "I have got my paper and inkstand and figures now and can think—I have begun to do so every morning—with a business-like air of the Christmas book." Again, later: "I am sadly strange, and cannot settle. You will have lots of hasty notes from me while I am at work; but you know your man." Dickens was always nervously exact in the arrangement of his writing-room, and in one of his letters from a strange place he relates how he had to "alter the disposition of the furniture" before he could write a line.

Even Milton is said to have admitted that his faculties were much stronger at some times than at others, and Dryden used to diet himself for a task in poetry, eating raw meat to inspire vivid dreams. It is unfortunately true that he resorted to even less excusable stimulants, though a long list of other immortals were wont to overcome the shyness of their genius by similar means. Byron wrote some of his looser poems under the influence of gin. Coleridge, De Quincey and Shadwell prodded the muse with opium; Sheridan,

having a good deal of the Charles Surface in him, did good work with the aid of brandy; Ben Jonson was assisted by "canary," and Æschylus is said to have been invariably intoxicated when he wrote. The great achievements which some authors have produced at a single sitting show that moods have played an important part in literature.—*London Globe*.

Compressed Air.

CHAMBERS' JOURNAL.

A few months ago we gave a brief account of experiments made at Philadelphia with locomotives driven by compressed air. Similar experiments have been tried on tramways in the neighborhood of Paris; but in neither case was the desired success achieved. The question, however, was not likely to be given up; for the advantage of compressed air over steam is great from the economical as well as the practical point of view. Col. Beaumont, of the royal arsenal, Woolwich, has for some time worked thereat, and trials of his air engine have been made with satisfactory results. It weighs ten tons, has a reservoir in which 100 cubic feet of air can be compressed to 1,000 pounds on the square inch; and thus charged it traveled from the arsenal to Dartford and back, about thirty miles, in sixty-three minutes. The machinery and the wheels work in comparative silence; there is none of that noisy hiss and roar which accompanies the use of steam.

Col. Beaumont has overcome some of the difficulties which beset former inventors by placing three cylinders of graduated size on each side of his engine, and by applying warmth to counteract the cold produced in the expansion of compressed air. At present it will draw a load of sixteen tons, and is to be employed in the work of the arsenal; and there is reason to believe that similar machinery is to be tried for propelling the torpedo-boats. With a larger engine heavier loads could be drawn; under-ground railways would then no longer be inadvisable by the sulphurous smoke from steam locomotives, and horses would no longer be required on tramways.

It is known that attempts have been made to propel vessels on rivers by ejecting a horizontal column of water from the stern. This column, by striking against the surrounding water, supplied the propelling power; but it was not sufficient, Mr. Heathorn claims to have got over the difficulty by showing that "the force exerted by one fluid pouring into or against another depends on the contact of

surfaces, and not on the sectional area of the flowing mass, after the flowing mass be once set in motion." Instead, therefore, of tubes with large orifice, he makes use of tubes with narrow outlet, a mere slit, and thus obtains a large superficial contact, by ejecting water through a series of narrow openings.

Eighty Miles an Hour

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN.

The Baldwin locomotive works have just entered with a contract with Col. G. A. L. Roberts, of Titusville, for the construction of a passenger engine which will be able to run eighty miles an hour, and maintain this rate of speed for 100 miles without stopping. The locomotive is to weigh thirty-eight tons, and will comply with standard gauge. The driving wheels will be six feet in diameter. The forward trucks and those on the tender will be made of paper, which, it is said, will endure more strain and wear than iron or steel. The wheels will all be of the pattern known as the broadtread, which will enable the engine to run on roads of either 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches or 4 feet 10 inches gauge. The most important feature of the locomotive will be the introduction of the Roberts patent cylinder and piston, which has proved capable of saving at least 20 per cent. in steam pressure. The exhaust ports are in a continuous circle around the cylinder, in addition to the usual ports at the ends, and the steam escapes without the waste of force necessary to expel it, as in the cylinders of the old style. The tender will be so constructed as to carry a foot of water under the coal, as well as the usual amount on the sides. There will be a water chamber on the locomotive so arranged that compressed air from the air pump can be admitted in the top of the chamber upon the water, by which means a stream may be forced upon any hot bearing connected with the engine or tender. This is expected to overcome the trouble of hot boxes. The nozzles through which the steam is to pass and create a draught will be eight inches in diameter—about three times the usual size—and the boiler will be the largest that can be put upon the standard gauge tracks. It will be the strongest locomotive ever built, and perfect in detail. Col. Roberts, the inventor, built a similar locomotive a few years ago, which drew the fast mail train over a portion of the Lake Shore railway, but it was not a success, owing to its poor construction. The improvements it suggested will be taken advantage of in building the new engine. It is

stated that Col. Robert, who has visited Europe several times and studied the railway systems of that country, is building his new engine for use upon the European continent.

The Truth Fays.

A few weeks ago a train over one of the railroads running west ran over a cow just beyond the Grand Trunk Junction. The matter was reported at headquarters, but the owner of the mangled bovine was not heard of until Tuesday last, when he entered the President's office and remarked:

'I guess we'd better settle up now for that cow.'

'Ah! you owned that cow killed by one of our trains in November, did you?'

'I expect I did.'

'And what did you value her at?'

The man scratched his head, hitched around on his chair, and finally replied:

'Well, I dunno. My brother-in-law said I had the company tighter'n blazes, and he told me to say she was a new-milch cow and lay damages at \$70.'

'Yes.'

'But my wife said I'd better say that the cow was not worth over \$50.'

'Yes. Well, how was it?'

'That's where the stick comes in, you see. I want all she was worth, and yet I don't want to swindle anybody. Fact is, she was an old cow, dry as a bone, and worth about \$15 for boarding-house beef. Yet, she was took away kinder sudden, and it made a bad muss around the place, and I reckoned you might add a little extra.'

'Let us say \$25.'

'That's plenty. I 'spose I might have had fifty just as well as not, but I didn't want to lie about it.'

'No; never tell a lie.'

'Oh, I wouldn't have lied, 'cause I knew you sent a man out there to git all the facts in the case!' replied the man as he received an order on the Treasurer for his check.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Discovery of the Pacific.

NURSERY.

Three hundred and sixty-eight years ago, the great ocean now known as the Pacific had never been seen by white men. It was Vasco Nunez de Balboa, a Spaniard, who saw it for the first time. He had heard about it from the Indians when he was on the isthmus of Darien, at the eastern side. It was only sixty miles across the isthmus; but there was no

road, and the way was beset with dangers. He made the Indians friendly by his good treatment of them, and they did what they could to help him. It took him twenty-six days to cross the isthmus. Then he learned from his Indian guide that from the next high hill he could see the ocean. This was on the 26th of September, 1513.

Balboa and his men toiled up the hill; and when near the top, he cried out "Halt!" His men halted, and then he climbed up the highest peak. What a glorious sight! There lay the great Pacific ocean spread out blue and smooth before him. Beneath him lay hill, wood and valley. Moved by the sight, Balboa knelt and thanked God. He cut down a tree and made a cross, which he placed on a heap of stones. On it he wrote the names of the king and queen of Spain. Then going down to the shore he stood on the sand till the water reached his knees. In one hand he held his sword, in the other the flag of Castile. He then said, in a loud voice, "Long live the high and mighty king and queen of Castile! In their name I take these seas and lands, and I am ready to defend their right against all who may claim them."

Thus Spain laid claim to the country. The news of what Balboa had done made a great noise in Europe. It was looked on as a discovery only second in importance to the discovery of America by Columbus.

Dependence on the Locomotive.

Mr. C. C. Coffin, in one of his recent lectures make the following reference to the influence of the locomotive on the agricultural interests of New England:

"When the railroads of New England were opened, the farmers felt the power of the locomotive, enhancing values, but when the locomotive reached the grain fields of the West, the decadence began, and is going on with accelerating force throughout New England. The census returns show a decrease of population in nearly every agricultural town in New Hampshire, Main and Western Massachusetts. The gains in population are wholly in the manufacturing towns. We have seen that New Hampshire produces bread enough to support her population about 28 days; that Massachusetts can live one day; that Rhode Island does not raise enough for a breakfast; that our present welfare and future growth is comprised in one word—transportation. It is a question worthy of consideration whether there can be any growth. Only by the locomotive can we reach the wheat fields of Da-

kota to obtain our bread; only by the locomotive can we send back our manufactured goods in payment for the fold. We can pay in nothing else. It is a respectable amount which we must pay every year—New Hampshire four million dollars, Massachusetts twenty-eight millions for wheat and corn, all New England sixty millions.—*Lowell (Mass.) Mail.*

Another Ice Railroad.

That railroad on ice down near Montreal is not the only road of the kind in the world. A railroad is to be built on ice in Russia. Cronstadt is five miles from the coast and eighteen from the capital. In the summer communication is easily and cheaply maintained by means of steamers, but when the Gulf of Finland becomes coated with ice, Cronstadt has to depend for transport to and from the island upon a number of rough little sledges, never trustworthy and always dear. The inconvenience of this system has led the Baltic Railway Company to obtain permission of the government to throw a light line of rails across the ice to the island. The undertaking will not be beset with any serious obstacles, as it is believed that it can be successfully accomplished in eight or nine days. As soon as the ice is reported sufficiently strong by the engineers, gangs of laborers will proceed to lay down sleepers on the flat frozen surface, freezing them into position by means of a few buckets of water. The rails will then be fixed on, and light trains will convey passengers and goods direct to their destination. Readers of the *Free Press* no doubt noticed in the telegraphic columns that the first trip of the ice train across the St. Lawrence was rather disastrous. The locomotive fell through into about twenty-five feet of water and is there yet. They will haul the cars with horses until the ice get stronger. It is to be hoped the Russian railroad will have better luck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Small Girl Operator.

WAGO (TEX.) EXAMINER.

The frontier telegraph office at Williams' ranch, as stated in *The Examiner* some weeks ago, is managed by Hallie Hutchinson, a little girl nine years of age. A gentleman who returned from there a few days since says Hallie is the most remarkably intelligent little elf he ever had the pleasure of meeting. She handles her instrument with the success and precision of an old operator. Recently, when election returns were coming in and

the whole country was wildly excited to know the result, little Hallie sat at her instrument, her eyes aglow with intelligence, and gathered in the news from all over the union, while dozens of brawny men crowded around to hear what the lightning brought and to admire the wonderful skill of the little operator. While controlling the wires as she does, Hallie is not unlike other little girls of her age in her habits and inclinations. For instance, one end of her operating table is piled full of baby dolls, and she spends a great deal of her time dressing and nursing them. Brown county may claim the youngest telegraph operator in the world.

How the Russian Exile Lives.

LONDON STANDARD.

On his arrival the prisoner is driven straight to the police ward, where he is inspected by the *ispravnik*, a police officer who is absolute lord and master of the district. This representative of the government requires him to answer the following questions: His name? How old? Married or single? Where from? Address of parents, or relations, or friends. Answers to all of which are entered in the books. A solemn written promise is then exacted of him that he will not give lessons of any kind, or try to teach any one; that every letter he writes will go through the *ispravnik's* hands, and that he will follow no occupation except shoe-making, carpentering, or field labor! He is then told he is free!—but at the same time is solemnly warned that should he attempt to pass the limits of the town he shall be shot down like a dog rather than be allowed to escape, and should he be taken alive shall be sent to eastern Siberia without further formality than that of the *ispravnik's* personal order.

The poor fellow takes up his little bundle, and, fully realizing that he has now bidden farewell to the culture and material comfort of his past life, he walks out into the cheerless street. A group of exiles, all pale and emaciated, are there to greet him, and feverishly demand the news from home. The newcomer gazes on them as one in a dream; some are melancholy mad, others nervously irritable, and the remainder have evidently tried to find solace in drink. They live in communities of twos and threes, have food, a scanty provision of clothes, money, and books in common, and consider it their sacred duty to help each other in every emergency, without distinction of sex, rank or

age. The noble by birth get sixteen shillings a month from the government for their maintenance, and commoners only ten, although many of them are married, and sent into exile with young families. Daily a gendarme visits their lodgings, inspects the premises when and how he pleases, and now and then makes some mysterious entry in his note-book. Should any of their number carry a warm dinner, a pair of newly-mended boots, or a change of linen to some passing exile lodged for the moment in the police ward, it is just as likely as not marked against him as a crime. It is a crime to come and see a friend off, or accompany him a little on the way. In fact, should the *ispravnik* feel out of sorts—the effect of cards or drink—he vents his bad temper on the exiles; and as cards and drink are the favorite amusements in these dreary regions crimes are marked down against the exiles in astonishing numbers, and a report of them sent regularly to the governor of the province.

Winter lasts eight months, a period during which the surrounding country presents the appearance of a noiseless, lifeless, frozen marsh—no roads, no communication with the outer world, no means of escape. In course of time almost every individual exile is attacked by nervous convulsions, followed by prolonged apathy and prostration. They begin to quarrel and even to hate each other. Some of them contrive to forge false passports, and by a miracle, as it were, make their escape, but the great majority of these victims of the third section either go mad, commit suicide, or die of delirium tremens. Their history, when the time comes for it to be studied and published, will disclose a terrible tale of human suffering and administrative evils and shortcomings not likely to find their equivalent in the contemporary history of any other European state.

How Thunder Showers Come Up.

POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY.

In order to convey a more definite idea of our theory, we will choose a certain locality which may serve the purpose of a diagram to our demonstration; and this locality shall be the region of West river. This river takes its rise among the forests near the summit of the Green mountains, at a height of some two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and flowing southerly forty or fifty miles, empties into the Connecticut river about two miles north from the southern boundary of the state.

During a hot summer day the sides of the

deep valley of the river reek with intense heat, and cause a flow of moist air upward toward the summit of the mountain reign, from the valley of the Connecticut, and also from the sea. This moist air, meeting with the general current from the southwest, piles up an immense mass of cumulus cloud of many square miles in extent. So long as the intense heat prevails, this cloud increases in size; grows blacker with its dense vapor, and casts a gloomy, lurid glare over the face of nature, darker than that of any eclipse. The vapor, pushed by the ascending currents of heated air, attains a great height above the sea, where the temperature is very. But finally, at that hour of the afternoon when the heat begins to decline, the accumulated vapors, no longer augmented or sustained by heated air from the valleys below, fall in rain.

A Remarkable Dog.

The Macon (Ga. Telegraph of recent date says: "If you are looking for downright intellect, call on the pointer dog. He is far more human than the monkey, and we cheerfully acknowledge far worthier of the relationship. Look at Jeff, Dr. Mattaner's liver colored pointer. That dog carries notes, goes for the horse and buggy, goes for beef, and fetches ice regularly. Would any one deny Jeff's intellect? Hardly. Last week Jeff was sent for ice. He started with a towel, in one corner of which the nickel was tied up. Jeff saw that nickel put in, and immediately temptation assailed him. He could buy ice on credit, but beef was always cash. He labored under the temptation until he reached Huff's corner, near the ice house, and then he yielded. Down in the dirt he crouched, and, after a tussle, got the knot untied. He buried the nickel, carried the towel in, received the ice, and came out; but not for the nickel. Oh no! The doctor must be left under the impression that the nickel had gone for ice. The ice was carried to the office, and Jeff came back like a flash secured his cash, galloped to the beef stand, and in a few minutes was observed homeward bound with his dinner. He was not afraid to carry it home. He reasoned that the doctor would suppose some one had given given it to him.

Geneva and Its Watches.

Geneva, like other cities, has its specialties, and its first and greatest is its manufacture of watches. The Geneva watch has attained a world-wide celebrity, and though probably

no better than those of American manufacture, they are wonderfully fascinating, and it is difficult to withstand the attractions of their show windows. Their exhibition of ladies' watches is especially fine, and their prices vary from \$20 to as high as you care to go, and you are sure to get a good article if you pay for one. Another speciality is music boxes, of which large quantities are sold every year. There are several establishments here which deal in them exclusively and they put them up in all sorts of shapes. There are musical chairs, which surprise you by playing a tune when you sit down on them, musical footstools, goblets and trinkets of various kinds, ranging in price from \$5 to \$2,000, and even higher. Geneva has almost a monopoly of these establishments, for save one at Berne, I have not noticed any elsewhere.—European Correspondent Rochester Democrat.

Sleep.

HALL'S JOURNAL OF HEALTH.

There is no fact more clearly established than this: that the brain expands its energies and itself during the hours of wakefulness, and that these are recuperated during sleep.

If the recuperation does not equal the expenditure, the brain withers; this is insanity.

Thus it is that, in early English history, persons who were condemned to death by being prevented from sleeping, always died raving maniacs; thus it is also, that those who are starved to death become insane; the brain is not nourished, and they cannot sleep. The practical inferences are three:

1st. Those who think most, who do most brain work, require most sleep.

2d. That time "saved" from necessary sleep is infallibly destructive to mind, body, and estate.

3d. Give yourself, your children, your servants, give all who are under you, the fullest amount of sleep they will take, by compelling them to go to bed at some regular, early hour, and to rise in the morning the moment they awake of themselves.

Within a fortnight, nature, with almost the regularity of the rising sun, will unloosen the bonds of sleep the moment enough repose has been secured for the wants of the system.

This is the only safe and sufficient rule; and as to the question how much sleep any one requires, each must be a rule for himself, great nature will never fail to write it out to the observer, under the regulations just given.

Literary.

(WRITTEN FOR THE B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE.)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

WILLIAM H. BRICKER.

If it may be said of any living man that he is known all over the world, it may be said of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. His words seem to travel on the swift rays of light that penetrate unto the uttermost parts of the earth. James. T. Field, in his lecture on Longfellow, tells of the strange and far away places in which he has felt his heart warmed at the sight of a well worn copy of Longfellow's poems. He has the touch of nature that makes the whole world kin, for he is not more warmly appreciated in his native land than in the hearts and homes on the other side of the world. Every one knows the brief outlines of the poet's life. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1807, and is the son of Stephen Longfellow, an eminent lawyer in that city. He entered Bowdoin College when he was fourteen years old, and graduated there with high honors in 1825. During his academic course he composed several of the best known of earlier poems, among them "Hymn of the Moravian Nuni," "The Spirit of Poetry," "Woods in Winter," and "Sunrise on the Hill." After leaving college he entered the office of his father for the purpose of studying law; but in 1826 he accepted an offer of the professorship of modern languages and literature in Bowdoin College with the privilege of devoting some time to preliminary foreign study, and early in the year sailed for Europe. He remained abroad till 1829, studying successively in France, Spain, Italy and Germany, and afterward discharged the duties of his professorship for five years. In 1835, on the resignation of Mr. George Ticknor, he was appointed professor of modern languages and belles lettres in Harvard University, and before entering upon the duties of the office he again visited Europe, returning in 1836. He then assumed the professorship, which he held for 17 years, during which not only his official but his literary labors were remarkably uninterrupted and fruitful. In 1853-4 he revisited Europe, and was everywhere the recipient of marked honors, especially in England, where his works are perhaps more universally known

and read than those of any other American author. During this journey the degree of DCL. was conferred upon him by Oxford University. He had already received the degree of LL.D. from Harvard, in 1850, and that of DCL. from Cambridge' England, in 1868, besides a great number of academic and literary honors from nearly all the leading institutions of America. His works introduce us to a great spirit world: through him we hear the "old clock on the stairs," ticking its never ceasing

"Forever—never

Never—forever:"

Turning our eyes upon the Alps we see the youth tolling upward with that mysterious banner "Excelsior." As we look, the vision dissolves and before us is Longfellow in his study; and we see

"Descending the broad hall stair

Grave Alice and laughing Allegra

And Edith with golden hair."

Even as our eyes follow this it fades into the past and before us is seen the schooner Hesperns that

"Sailed a wintry sea."

As the Hesperns fades away upon the barren rocks, the forms of Minnehaha and Hiawatha flit softly by. But lo! as our eyes wander after the spirit forms which haunt our imagination, the twilight fades away and we feel that

"The day is done and the darkness

Falls from the wings of night

As a feather is wafted downward

From an eagle in its flight."

Thus do his thoughts sink into our nature and "come like the benediction that follows the prayer"

In 1847 he published "Evangeline," one of the most admired of all his productions. It has been pronounced (and we think justly) "the most perfect specimen extant of the rhythm and melody of the English hexameter." It was followed in 1851 by "The Golden Legend," and "The Song of Hiawatha," (1851,) perhaps the most popular of all his works. A writer in the "London Examiner," speaking of "Hiawatha" says it is the most original of all his (Longfellow's) productions. Several different translations of it have been made—one by the distinguished German poet Freiligrath; it has been read and admired in every part of Europe. "The Courtship of Miles

Standish," (1858), and "The Tragedies of New England," (1868) ranks among his best works. He has a fruitful imagination, under the control of the most perfect taste, and a remarkable power of illustrating moods of mind and states of feeling by material forms. He has a great command of beautiful diction, and equal skill in the structure of his verse. His poetry is marked by tenderness of feeling, purity of sentiment and elevation of thought. He understands and can express all the afflictions of the human heart, appealing to the universal affections of humanity, and expresses with the most delicate beauty, thoughts which find sympathy in all minds. Averse to everything harsh, bitter, disdainful, or repellant, there is no element in his poetry to call forth an ungracious or discordant emotion. It is always tolerant and human, kindled by wide sympathies, and with a tender sense of every variety of human condition. He combines in a rare degree the sentiment of the artist with the practical instincts of the man of the world. His thoughts are easily understood, and never clouded by fanciful verbiage or obscurity. The clearness, simplicity, and force of his leading conceptions leave the impression of unity even on his longest poems. His readers are more than

admirers; they become friends. Over all he has written, hangs a beautiful ideal light,—the atmosphere of poetry,—which illuminates his page as the sunshine does the natural landscape. As a translator, Mr. Longfellow is singularly happy in transfusing not only the ideas but the spirit of his originals into apt and expressive diction; many of his poems have been translated into several languages; as a critic, whether commenting on character or literature, he is the genial interpreter rather than the censorious judge. Longfellow is now nearly seventy-three years of age. He is of medium height, and well formed. His head and face are eminently poetical; his forehead is broad, benignant and full. The great charm of his face centres in his eyes; of an unclouded blue, deep-set, under overhanging brows, they hold an indescribable expression of thought and tenderness. Though seamed with many wrinkles, his face is rarely without the rosy hue of health; he would appear much younger, would it not be for the crown of snow-white hair. Hair and whiskers are long, abundant and wavy, and give the poet the look of a patriarch. His manner has a child's simplicity, yet is of an impregnable dignity.

Correspondence.

"Verix" on Slander.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, Feb. 1, 1881.

Is there anything meaner, more contemptible and vile than slander? And how much more so is this the case when slander falls from the lips of a 'fireman.' It would almost seem incredible that men who have voluntarily taken upon themselves the solemn vows that our members have, would be guilty of so gross an outrage against decency and honor; and yet how often we see it? The foul-mouthed slanderer too often is permitted to indulge in this loathsome habit, calumniating the character and honor of man and blackening the name and scoffing at the virtue of woman. Yes, frequently are such reptiles permitted to poison the atmosphere of our lodge-rooms with their foul pestilential breath, without being summarily "*brought to time*," for their base, unmanly and lying insinuations. These are strong words, but the slanderer deserves no other. He stabs in the

dark and introduces misery and wretchedness into the home of honor and at the hearth of peace. Such a man is unworthy of notice. Still, if through an error he has gained access to a knowledge of our mysteries, he must be noticed, and charges should be preferred against him. We want no such creatures among us. What good are our obligations? What use our vows if we dare take away that which is dearer to man than life itself? Rob a brother of his fair name, cast the faintest insinuation against her whom he loves, and what is there to live for? Man may trample beneath his feet calumny and falsehood, but it is harder for woman to do so, she cannot battle with the world. Her frail nature has received a blow from which she rarely fully recovers. A fireman guilty of so base and contemptible an outrage should be driven from our midst as an unclean thing. Truth is the foundation of every virtue. Our whole ritual is pregnant with lessons of the importance of truth. We bend the knees as brethren, before the altar of Truth, offering

up our united prayers and obligations to the "God of Truth." How then can a fireman be faithful to the teachings of our order who dares slander a brother, or, vilify she who is near and dear to him? Are we not taught to shield the name of a brother, under all circumstances and at all times? Do we not especially obligate a brother before he can symbolically pass through our order? I repeat especially, obligate a brother before he can penetrate the sanctum to cherish the fair name of the "Mother"—the wife—the widow—the sister and the daughter of our fellow firemen. The slanderer, therefore, when he, through deceit and fraud, enters our portals is neither a brother fireman in heart, nor a brother in deed, but a vile, miserable, putrid, excrescence clinging to the bark of our fraternity. Such should be cut off as soon as possible. Their very presence mars the beauty of our order.

Fraternally,
VERIX.

Letter from Evanston.

EVANSTON, WYOMING, Feb. 12, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—

Not having seen any communication in the Magazine from No. 88 for some time I thought I would make a slight effort in that direction and let you know that we are alive and prospering so far as the Brotherhood is concerned. We now have 39 members in good standing and the prospects are that we will soon add six more to that number.

Brother H. H. Lindenberger of No. 45 was the champion Magazine Agent for 1880 and he

wants to get up and dust if he takes it for 1881, as our Magazine Agent, Brother Charles Margoan, is working in earnest and is proving a terror to all those who have a dollar to spare for good literature.

Brothers Hutchins, Lethbridge, Huggins, Krauss, Watts, Groesbeck, Murphy and Jenkins have for some time been enthroned upon the engineer's side and give entire satisfaction in that capacity.

Brothers Nelsson and Gunnell are hostlers and do business up in first-class style.

"How high is that for No. 88?"

Our officers are of the very best and with them to lead us, we cannot help but prosper.

In reading over the communication of "Verix" some time ago I readily saw the necessity of having a solid Master at the head of a Lodge—one who will deny himself a personal pleasure to attend a meeting and lead in the good work.

This is vitally necessary and every Lodge should select a leader for a Master who has force of character as well as the sensibilities of a true gentleman.

Personalities should never enter the Lodge room but every one should endeavor to preserve harmony and good will among our members.

Out here we welcome all locomotive firemen who belong to our Order for we know that they are worthy of our confidence and esteem: but we have no use for those who do not, as in all probability their character is such that they have been refused the privilege of polluting our cause.

Yours Fraternally,
"SLOW BUT SURE."

Scientific.

The mechanical sources of heat are percussion, compression, and friction.

To the naked eye all the stars appear single. With the telescope over 6,000 have been found to be double.

Plants grow by reason of the light and heat of the sunshine, and accumulate a supply of fuel and food.

As the earth changes its position, the angle at which the rays of the sun strike any portion, is varied.

The source of the earth's magnetism is now generally attributed to the sun. It is supposed that the solar heat develops electrical

currents in the materials of the earth's surface.

A telescope recently constructed in England has an object glass twenty-five inches in diameter. It is the largest retracting telescope in the world.

If liquid carbonic acid be exposed to the air, it evaporates with such rapidity, that a portion almost solidifies, and produces a cold of 106° below zero.

Franklin demonstrated, in 1752, that a flash of lightning is simply an enormous spark of electricity. This he proved by raising a silk kite at the approach of a storm. As soon as

the rain had wetted his hempen kite string, and thereby rendered it a good conductor, he succeeded in drawing sparks from a key attached to the string, and in charging a Leyden jar.

It has been estimated that the fixed stars annually radiate sufficient heat to the earth to melt an envelope of ice eighty feet in thickness. It is evident that were the supply of either solar or stellar heat cut off, the life of the globe would soon be destroyed.

The heat received from celestial bodies, does not penetrate the earth's surface, more than one hundred feet. If thermometers are carried to greater depths in mines and in artesian wells, the temperature is found to

rise quite regularly at the average rate of 1° F. for every fifty-four feet of descent.

The rainbow is due to the combined effect of reflection, retraction, dispersion and interference of the solar rays in passing through drops of rain. For its formation it is necessary (1) for the sun to shine during a shower (2) that the observer shall stand with his back to the sun, between the drops of rain and the sun.

The velocity of light is about one hundred and eighty-five thousand five hundred miles in a second. The velocity of sound in still air at 32° F. is one thousand and ninety feet per second. The velocity increases as the temperature rises, at the rate of 1.12 feet for every degree of Fahrenheit.

Miscellaneous.

An old timer—E. L. Pratt of No. 60.

Bro. Ed Rugan of No. 16 took a little jaunt to Lafayette recently.

J. W. Lee of No. 100 has accepted a position on the St. L. & S. E. R. R.

Bro. James Dodson of Vigo Lodge has been seriously ill but is out again.

Bros. H. H. Stamper and R. J. McCool are taking good care of Success No. 33.

Adair Lodge is fortunate in having such a reliable secretary as Bro. Patrick Ryan.

The boys of 59 are soon going to move into a new hall which is being built for them.

Bros. S. Myers and H. Bechold of Cleveland have left that place and taken good situations in Chicago.

Miss Anna Smith of Xenia, O., sister of Bro. James Smith of No. 16, is visiting at Terre Haute.

Charles Cousins and Harry Deweese of No. 72 have been promoted to the other side. Good luck boys.

Frank B. Alley of 23 has left the stationary engine in the L. & N. Shops and is running on the road again.

Fred Mullen of Vigo Lodge has a little son at his house. "UNCLE ALEX." (Mullen) is too proud for any use.

We are glad to report the promotion of Bros. Fisher and A. M. Smith of Potomac No. 7. They are good steady men and will make the right kind of engineers.

We have reliable authority for asserting that the next issue of the Magazine will contain a communication from Bro. A. J. Mackay, Rec. and Fin. Sec'y of No. 58.

After an absence of four months, Bro. W. J. Toy, has returned to Terrace. He had a splendid time while visiting his Eastern home, but was glad to get back among his chums again.

The matrimonial market seems to be on a decline. We conclude that the bo-boys are too busy to consider the subject seriously at present. Wait 'till Spring, gentle Anna.

A model Brotherhood man is Jacob J. Anderson of No. 60. He, with Bro. Shepherd's assistance, is bringing about a wonderful change in the financial condition of their lodge.

Bros. Joseph Paul and Wm. Betts should correspond at once, with the Rec. Sec'y of No. 32, as he has business of importance to communicate. Address, Chas. E. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kansas.

Anchor Lodge No. 54 is to be congratulated upon having so zealous a Magazine Agent as Bro. L. F. Stephens. He is doing good work and the members are not unmindful of the fact.

Lewis Elbertson smokes a magnificent eighteen dollar meerschaum pipe, presented to him by the members of No. 72, as a token of the high esteem in which he is held by them. The honor is richly merited as Bro. Elbertson has served the boys faithfully since he has presided over them as Master.

Bro. Wm. J. Wheeler promises to make a Brotherhood man of the little stranger who came to his house a short time since. Enterprize No. 75 tenders the young gentleman a hearty welcome.

All members of Silver State Lodge No. 89 who are in arrears with their dues are earnestly requested, for their own good, to correspond with their Fin. Sec'y at once. His address is F. A. Ressegnie, Carlin, Nevada.

No. 36 is putting on more style than a little. They are making innumerable brags regarding the decoration of their lodge room and think they are getting ahead of the majority of lodges in this respect. We think so too!

Bro. Chas. Bennett of No. 16 and his estimable lady celebrated the fifth anniversary of their marriage on the 14th of February. It was a highly enjoyable affair and all present joined in wishing Mr. and Mrs. Bennett many happy returns.

No. 14 reports Bro. Chas. Hawley, H. Deer, Peter Staff and Al. Ensey all promoted to the right side. Brother Hawley is running a road engine and the latter three are filling the positions of engine dispatchers. We wish you success boys!

The happiest man heard from for some time, is Bro. John T. Gorman of 95. The cause may be given in a few words. Bro. G. is the proud father of a bouncing boy baby. If he

is a "chip of the old block," we predict a brilliant future for him.

Bro. John Bell of No. 7 met with quite a serious accident while on the road, which came near causing the amputation of one of his limbs. When last heard from he was convalescing and the boys are hoping to see him at his post in a short time. Later: News has again reached us from Bro. Bell. His physicians say there is little hope for his recovery. As we go to press his condition is still unchanged.

We are informed that Brother D. M. Wills of No. 22 passed a box of elegant Havana cigars among the boys at Urbana the other day, and that he was in delightful humor while engaged in the good work. But in comes Bro. Beckley and "gives it all away." D. M. has been called upon quite recently by one of the boys, who proposes to stay with him. The visitor weighs 11½ pounds, and is just the picture of John Brewer's lad, who is said to be a model of beauty. Accept our congratulations Papa Wills, and may your boy never find a "misplaced switch."

ANSWER TO QUERY.

I give the following answer to the query in the January Magazine:

Regulate the water with the heater-cock which holds it back in the tank.

F. B. A.,
Louisville, Ky.

Humorous.

"I should blush to simper" is the latest song.

An ex-press package—the girl who has jilted you.—Keokuk Gate City.

Smoking is injurious. A Toronto man was killed by falling on the stem of his pipe.

A Boston paper charges certain actors with 'fulminating trite fatuities.' No arrests were made.—Alta California.

Curiosity shop—"Oh, what a lovely vase. It's antique, is it not?" "No, ma'am, it's modern." "What a pity! it was so pretty."

Of a miserly man somebody wrote: "His head gave way, but his hand never did. His brain softened, but his heart couldn't."

A Peoria woman sneezed her jaw out of place lately, and the married men of the place have been buying snuff ever since.

"The 'American humorist' who has not

observed, when the mercury is away below zero, that "this is the time to buy thermometers—they will never be lower," has not yet been born.—Norristown Herald.

A well-dressed buckwheat cake wears a flap-jack-et, cut by us dally, with syrup trimmings.—Boston Globe.

An exchange speaks of a pig born with a trunk. We suspected it all along, for we've often seen them in the cars with a valise.—Rockland Courier.

Nautical: Husband (jokingly)—"Oh, I'm the mainstay of the family." Wife—"Yes, and the jib-boom and the—and the—" Small boy (from experience)—"And the spanker, too, mam'ma." [Applause.]

Street gamin to a friend: "Say, Billy, yer must quit goin' to variety shows every night, or people'll take you for a country member o' the Legislater."—Boston Post.

'Affianced oyster buyer,' is the latest designation for a girl's young man. The name will be changed to 'engaged ice cream purchaser' in the summer.

A red headed man recently attended a masquerade wrapped from his head to his heels in brown cloth, and with his head bare. He represented a lighted cigar.—Syracuse Herald.

'Dearest,' he murmured, ecstatically, as he folded her in his arms for the first time, 'let's sample the 'nectar of your lips.' 'Take a whole schooner of it,' she faintly whispered; 'it's all on tap.'

Our frontier must be more closely guarded. There has been something too much of Canadian weather smuggled over the border this winter.—Boston Transcript.

A Galveston man, who has a mule for sale, hearing that a friend in Houston wanted to buy a mule, telegraphed him: "Dear friend—If you are looking for a No. 1 mule don't forget me."—Galveston News.

A fashionable paper says "gathered waists are very much worn." If the men would gather the waists carefully, and not squeeze so like blazes they would not be worn so much.—Bangor Commercial.

Teacher—"John, what are your boots made of?" Boy—"Of leather." Where does the leather come from?" "From the hide of the ox." "What animal, therefore, supplies you with boots and gives you meat to eat?" "My father."—Galveston News.

'Aw, I cahn't stir out of doors without getting my pantaloons all mud,' said Chawles Augustus on Sunday. 'Neither can I,' said Arabella Jane. Chawles looked confused, and there was silence for a space of seventeen minutes.

Two country fellows stop before the window of a hat store and view with admiration a hat having a little mirror at the bottom. 'Why do they put a looking-glass at the bottom of the hat?' asked one. 'So the man who buys it can see whether it fits him,' replied the other.—Parisian joke.

Tableau Vivant—Bridegroom (to his little sister-in-law at the breakfast)—'Well, Julie, you've got a new brother, now.—Enfant terrible—'Yes; and ma said the other day to pa, she didn't think he was much account only it looked like Lottie's last chance!' (Great clatter of knives, forks and spoons.)—Punch.

'Unhappily married? I should think I was!' cried the burlesque actress. "Why, he

doesn't beat me, does't come home drunk, doesn't squander my earnings! I haven't the slightest excuse for getting a divorce, and I'm afraid I shall never make a name in the world.'

Lacking in urbanity.—Johnson certainly was a gruff old fellow. While he was talking very learnedly one of the company laughed. Thoroughly indignant Johnson turned on him and said: 'What provokes your risibility, sir? Have I said anything that you can understand? If I have I ask pardon from the rest of the company.'

'Your daughter has treated me very curt—' And the young man was lifted by the paternal boot from the door of his girl's house to the middle of the road. He rose as quick as he could, and mildly explained that he hadn't finished the word, which was 'courteously;' and Alphonso was taken under the inhospitable roof once more, had his pantaloons mended, was done up in salve, and then sent home to his ma in a cab. Thus is true greatness rewarded and impetuosity rebuked.

A GRAVE MISTAKE.—'Boy,' said a lawyer who had just dismissed a bill collector with a thousand promises, 'haven't I told you over and over not to let any one into my private office unless he told you he wanted my legal services?' 'But I thought he wanted 'em,' protested the boy. 'He said he had a bill against a deadbeat, and I supposed he wanted to give you fifty per cent. for collection.'

A Southern darkey recently made application for a divorce from his wife. When asked on what ground he demanded a divorce he explained as follows: "De ground of dis occasion is sufficient enough. When I rented ten acres and worked one mule, I married a woman suitable for de occasion. Now I rent sixty acres of land an' work five mules. My first wife is a mighty good ten-acre wife, but she don't suit de occasion ob sixty acres. I needs a woman what can spread more.

A jolly old fellow came down from the mountains just before Christmas, to spend the holidays at Sacramento. Becoming tired of footing it about the city, he got into a street-car, and when shown by the driver the box in which he should deposit his fare, he dropped therein a trade dollar. Then he demanded his change, but the driver informed him he could not give him any unless he had paid the coin to him. For a time the old fellow was in a dilemma. His dollar was in the box and he had no show to get it out. Finally he solved the problem of getting even with the railroad company by notifying the

driver that he would use up the money he put in the box in rides. This he did by remaining on the car for twenty trips, and, armed with a flask of whiskey and a lunch of crackers and cheese, the old fellow had a picnic all to himself.—[Sacramento Bee.

The other morning a newsboy, who had a big quid of tobacco in his mouth, offered a paper to a gentleman entering the City Hall. 'I'll buy it if you'll throw that tobacco out of your mouth,' said the gentleman; the boy hesitated, looked up and down and finally replied: 'Three of the boys was a-chewin' this before it come to me, and I've promised to turn it over to a friend of mine at 10 o'clock sharp. I don't dare throw it away, but if you'll buy the paper I'll deliver the quid 15 minutes ahead of time!'

FUNNY DEFINITIONS OF 329.—Mr. Chas. A. L. Goldey, of New York City, on October 18th, 1880, was the speaker of the evening at a large Republican gathering at Sayville, Long Island. During his remarks some persons on the outskirts of the assemblage hoisted a huge canvass banner, upon which was painted in corpulent characters '329.' It was done evidently to disconcert the speaker, and some of those present were about to take the matter in hand, when Mr. Goldey in ringing tones said:

'Stop! leave that banner just as it is, and let the man that holds it hold it until I explain '329.' The 3 represents the three cardinal virtues of the Democratic party. Rum, riot and rebellion.

The 2 indicates two men who with fire and sword tried to propagate the principles of Democracy: Beauregard and Jefferson Davis. The 9 stands for the nine Congressmen from the solid South, who in December, 1880, at Washington, plotted rebellion.'

Cheer upon cheer rent the air as Mr. Goldey closed the last sentence, and the luckless banner, by reason of contact with an enthusiastic Republican torch, shrunk and turned away. A number of placards and banners with Mr. Goldey's reply have been gotten upon by some Republicans, and are conspicuously placed at many points on Long Island.

BEAUTY OF OLD PEOPLE.—Men and women make their own beauty, or their own ugliness. Lord Lytton speaks of a man "who was uglier than he had any business to be," and, if he could but read it, every human being carries his life in his face, and is good-looking, or the reverse; that life has been good or evil. On our features the fine chisels of thought and emotion are eternally at

work. Beauty is not the monopoly of blooming young men and of white and pink maids. There is a slow growing beauty, which only comes to perfection in old age. Grace belongs to no period of life, and goodness improves the longer it exists.

Mr. Greeley's Humor.

Years ago, travelers going to Canada by the way of Lake Champlain used to seek the steamboat which Captain Sherman commanded. The captain was famous for the neatness of his boat and the discipline of its crew, and for his own politeness. He was the only man whom the late Horace Greeley acknowledged to be his superior in polite behavior.

One morning, after breakfasting, Mr. Greeley, who was in a capital humor, turning to a friend, asked—

"Do you know that I claim to be the most polite man in the country?"

The friend, well aware that the celebrated editor when irritated was neither gentle in manner nor courteous in speech, replied that he was not aware that the graces of politeness were prominent among his many excellent traits.

"But I assure you," answered Greeley, with a smile that overspread his baby face—some one said that he had a philosopher's head with the face of a baby—"that I have never been beaten in politeness but once in my life." Then he told the story of his defeat.

Before the days of railroads, he left Utica, one morning, in a stage-coach. His only fellow-passenger was a gentleman of prepossessing appearance, with whom he fell into conversation.

After a while, the stranger drew a cigar-case from his pocket and offered its contents to Mr. Greeley for him to take from it a cigar. He declined the polite offer, and the conversation was resumed. Presently the gentleman, taking a cigar from the case, put it in his mouth, and returned the case to his pocket. While they were talking, he abruptly but courteously remarked to Mr. Greeley—

'I hope, sir, you have no objection to a cigar?'

'None in the world,' answered Greeley, 'when it is not alight.'

add Greeley's Humor

'Oh,' replied the gentleman. 'I had not the remotest thought of lighting it'

'Then and there,' said Mr. Greeley, laughing, 'was the only time I ever was beaten in politeness. I afterwards ascertained that my victor was the famous Captain Sherman of Lake Champlain.'

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and would offer them to our subscribers at the low figures of \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must not fail to tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head.*"

Dead Head Packages are not billed and therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

TO ALL LODGES.

Those Lodges having a surplus of rituals or constitutions and by-laws will confer a great favor on us by returning to the Grand Lodge as many of each as they can spare, in order to avoid the necessity of having new ones printed before the next convention.

We are also greatly in need of March, April and May numbers of our Magazine for 1880, and those who have any of the said numbers to spare will greatly oblige us by returning them to the Editor.

WITHDRAWALS.

- No. 89—J. W. Langer to join No. 19.
- No. 31—Wm. Spade to join No. 59.
- No. 74—C. Harrison to join No. 77.
- No. 74—John Cavanaugh to join No. 54.
- No. 14—Chas. Reeder to join No. 41.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

- No. 54—John Cavanaugh from No. 74.
- No. 59—Wm. Spade from No. 31.
- No. 77—C. E. Harrison from No. 74.
- No. 19—J. W. Langer from No. 89.
- No. 89—J. C. Grant. Withdrawn from No. 89 and re-admitted.

REINSTATEMENT.

In the February number of our Magazine we published the name of Wm. Leahy of No. 12 in the Black List as an expelled member. This was a mistake as Brother Leahy had paid up his dues and was square on the books, and he has again been reinstated in good standing.

BLACK LIST.

No. 57—George S. Crocket, W. W. Allen, Chas. Hall, Wm. Whippen, George Canfield and A. P. Gage. Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 58—J. C. Baley. Expelled for non-payment of dues.

James Rossiter. Rejected.

No. 72—John Crane. Expelled for non-payment of dues.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY AND THANKS.

At a regular meeting of Good Will Lodge No. 52 B. of L. F. held February 6, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased our heavenly Father to remove from labor to rest our most worthy Brother Jacob S. Cool, who died of injuries received from being run over by a car in Logansport yard on December 30, 1880. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we bow in humble submission to His divine will and guided by the power of love, we sincerely sympathize with the bereaved family and relatives and hereby tender to them our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow.

Resolved, That in the death of Brother J. S. Cool, the B. of L. F. has lost a true and worthy member.

Resolved, That the thanks of this lodge be tendered to all friends who assisted us in the funeral of our late Brother.

Resolved, That the thanks of this lodge also be extended to the officers of the C. C. & I. C. R. R. for acts of kindness shown friends of deceased.

Resolved, That we drape our lodge room and charter for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased Brother, and that they be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

RICHARD WARNER,
RICHARD AUSTIN,
MART. W. JAMISON, } Com.

Logansport, Ind., Feb. 6, 1881.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Feb. 1, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 35, held in their hall, Jan 30, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Bro. Wm. Beemer, W. S. Baker, F. Gross and H. J. Hale, for their assistance in moving the lodge furniture into the new hall and decorating the latter artistically.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to each of the above brothers and that they be published in the Magazine.

A. FLEASER, }
J. BRONSON, } Com.
C. BURK, }

LAFAYETTE, IND., Jan. 23, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36 the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to our worthy brother, S. M. Stevens, G. O. and I. for a fine photograph of himself, which now adorns the walls of our lodge room.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to S. M. Stevens, G. O. and I. and that they be printed in the Magazine.

At the same meeting the following resolutions were also adopted:

Resolved, That we tender Mrs. Beemer, wife of our esteemed Bro. Wm. Beemer, our heartfelt thanks for her kindness in making a cushion for and trimming our altar in the lodge room.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Mrs. Beemer and that they be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

H. J. HALE, }
WM. WADHAM, } Com.
W. S. BAKER, }

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

At a regular meeting of Hawkeye Lodge No. 27, B. of L. F., held in their hall, at Cedar Rapids, Ia., the following preamble and resolutions, expressing sorrow, at the death of our late Brother George W. McClelland, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of the Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved Brother George W. McClelland, we bow in humble submission to the will of the Grand Master, whose providence is based upon infinite wisdom, and

WHEREAS, In the midst of our fraternity, one bright star has ceased to shine, we as a body have suffered an irreparable loss and his wife a kind and affectionate husband. Bro. McClelland was called from among us to that home, whence no traveler returns, December 22, 1880, at Rockford, Ia. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we truly regret the loss of

our friend and brother and will ever cherish and respect his memory.

Resolved, That we tender our sympathy to the wife and parents, in this, their unexpected bereavement, trusting that the All Wise who has called from them an affectionate husband and dutiful son, will be a friend to the widow and parents.

Resolved, That we tender our thanks to Mr. C. J. Ives, Gen'l Sup't., for his kindness in furnishing us with a special train, for the purpose of conveying the members of our lodge and their families from Cedar Rapids to Greene and return, to attend the funeral.

Resolved That we also tender a vote of thanks to Mr. John C. Fox, Train Master; Mr. A. Meacham, Engineer, Bro. Stephen Strang, Fireman, Mr. Count Price, Conductor, and Messrs. Warner and Choate, Brakeman, for volunteering to run a special train on Bro. McClelland's burial day.

To. R. W. Bushnell, M. M., G. Y. Smith, Bro. E. L. Day, Bro. E. D. Eckman and wife, to our Worthy Master, W. C. Byers and the kind people of Rockford, do we also owe our sincere thanks, for assistance so willingly granted. And be it lastly

Resolved, That our hall and charter be draped in mourning for the space of 30 days; that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, for publication and a copy of same presented to the widow of our deceased brother.

W. C. BYERS, }
E. L. DAY, } Com.
C. W. PHELPS, }
M. W. CAREY, }
WALTER MUNN, }

Cedar Rapids, Jan. 8, 1881.

STRATFORD, ONT., Feb. 7, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Avon Lodge No. 38, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God in His wisdom to remove from her home on earth, to that on High, the mother of our worthy Brother, James McLellan. Therefore be it

Resolved, That the members of Avon Lodge No. 38, tender to our afflicted Brother and his sister, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their hour of tribulation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to our Brother and his sister, and sent to the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine for publication.

D. ROSS, }
C. WELAND, } Com.
F. MINGAY, }

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES,

Officers, and Their Post-Office Address.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

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Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,
Los. Angeles, Cal.
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Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
W. N. Tibbetts.....Grand Outer Guard,
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J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,
265 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

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C. R. Raymond, box 18.....Fort Gratiot, Mich
L. L. Parker, jr.....East Cambridge, Mass
72 Cambridge street.
F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky
505 Washington street.
John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Chicago, Ills.
John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn
Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Ter

LODGES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. address, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I.; meets in Engineers Hall, 26 Exchange Place, 1st Wednesday and 3rd Tuesday evenings of each month at 7:30.
Geo. D. Oliver, 7 Meeting street.....Master
A. P. Greene, 47 Bernon st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
T. R. Powers, 20 Park st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, at Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Union Hall, 2d floor, Cor. 4th and Grove streets, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
Fred Green.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt
4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.; meets in Enquirers' Hall, Cor. Temple and Congress streets, every Sunday at 2 p. m.
C. B. Pearson, 27 St. Lawrence St.....Master
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.....Rec. Sec'y
Maurice Lynch, 16 St. Lawrence St. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Johnson, Grand Trunk Dpt., Mag. Agt
5. UNION, at Gallon, Ohio. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at Engineers Hall.
A. Jenkinson.....Master
Theo. Wooley.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master
P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y
J. C. Graham, 487 C st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent
No. 420 12th st. s. w.
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
E. L. Colt, Piqua Shops.....Master
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Evans, Piqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master
Josh. L. Clark, 73 Woodbine st.....Rec. Sec'y

- M. S. Laughlin, Care of 6 Fruit st., Fin. Sec'y
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st. Mag. Ag't
11. **EXCELSIOR**, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
J. S. Gorgas.....Rec. Sec'y
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. **BUFFALO**, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
James Hayes, 170 Seneca street.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st. Mag. Ag't
14. **EUREKA**, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13½ E. Washington street.
S. M. Stevens.....Master
J. A. Tweedie, 233 E. Washington st. Rec. Sec'y
Chas. N. Zepp, 83 Malott ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Stafr.....Magazine Agent
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
James I. Southard, 332 N. 14th st.....Master
E. V. Debs, City Clerk's office.....Rec. Sec'y
E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y
A. J. Mullen, City Clerk's office.....Mag. Ag't
17. **OLD POST**, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
C. A. Cripps.....Master
Chas. Kunz.....Rec. Sec'y
Byron Robinson.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. **WEST END**, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.
C. M. Stone.....Master
L. M. Eldridge.....Rec. Sec'y
R. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y
box 160, Rood House, Ills.
Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't
box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. **TRUCKEE**, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
Thomas Yeargin, box 8.....Master
L. E. Enos do.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Purcell do.....Fin. Sec'y
Fred. Murray do } Magazine Ag'ts
M. Coyle do }
20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
C. Traver.....Master
C. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Shields, box 470.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
Wm. J. Edy.....Master
Geo. W. Ragland.....Rec. Sec'y
John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
L. E. Beckley, do.....Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, do.....Fin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, do.....Magazine Ag't
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehr's Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.
J. W. Richardson, 286 Wenzel St.....Master
Chas. Hahn, 231 Franklin st.....Rec. Sec'y
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y
P. Powers, 82 Story ave.....Mag. Agent
25. **CONNECTING LINK**, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
R. S. Pike.....Master
J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Russell.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternately Sundays at 2 p. m., at Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Phelps.....Fin. Sec'y
Pat McGuire, box 562.....Magazine Ag't
28. **BLKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.
M. B. Tarkington, box 177.....Master
H. J. Clark, " ".....Rec. Sec'y
Thomas C. Brown, " 114.....Fin. Sec'y
John N. Bonner, " 189.....Mag. Ag't
29. **CERRO GORDO**, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
A. H. Tucker.....Master
W. B. Keith, box 167.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays in each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
Jno. Graves.....Master
A. H. Girard, box 795.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y
J. McNeill.....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday on the corner of Sixth and Commercial streets.
Harry C. Davies.....Master
John I. Steel, box 145.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Benedict, Look box 326, Fin. Sec'y
Peter Lahey.....Mag.
Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. **BORDER**, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.
C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan.....Master
C. McCourtie do do.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Walsh, box 197, Ellis, Kan.....Fin. Sec'y
J. McKenna, box 77, do.....Mag. Ag't
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.
R. J. McCool, box 307.....Master
M. Perdue.....Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Stamper, box 242.....Fin. Sec'y
Anthony Roth.....Magazine Agent

34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 W. M. Cowles.....Master
 Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. E. Howell.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. T. Post, box 388.....Mag. Ag't
35. AMBOY, Amboy, Ill.; meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Wm. H. Dean.....Master
 Henry Schermerhorn, box 345.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. M. Palmer, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Williams, do.....Mag. Ag't
36. TIPPECANOE, Lafayette, Ind.; meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. E. Hall, corner Fourth and Terry streets, Wallace Block.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
 W. S. Baker, 113 Grover St.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. J. Hale, care of 161 Union St.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Mag. Ag't
37. NEW HOPE, Centralia, Ill.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
 M. B. Willard, box 202.....Master
 F. M. James, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y
 M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't
38. AVON, Stratford, Ontario; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
 Daniel Ross, box 389.....Master
 F. Mingay, box 108.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. Flaherty, box 389.....Fin. Sec'y
 Geo. Jeffery, do.....Magazine Ag't
40. BLOOMING, Bloomington, Ill.; meets in Engineers' hall every Tuesday night.
 John A. Casey, C. & A. en. house.....Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 918 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house.....Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 918 W. Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, Cincinnati, O.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall.
 H. P. Lewis.....Master
 57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Thos. N. Eller.....Rec. Sec'y
 Chas. C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
 Thos. N. Eller, ".....Fin. Sec'y
 Gardiner Horricks.....} mag. Ag'ts
 H. P. Lewis.....}
 Chas. Rerder.....}
 C. H. & D. en house, Cincinnati, O.
42. KENNESAW, Atlanta, Georgia; meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
 H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Webb, do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. ST. JOSEPH, St. Joseph, Mo.; meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every 2d and 4th Sundays in each month.
 Richard Morris.....Master
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Rec. Sec'y
 D. C. Pierce.....Fin. Sec'y
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
 K. C. S. J. & C. B. shops.
44. F. W. ARNOLD, East St. Louis, Ill. meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
 J. L. Benedick.....Master
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y
 H. Whittlesey.....Mag. Agent
45. ROSE CITY, Little Rock, Ark.; meets every Monday at 7:50 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
 Fred H. Blinn, box 648.....Rec. Sec'y
 Frank A. Richardson, box 648.....Fin. Sec'y
 P. F. Robison.....Magazine Agent
 620 Pulaski street, Little Rock, Ark.
46. CAPITAL, Springfield, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
 W. R. Whitcomb, box 1,126.....Master
 G. D. Partington do.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. H. Knotts do.....Fin. Sec'y
 Louis Smith do.....Magazine Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, Chicago, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
 W. E. Burnes, 1,325 Michigan ave.....Master
 J. Mylett, 1,412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. Glover, 1,538 Michigan ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 M. Gepper, 1,350 State st.....Mag. Ag't
49. JOHN M. RAYMOND, Decatur, Ill.; meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
 Wm. Felton.....Master
 A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Andrew Sheridan.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Felton.....Mag. Ag't
50. GARDEN CITY, Chicago, Ill.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 4,815 State street.
 J. Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Master
 Henry J. Strong, 4,658 State st.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. R. Parker, 4,703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. S. Barrows, 4,532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Ag't
51. FRONTIER CITY, Oswego, N.Y.; meets every Thursday at 2:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Master
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Burns.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. J. Boynton.....Magazine Agent
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
 Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master
 J. W. Stevens do.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. W. Jamison do.....Fin. Sec'y
 B. B. Ide do.....Magazine Ag't
54. ANCHOR, Moberly, Mo.; meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.
 John Mummert, box 137.....Master
 Geo. R. Stacy, box 320.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. R. Stacy do.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, Memphis, Tenn.; meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
 Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops.....Master
 Michael Cady do.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops.
 John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
 Edward Fuchs, do }

57. BOSTON, Boston, Mass.; meets 1st Wednesday at 7:30 p. m. and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10:30 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
 Geo. H. Abbott.....Master
 50½ Hudson street, Boston, Mass.
 Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y
 9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
 Wm. H. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
 14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
 Wm. A. Pembroke.....Mag. Ag'ts
 North River Engine House,
 Danversport, Mass.,
 A. W. Spurr, 278 Ruggles street,
 Boston, Mass., }
58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California;
 meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month
 at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over
 Trott's Hotel.
 A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. H. Curtis, do.....Magazine
 A. E. Brown, Sacramento, Cal., } Agents
59. ROYAL GORGE, South Pueblo, Colo-
 rado; meets every Saturday night.
 Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
 H. S. Hinman ".....Rec. Sec'y
 John Daley, ".....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Kinney, ".....Mag. Ag't
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in
 Dover Hall, 2,204 Marshall st., the 1st
 and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Paul Walker.....Master
 A. B. Collom, 2,206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, 2,510 Aldr st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, ".....Mag. Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, St. Paul, Minn.; meets
 every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., at
 Druids Hall.
 C. Montgomery.....Master
 St. P. & M. M. shops.
 J. H. Sawyer, 84 Oak st.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y
 C. Simks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, Carbondale, Pa.; meets
 every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month
 in Odd Fellows Hall.
 John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
 Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
 P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
 John Moyle, box 229.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, Danville, Ills.; meets the
 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 2
 o'clock p. m., at the southeast corner of
 the Public Square.
 W. C. Goodrich.....Master
 C. J. McGee, box 772.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. J. McGee, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. C. Goodrich.....Magazine Agent
65. FORT RIDGELY, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.;
 meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
 Thomas Burke.....Master
 J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
 John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
 Huron, Dakota Territory.
67. DOMINION, Toronto, Can.; meets every
 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occi-
 dent Hall, Queen street.
 John Scott, 26 Vananley st.....Master
- M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Johnson, 51 Vanant st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel,
 corner King and Brock sts.....Mag. Ag't
69. HURON, Fort Gratiot, Mich.; meets 1st
 and 3d Sundays, over Postoffice.
 Thomas W. Lord, box 13.....Master
 C. Macklow, ".....Rec. Sec'y
 C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek,
 Michigan.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. French, box 13.....Magazine Ag't
70. LONE STAR, Marshall, Texas; meets in
 Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday
 of each month.
 C. Greenwood.....Master
 J. Moynihan.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. A. Christman.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. Chappel.....Magazine Ag'ts
 T. Canant.....
71. CAPITAL CITY, Albany, N Y; meets
 every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th
 Friday nights, at 281 Green st
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st.....Master
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union st.....Rec. Sec'y
 D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent
 231 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. WELCOME, Camden, N. J.; meets in
 Sellsfielder's Hall, corner Third and
 Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays
 of each month.
 Lewis Elbertson, 423 Henry st.....Master
 Wm. Cowls, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Harry Higgins ".....Mag. Ag't
73. BAY STATE, Worcester, Mass.; meets
 every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's
 Block, Room 3.
 James W. Mead, 84 Grafton st.....Master
 Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.....Mag. Ag't
74. KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.; meets
 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between
 Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
 John Fleming, 1,325 St. Louis ave.....Master
 Archie Clark, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. D. Clinton, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. Murray, 1630 Liberty St., west, Mag. Ag't
75. ENTERPRISE, West Philadelphia, Pa.;
 meets every other Sunday afternoon, at
 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
 Henry Walton, 3,845 Warren st.....Master
 Frank Dupell, 3,821 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4,906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Ag't
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col.;
 meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30
 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and
 14 Halliday street, lock box 1,588.
 George Monahan, lock box 1,588.....Master
 W. F. Hynes, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 Thomas Hynes, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 Hynes Bros., No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Ag'ts
79. CUMBERLAND, Nashville, Tenn.; meets
 every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at
 Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
 Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master
 John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y

- Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Ag't
82. NORTH WESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.; meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. F. Canney.....Master
Care Minn. Eastern Office.
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y
1,309 5th street, south.
S. T. Browne, 1,712 7th st., south.....Fin. Sec'y
A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb.; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month at M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Fernham.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
U. P. Round House.
Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th st
85. FARGO, Fargo, D. T.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 64 Front st.
John Burnes box 1,798.....Master
Arthur Bassett, box 1,798.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. BLACK HILLS, Laramie, W. T.; meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Master
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Magazine Agent
87. SUMMIT, Rawlins, W. T.; meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham, box 88.....Fin. Sec'y
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, Evanston, W. T.; meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
A. D. Gould.....Master
Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, Carlin, Nev.; meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Resseignie.....Master
D. E. Bussford.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Resseignie.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, West Oakland, Cal.; meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month, corner 7th and Chester streets.
E. T. Green.....Master
A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y
E. L. Pratt, 1768 Eighth street.....Fin. Sec'y
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal.; meets every 1st and 3d Wednesdays at King's Hall, Missouri street, between 17th and 18th.
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
- F. A. Griggs, 111 10th st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
John McGrath, 212 16th st.....Mag. Ag't
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa; meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
T. A. Seig.....Master
Frank Miller, box 1,405.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Seig.....Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, Keokuk, Iowa; meets in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
94. CACTUS, Tucson, Arizona Ty.
J. C. Spahr, box 224.....Master
Frank Simpson do.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. Fetterly do.....Mag. Ag't
95. CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Kellard, 218 Fulton st.....Master
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
157 N. Halstead st.
James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
152 N. Sangamon st.
James Leahy.....Magazine Ag't
74 N. Sangamon street.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, Hall on Preston street, between Eutaw and Madison streets.
L. V. Tipton.....Master
corner Jefferson and Shirk st
John O'Neill, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock, Green Mount ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave. near Shirk street, corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. ORANGE GROVE, Los Angeles, Cal.. meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes.....Master
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
Robert Hunt.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Vogelsang, S. P. R. R.....Magazine Agent
98. PERSEVERANCE, Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m., at City Hall.
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. WABASH, Peru, Ind; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, box 316.....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. ADAIR, Bowling Green, Ky.; meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon.....Master
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

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No. 4

THE OLD ENGLAND VERSUS THE NEW.

BY JULIA A. EASTMAN.

There had always been a Rebecca in the Saint Cyr family. The gallery at Rose Hill had a portrait of a Lady Rebecca of the time of the Second Stuart; a rare young creature, having the sunlight tangled in her hair, and the fates of men in the dusk of her brooding eyes. Of the present generation she had been grandmother with how many 'great' prefixes, I know not. But the Rebecca Saint Cyr of to-day had her golden hair, her sad, bright, southern eyes; the brightness all on the surface, the sadness forever lurking in some deep place, away back; and she wore the old face, if not the old title.

'Lady, by the grace of God!' murmured the family doctor, one day, when he met Rebecca in satin sheen, sweeping down the hall, at Rose Hill; saw her bow to master and servant, regally to the one, most gently sweet to the other. And from that hour it suited the idiosyncrasy of the old man to mention his favorite always as 'My Lady Rebecca.'

The specialty of Rebecca Saint Cyr's beauty, and that which distinguished her among the daughters of men, was not her height, although that was queenly; it was not her grace, although that was faultless; nor the soft contour of her uplifted face; nor the crown of her braided hair, luminous as no crown of royalty has been or will ever be. Any one of these might have furnished capital wherewith an ordinary woman could have sustained a reputation for comeliness. But all of these were lost in the glories of her chief charm. This was, this specialty a certain brilliancy, not of tint, for she had no color, but of light; a lambent brightness overspreading her features, as of some inner glow that shone through; or, as I thought the first time I saw her, like a light reflected upon

whiteness. It reminded one of the soft sheen of a white dove's breast, and it was as far removed from pallor as is the vivid vitality of a just-opened lily-petard from dead marble. Besides, this peculiarity was enhanced by the lustre of the satin dresses Rebecca was so fond of wearing; a fondness, born not of art or coquetry, but of a natural affinity for the softness which enters into thin warps and woofs; dresses of neutral tints, delicate fawns, silver-grays, or faintest blush, as of the last sunset cloud. Satin and lace were the staples of her rare toilets, let the styles be what they would. Indeed, my first glimpse of Rebecca Saint Cyr was at a stately dinner-party, where, in obedience to a recent fulmination from Paris, the ladies wore an accumulation of high, towering puffs, and plaits, and supplemented their skirts with, I know not what, cut and slashed flounces, piled on to every inch of available space, from throat to foot: In comes my Lady Rebecca, a trifle late, her Clytie face gleaming like a white star in the shadowy distance, crowned with the gold of her own hair, and robed in creamy satin, that spread away in rich, unbroken folds from the curves of her waist to the hem of the train. No ornaments, save the lace, whose fine tracery had pencilled its pattern on the fair arms of the Lady Rebecca in A. D. 1600, and not a trace of color anywhere, save where the rubies of the same ancestor burned blood-red on neck and wrists. Of course, she was the sensation of the evening. She always was that; for, although women sneered, 'and couldn't understand why it was,' although all admirers were treated with the same high courtesy which kept them at a distance as no frosts of *hauteur* could have done; although she would signalize no mortal man by special favor, still Rebecca Saint Cyr made the nucleus of attraction in every circle which she entered. But nowhere was she so charming as at home. Rose Hill is one of the old-family mansions in America. It overlooks

a wide-mouthed river, near its confluence. A vast stairway, hewn from the solid rocks, and having its balustrades smothered in roses, rises from the river-bank to the tree-shadowed entrance of the house. The upper windows of the southern turret command glimpses of the Sound, and, on the horizon, the low shore of Long Island stretching away toward sunrise and sunset. A rare old place, whose every room was filled with wafts of fragrance, and whose every window-pane framed in a picture.

And now to Rose Hill, across continents, and oceans, and miles of land, and leagues of sea, there came, not 'a fairy prince, with joyful eyes,' but a young Englishman, a friend of Starwood Saint Cyr, and at present holding the honorable place of Governor-General of Her Majesty's province, the island of British Cypri. Many guests were entertained at Rose Hill, and I never heard that any notable phenomena in heaven or earth heralded the advent of this one. But I do know that Rebecca Saint Cyr had frozen herself into a double armor of ice for the occasion; and also that the guest had indured himself with a panoply of defense such as young men of his nationality are wont to wear, when coming face to face with people of other countries, particularly of these United States.

'I warn you, Dacre!' cried Tom Digby, as he stood beside his friend, who was even then in traveling gear, ready for his transit. 'You are going among the Phillistines. Remember Samson!'

'Ah, yes, thanks! But I know these daughters of these Phillistines. I have been privileged to meet plenty of them, for there is not a ruin on the continent of Europe where their brisk little boots have not left their footprints, nor an old palace that doesn't echo to their shrill voices. If there is anything in life that I detest to the very end, it is a loud-talking woman.'

'I know; but, old fellow, I have my misgivings. My prophetic soul beholds you conveying one of these irrepressible females to be presented at court. They are perilously beguiling, Dacre, these Yankee girls.'

'Tom! Is thy servant ——'

'A muff? Not a bit of it. But, Dacre, hasn't Star a sister?'

'Saint Cyr? Yes. I dare say. I don't know. Some little school-girl, doubtless, who will say 'Yes, sir,' and blush when she is spoken to.'

'And begin all her remarks with 'Well,' and arrive at every conclusion with a 'guess.' Or, worse yet, she may be a female in enfran-

chised pantaletts, who will harangue you to your chamber door on the wrongs of her race, and bring a petition on female suffrage for your signing.'

'I shall sign it, never fear, or anything else to get rid of her, be sure of that. Here is the train. Good-bye.'

Meantime, this is what had passed at Rose Hill.

'I depend on you, Rebecca,' Starwood Saint Cyr said to his sister, 'to do away with Dacre's prejudice against our American ladies. He is a complete John Bull in that respect. For my sake, smile on him.'

'For your sake, dear, I would do anything.' And over the proud, uplifted face shone the sweetness of Rebecca's rare smile; its sweetness all for the brother in the flesh beside her; the pride all for the brother in humanity so many removes away. 'But it will scarcely be possible to convince me of my mission,' she continued, 'to convert a Briton from his obduracy.'

'He must be more heathen than his Druid ancestors were, if he can retain his obduracy after once beholding you. Besides, Dacre knows nothing about us over here.'

'Will he expect me to meet him in war-paint and feathers?'

Star muttered, 'Nonsense,' and turned away, but a light step pursued him. His sister twined her arm in his, and though the aillery glanced in her eyes still, she exclaimed frankly.

'Seriously, though, my dear Star, you don't imagine I would be rude to a friend of yours?'

'I don't know,' blurted out this matter-of-fact brother. 'I never know what you may choose to do in the way of a refrigerator when a friend of my own age is in the question.'

'Star! Have I deserved this of you?'

'Yes, my dear, most undisputably you have. Think of poor Bert Vaille, and of Jaynes, and Rainoe, and ——'

'Please, Star!'

'Well, then, I tell you, if Earle Dacre were his own grandfather, or a wailing infant, I should be sure of your clemency; for never was there a creature born with so great a fondness as yours for old men and babies. If Dacre were maudlin or helpless, why then ——'

'Why, then, that would alter the case materially. By-the-by, when is this luminary to rise on our benighted horizon?'

'Dacre is coming next Wednesday, if that is what you mean. And I should like to be able to expect that my sister would remember, at

least, what is due from a hostess to her guest.'

'Dear, I will try to remember, when he comes; that is, if I live until that time, which I positively shan't, if you are so solemn and cross with me. There, there! Oh! ple-e-ase——' for her brother had seized her round the waist, and was showering, or rather storming, kisses upon, brow, cheek, chin and neck. 'Dear, do stop! Your penitentials are worse than your offendings. Look at my hair.'

It was all shaken down. Starwood, who adored those waving, never-curling locks, was flooding them over face, and shoulders, and arms, until they covered his sister nearly to her knees. She had sunk down, laughing, as Rebecca Saint Cyr never laughed, save with her brother. She was half reclining on a stone bench of the great stairway, and Star was pelting her with the roses, when a voice close at hand spoke,

'I beg your pardon, Saint Cyr. How are you?'

'Dacre, by Jove!'

Yes, there he stood, the young John Bull; the Governor-General of British Cypria; the blonde giant, with his brown beard, smiling down on the frolic from out his blue eyes.

'My sister, Miss Saint Cyr. Rebecca, this is Dacre.'

Rebecca blushed her rare blush, which touched her cheeks with fire, and left the rest of her face in its white calm. Then she stood up to her height before him, like an avenging goddess, proud and cold, with hair flung backward. The greetings were said in the fewest words. After that she rushed, raging, to her room.

'To think of my meeting that man like a wild Indian, with all my hair down!' she cried, when she met Star a half hour later in the hall.

Her brother laughed in a fashion right brotherly.

'It was rather *a la* Apache,' he said. 'Forgive me; but it served you right for slandering the poor Indian, as you had been doing ten minutes before.'

The next time Earle Dacre beheld Rebecca, she was seated at the breakfast-table; for all this happened before eight o'clock in the morning, and the guest had come by the night-boat from New York.

'You have a charming place here.'

Dacre, unfolding his napkin as he spoke, sent a glance alive with enthusiasm across the daintily-appointed table, out through an open bay-window, where a Wistaria strung its great purple-heathed blooms;

out and away down the rose-balustraded stair-way to the river. The sails gleamed in the early sun; the stream lay broad and black, and bright; and the opposite shore spread far and wide its green and elm-adorned reaches.

'A charming old place,' he repeated. But Rebecca made no reply.

Star, to whom the remark had *not* been addressed, took it upon himself, in default of other response, to answer.

'Old for New England, new for the Old England;' and Rebecca, from behind her gleaming silver, and tinted egg-shell china, at last remarked,

'One of your own writers has told us that there is no 'ancient lineage' even in Great Britain.'

'What!' cried Dacre. 'You read D'Israeli here? In these wilds of the New World?'

'We read him, and agree with him,' answered Rebecca, in her softest and clearest tones.

'D'Israeli is one of my sister's heroes,' said Star.

'He is very un-English—out and out a Jew.'

Rebecca's face tingled. She chose to believe herself 'wounded in the house of her friend,' when her favorite author and political leader was maligned. Therefore, she made the only reply possible to her, to-wit, silence, with eyes downcast, and lashes measuring their length on her cheeks.

Later in the day she said to her brother,

'He is rude, Star. You may be very fond of him, but I assure you there is a stupid obstinacy about that type of the English which is intolerable. D'Israeli un-English! I think he is.' And she walked into her own room, and straight across to where a picture hung, a pale face, with its light all in the eyes. They flashed from under a wealth of dark curls. Rebecca contemplated it a while, and then, out of the prodigality of her enthusiasm, she took a volume from her shelves and sat down. It was Contarini Flemming.

Poor Star! Pen fails me to describe the sufferings he endured during the next week in the self-imposed office of mediator.

'Apropos of this sister of Star's,' wrote Dacre to Tom Digby. 'She is pretty enough, but a prig. The most frozen, persistent, set-up creature that ever existed. I've no need to remember your warning, for I am not in my lady's books at all. So I am safe from this Delilah.'

'I do think, as your guest, Star, that this person might refrain at least from insult at our table,' Rebecca said to her brother, the

third day after Dacre's arrival. The key-note had been wrong, and all had gone wrong from the moment of his coming. Miss Saint Cyr, as she spoke, was standing on the landing of the stairs, prettier than ever, in a white morning-dress and a great garden-hat.

'I don't know what you mean by insult,' said Star.

'I mean that man's story of those vulgar Lowell people who made themselves so ridiculous in Rome. We all know the country is full of vulgar persons, but so is England, and to bring up an American family for mockery at our table, was surely an indirect insult to us all.'

'So far indirect, that it doesn't touch us at all, in my opinion. However, you and I never shall agree on this topic. I move we abandon it.'

'Certainly.'

She stood upon the landing. The wide brim of her hat threw her face into shadow, and over her head rose a figure carved in stone, which lifted a finger of beckoning or welcome toward the house. It was a pearl of days, blue above and green below, and the air filled with that most subtle of all sweet-nesses, the perfume of many odors in one—the scent of honeysuckle, of rose, of clover, and of fruit-orchards, all combined in one great cloud of overwhelming and joyous fragrance. Rebecca, like most delicately-formed women, was exquisitely susceptible to perfumes, and as she leaned there against the carved statue, the morning wind brought up from far below the suggestion of a bloom lovelier and sweeter than the rest. She started forward with a quick, eager in breathing, and cried to her little nephew, who just then came down the path.

'Bertie, get your basket and come down to the river with me. The wild grape is in blossom. I smell the flowers away at this distance. Come.'

Together they went, the fair woman and the beautiful child, hand in hand, down the wide, rose-embosomed stair. From the shade of a larch, withdrawn a few paces in the grove that bounded the lawn on the southern side, a pair of eyes watched them go. Dacre had, quite unintentionally, been both spectator and auditor of the last scene between brother and sister. It did not serve to increase his affability. Indeed, I am sure that the annoyances which Rebecca bore during the next four days were far from being imaginary.

'Star,' said Dacre, one morning 'Come to the White Mountains with me.

'You are not going to the White Mountains, Dacre; at least, not at present?'

'Thank you; but I must go. It is delightful here.' A courteous gesture in the direction of a work-basket and a sewing-chair at the opposite end of the piazza.

Rebecca, who was stitching a delicate collar, went on stitching. Her eyes were down, her head was bent, and a sunbeam slanted across her hair.

'Very delightful; but I find I cannot make my plans agree to a longer stay.'

Starwood's honest face took upon itself a shadow of disappointment. Rebecca looked placid and resigned, and there was a tinge of antagonism in her mood. Presently Earle Dacre rose and sauntered down by the flower-garden walk to the Laurel Terrace. Leo, the great house-dog, went close behind, following, as he persisted in doing, whenever the guest moved, with his grand, swinging gait.

'I never knew Leo so fond of a stranger,' said Rebecca, as she glanced at the two, who stood looking off at the river, the meadows, and the blue hill beyond.

'Rebecca, I solemnly affirm that I believe this to be your doing. Earle would have stayed longer if——'

The brother heaved a mighty sigh. The sister echoed it, and ejaculated,

'I am sorry, Star.'

'So am I.'

Dacre's departure had been fixed for the next day, and, because of that, possibly Rebecca's manner was more affable, that afternoon.

'Mr. Dacre,' she said, 'my brother has been called away, and therefore will be unable to ride to 'The W.' with you, as he promised. However, if you will avail yourself of my guidance, it is at your service.'

'Thanks. How kind of you,' was the amazed and amazing response. 'Nothing could be more delightful.'

'The W.' was a spot six miles north of Rose Hill, where the river made three acute angles forming the letter W. The bank at this point was a very steep bluff, higher than Rose Hill, wooded from head to foot, and commanding a charming view of near vale and far-away mountains.

The horses were brought at four o'clock Rebecca, in a habit of darkest green, stood biting the amber head of her whip. She had pledged herself to her brother, as an affable woman, for this ride; and Dacre was amazed at the power of conversation which was revealed to him now for the first time; more amazed to note that through it all—gay anecd-

dote, sprightly question, and quick reply—through it all, the distance between them increased instead of diminishing. For true as the truth itself it is, that there is a dignity of smiles infinitely more impressive than the dignity of cynicism.

Home they came, through the golden summer afternoon; home by a serpentine road, that ran along the summit of the bluff. Under shade, and over shadows, cantered the horses. The sun was low; high above a pale moon rode the heavens; longer every instant grew the shadows, and the bluff gloomed athwart miles of low-lying meadow; upon the landscape, here and there, a cloud-phantom lay soft: while, in this hour of the near twilight, all the sweet June air grew tender. Dacre looked around to Rebecca. Her face was turned away, and only the rounded cheek, with slightest suggestions of a profile, was visible; but even this, in its calm, Clysian contour, touched his imagination. In some mysterious way it tallied with his mood; it suited the waning light, the deepening shadow, the tender air. It was a slight ascent, the road narrow, and the paces easy canter. Suddenly, at this moment, when his rider was completely off his guard, the reins lying loosely on his neck, the horse beneath Dacre shied viciously at a white rabbit glancing through the thicket. English born and bred, Dacre was a good horseman; but the best horsemen are sometimes careless in their seat. The next moment he was on the ground.

'Oh!' cried Rebecca, 'I am so sorry. I am ashamed of Dan! How could he be so uncivil? And you are hurt?'

Not another word. She had dismounted, and was by Dacre's side in an instant, bending over him, no language on her lips, but all possibilities of kindly sympathy in her eyes.

'It's nothing. It will be over in a moment. If you will give me your hand, I will rise, Ah! —'

He sank back, his face suddenly contorted with pain.

'Lie down an instant. There.'

Rebecca knelt so as to pillow the head of the half-swooning man. The sun dropped. The day was dead. A cool wind breathed from the river upward. There was a hush of five minutes.

'I am all right now,' said Dacre, at last. 'I'll try it again.'

Rebecca, sweetly beneficent, as if to an old man, or to a little baby, put out her two hands. Dacre clasped them and moved, but in an instant sank back again, groaning.

'I beg your pardon, but—I'm afraid my leg is broken!'

The catastrophe was upon him, there was no question about that. Her Majesty's favorite, the Governor-General of British Cypria, whom the British Cyprians delighted to honor, whose house it pleased them to mention as 'the palace,' and who, in the capital city of his province, was ministered unto with every whit of that pomp and circumstance which we witnessed at the court of Victoria herself; this hero, beloved of the gods, was even now, while his palace towered serene in the early afternoon of the Pacific Coast, here, on the other side of the Continent, was crouching down upon the earth with a broken leg! Dacre felt sure that he was one of the persons mentioned in Holy Writ 'on whom the ends of the world are come.'

And Rebecca Saint Cyr? In three minutes she had pulled a bushel of ferns, and laid them for a pillow. Her riding-skirt was fastened round her waist by a belt. Luckily she chanced to have on another dress underneath. The habit was cloth, and heavy. Her skirt she slipped off and threw it over the broken leg. The dew was falling, and the patient was in danger of getting chilled. Another moment, and she was on her horse. She picked up the reins, and sitting there very still, she spoke calmly,

'We are three miles from home. Before I have ridden half the distance, I shall meet some one, because Dan will have run into his stall riderless, and the family will be alarmed. I will be as quick as possible.'

She was gone. The moon, no longer pallid, but golden like a queen, with stars for her followers, sailed up the sky. Dacre listened. He could count the hoof-beats along the level road, farther and farther. He could catch, presently, the tread of another horse, this time coming nearer and nearer. Before he had dared expect it, steed and rider halted close at hand, and Starwood's own eager, regretful tones smote on the evening air beside him.

'A sad piece of business, this, old fellow! I'm no end sorry. I happened to be out. I saw Dan; knew there was an accident; caught him, and rode on as fast as possible.'

'Your sister? Did you meet her?'

'Rebecca? She has gone to send a carriage. She was going at a stretching gallop up Long Hill, the last I saw of her.'

Could he do nothing? Star asked. No, and thanks. So the one paced to and fro on the turf. Dan, tethered to a fence-rail, cropped

grass. The white rabbit, demon of the misadventure, peered out of the brush upon them. And Dacre? of what he was thinking? Of broken bones? Of them in part; but there was an under-current to his musings; a stratum below the sense of pain, a place where a great light seemed to shine; light of a face soft with pity and beneficently gentle, bending, out of the moon-glow, its sweetest eyes upon him. Was this, could this be, the icily affable Miss Saint Cyr?

The carriage came, and pillows; Bertie's mother with them, Mrs. Cavendish, and two men-servants. Rebecca came not. But when the carriage got back, by painful stages, to Rose Hill; when poor Dacre, more dead than alive, was lifted out, there stood the daughter of the house, lamp in hand, the glow of it making a luminous sphere in the surrounding dark, and in the middle of this light stood a woman in a white *neglige* like the *Madonna del Candelabra*. She stood with the old doctor beside her, and they led the procession to a room on the first floor.

'There must be no tugging up stairs,' said the physician.

Rebecca said nothing, but even in his pain Dacre felt his heart going out in a glow of appreciation for the great bed, the supernumeraries of pillow, the bay-water, and eau de cologne, and the many little home-like appointments. Even his own garments had been transferred from his old chamber, so that there might be the least possible stir in the sick room.

It was a bad fracture, and the close confinement in his room was a sore trial to the active young Englishman; but Star was a friend in need, and old Aunt Maria, the nurse, was a ministering angel done in bronze. She had been in the Saint Cyr family ever since Starwood's birth; and when Dacre was at his worst, she sat all night with him, and entertained him with the gists and graces of her young mistress.

'Just de deerest an' de lubliest chile dat eber was borney into dis world o' sin. I'se knowed her eber sence she was born, honey, an I nebber see her cross a blessed minit.'

Dacre smiled. His frozen maiden was warming into a woman with a soul.

It was a great day for him, the one on which he was allowed to lie in his dressing-gown before the east window, while Rebecca, seated in her low chair, on the balcony, read to him.

What had come over her face in these days? What marvel of tenderness exhaling through those softly-lined and luminous features? Less talkative than of old, smiling more sel-

dom, holding herself aloof; yet, in spite of all, this convalescent, as he received from her hand the numberless small ministries to which his misfortune entitled him, felt somehow that Rebecca was nearer to him than ever before.

So weeks went, till time came for him to go. He was to leave in the morning, not for the White Mountains, but for his 'palace' beyond the Rocky range. The two were standing out on the landing, the very spot where Dacre had first seen a figure with long hair, disheveled. The sun was setting. Dacre watched it die. Then, as if he had made to his soul a signal of that vanishing disc, he turned sharply about and said a few rapid, scarcely coherent words. They would not look well in print. I will not print them. But they hinted at the fact of the speaker's having once overheard the brother and sister talking here, and the verdict with regard to himself. Did she hold the same opinion today? Probably, he said. But she should know, before he went, that she had become another woman, to him, nay, more than all other women. If she could ever—in any duration of time, no matter how many years—could ever come to love him—would she remember that he should be waiting for her? Yes—waiting. "Life will be long waiting for me now," he said, as he concluded.

He spoke gloomily, for no joy was in his mood, as at that moment he gazed away towards the sea, where night was coming down; gray night, with no rifted cloud, no gleam of star or golden moon. Dacre took in the picture, and sighed.

That instant a voice beside him spoke; a voice lower than the lowest whisper, and yet not a whisper; a voice as soft as the murmured coo of the mother-bird, breathed to her mate through the nest-curtain of pink apple-blossoms. The voice said,

'Perhaps—perhaps—it need not be so long a waiting.'

That was all.

LITTLE BESSIE.

AN INCIDENT ON THE CARS.

Golden Days.

'Cars stop twenty minutes for refreshments,' called out Conductor Richardson at Allen's Junction.

Then as the train came to a dead halt, he jumped down upon the station platform, ran along to the front of the long line of passenger cars, and, swinging himself up into the cab, said to the engineer:

'Frank, I want you to come back with me to the first passenger coach and see a little girl that I hardly know what to make of.'

The engineer nodded, without speaking, deliberately wiped his oily, smoky hands in a bunch of 'waste,' took a look at his grimy, dusty face in a narrow little mirror that hung beside the steam guage, pulled off his short frock, put on a coat, changed his little black greasy cap for his soft felt hat—taking these 'dress-up' articles from the tender box, where an engineer always has something stowed away for an emergency, and went back to the coach, as requested.

He entered the coach and made his way to the seat where the kind hearted conductor sat talking to a bright looking little girl about nine years old, oddly dressed in a woman's shawl and bonnet.

Several of the passengers were grouped around the seat, evidently very much interested in the child, who wore a sad, prematurely old countenance, but yet seemed to be neither timid nor confused.

'Here is the engineer,' said the conductor, kindly, as Frank approached.

She held up her hand to him, with a winsome smile breaking over her pinched face, and said:

'My papa was an engineer before he became sick and went to live on a farm in Montana. He is dead, and my mamma is dead. She died first, before Susie and Willie. My father used to tell me that after he should be dead there would be no one to take care of me, and then I must get on the cars and go to his old home in Vermont. And he said, if the conductors wouldn't let me ride because I hadn't any ticket, I must ask for the engineer and tell him that I was James Kendrick's little girl, and that he used to run on the M—and G—road.'

The pleading blue eyes were full of tears; but she did not cry after the manner of children in general.

Engineer Frank quickly stooped down and kissed her tenderly; and then, as he brushed the tears away from his eyes, said:

'Well, my dear, so you are little Bessie Kendrick? It's my opinion a merciful Providence guided you on board this train.'

Then, turning to the group of passengers, he went on:

'I knew Jim Kendrick, the father of this little girl, well. He was a man of ten thousand. When I first came to Indiana—before I got acclimated—I was sick a great part of the time, so that I could not work. Couldn't keep my board bill paid up—not to mention

my doctor's bill—and I didn't care much whether I lived or died.

'One day, when the pay-car came along, and the men were getting their monthly wages, there wasn't a cent coming to me, for I hadn't been free from the ague, nor worked an hour, for the last month.

'I felt so blue that I sat down on a pile of railroad ties and leaned my elbows on my knees, with my head in my hands, and cried like a great boy, out of sheer home-sickness and discouragement.

'Pretty soon one of the railroad men came along and said, in a voice that sounded like sweet music in my ears, for I hadn't found much sympathy out there although the boys were all good to me in their way:

'You've been having a pretty rough time of it, and you must let me help you out.'

'I looked up, and there stood Jim Kendrick, with his month's pay in his hand. He took out from the roll of bills a \$20 note, and held it out to me.

'I knew he had a sick wife and two or three children, and that he had a hard time of it to pull her through from month to month, so I said, half ashamed of the tears that were still streaming down my face, 'Indeed, I cannot take the money. You need every cent of it yourself.'

'Indeed, you *will* take it, man,' said Kendrick. 'You will be all right in a few weeks, and then you can pay it back to me. Now come home to supper with me, and see the babies; it will do you good.'

'I took the bank note and accepted the invitation, and after that I went to his house frequently, until he moved away, and I lost sight of him. I returned the loan, but it was impossible to repay the good that little act of kindness did me, and I guess Jim Kendrick's little girl won't want for anything if I can help it.'

Then turning again to the child, whose blue eyes were wide open enough now, the engineer said to her:

'I'll take you home with me, Bessie dear, when we get up to Wayne. My wife will fix you up, and we'll write and find out whether these Vermont relations really want you or not. If they do Mary or I shall go on with you. But if they don't care much about having you, you shall stay with us and be our little girl, for we have none of our own. You look very much like your father, God bless his memory!'

Just then the Eastern train whistled.

'All aboard!' was shouted, and engineer Frank vanished out of the car door and went forward to his engine, wiping his eyes with his coat sleeve, while the conductor and sympathetic passengers could not suppress the tears this touching little episode evoked during the twenty minutes stop at Allen's Junction.

Poetry.

BRAVE BRAKEMAN BELL.

BY EVERETT CARTER.

There is nothing in the gift of the Pennsylvania company adequate to reward his heroism, for, though he was only plain Jas. Bell, he ran a risk that well might make a soldier tremble, in trying to save property. He thought of no danger, but only knew his duty. The whistle had called out, 'Set the brakes!' and Bell sprang to the top of the car, and, with the headlight of the engine of the local shining in his face, only a few hundred feet in front, set one brake tight. Then came the crash. He knew it was coming, and its consequences, but if the speed of the train could be checked, thousands of dollars would be saved to the company. So, while all the rest jumped, he stuck to the brakes. Life, everything, was risked to save the costly property of the railroad; it was unavailing, but none the less heroic. He was the only one to go into the wreck, and escaped death by a miracle.—[Columbus, (Ind.,) Republican.

'All right, Frank,' the conductor said,
Then on its way the freight train sped;
Loaded and empty, local and through—
Box cars and flats, some old, some new.

In the engine cab, so they tell,
'Breaking ahead' was brave Jim Bell.
To do his duty, and do it well,
This was the aim of brakeman Bell.

'A hundred and twenty, gauges two,
Thirty cars, 'Old Girl,' are not a few;
We must 'up' the hill, by my soul—
Stoker, give her a little coal.'

The man at the throttle smiling said,
Then out the window thrust his head,
Looking ahead into the night—
Looking back at the bright red light.

Over the cars the black smoke rolled,
Back over their tops, icy and cold.
In less than a second's time it seemed,
Just in front a headlight gleamed.

The whistle screamed like Gabriel's trump;
'Save your lives, boys; we're into 'em;
jump!
At his post of duty in a breath
Stood Jim Bell in the face of death.

Then a mighty crash, an awful roar—
Bell at his post was seen no more.
Breaking timbers, a hot water stream,
Bars and bolts rending, escaping steam.

The car on top of which he stood
Crushed and broken to kindling wood.
Then all was silence 'round about—
Somebody needed his 'time' made out.

Anyone hurt? Oh, God! where's Bell?
'I'm under the cars as fast as—well.
Boys, get me out—I wish you would—
I couldn't hold 'em—I did all I could.'

Long live Jim Bell, the brave brakeman.
Who does his duty the best he can.
Will he be rewarded? Not by man;
On the great pay-day—not 'till then.

SONG OF STEAM.

BY GEORGE W. CUTTER.

Harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.
How I laughed as I lay concealed from sight,
For many a countless hour,
At the childish boast of human might,
And the pride of human power.

When I saw an army upon the land,
A navy upon the seas,
Creeping along, a snail-like band,
Or waiting the wayward breeze—
When I marked the peasant faintly reel
With the toll which he daily bore,
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,
Or tugged at the weary oar—

When I measured the panting courser's speed,
The flight of the carrier dove,
As they bore the law a king decreed,
Or the lines of impatient love,
I could but think how the world would feel,
As these were outstripped afar,
When I should babound to the rushing keel,
Or chained to the rushing car.

Ha, ha, ha! They found me at last,
They invited me forth at length,
And I rush'd to my throne with a thund'r blast
And laughed in my iron strength!
Oh! then ye saw a wonderful change
On the earth and the ocean wide,

Where now my fiery armies range,
Nor wait for wind or tide.

* * * * *

The ocean pales where'er I sweep,
To hear my strength rejoice,
And monsters of the briny deep
Cower trembling at my voice.
I carry the wealth and the lord of earth,
The thoughts of his god-like mind;
The wind lags after my going forth,
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fath'mless mine
My tireless arm doth play;
Where the rocks never saw the sun decline,
Or the dawn of a glorious day;
I bring earth's glittering jewels up
From the hidden caves below,
And I make the fountain's granite cup
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,
In all the shops of trade;
I hammer the ore and turn the wheel
Where my arms of strength are made.
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint—
I carry, I spin, I weave;
And all my doings I put into print
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscle to weary, no brains to decay,
No bones to be "laid on the shelf,"
And soon I intend you may "go and play,"
While I manage the world myself.
But harness me down with your iron bands,
Be sure of your curb and rein,
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands
As the tempest scorns a chain.

MINNEHAHA.

For the St. Paul Press.

The following lines were written, September 7, 1862, under the Falls of Minnehaha.

On the 19th of August, 1862, the Sioux Indians rose en masse and massacred several hundred persons, rendering the whole Minnesota valley desolate, taking the two Agencies, the town of New Ulm, and besieging Fort Ridgely, for one week. It was heroically defended by one hundred and fifty men, under the command of Lieutenant Sheenan and by Sergeant Jones, in command of the artillery until the morning of August 27th, when the siege was raised by one hundred and fifty mounted men from Minneapolis and St. Anthony, under the command of Capt. Chittenden and Northrop.

On the march of the troops to the relief of the Fort, it was joined by a Swede, Chas. Nelson, who being a resident at Norwegian Grove, which had been burned the day previous by the Indians—had seen his wife tomahawked in her attempts to escape! He had last seen his two little sons running for the corn, pursued by the Indians. He escaped; and, with bleeding feet, walked twenty-five miles to Henderson. Upon again beholding the scene of what a few hours before was his home, he seemed utterly stupefied with horror, and mechanically closing his garden-gate, without a tear, inquired of Sergeant Thompson, 'when it would be safe to return!' His reason had sunk under the terrible sorrow:

Minnehaha, laughing water,
Cease thy laughing now for aye,
Savage hands are red with slaughter
Of the innocent to-day!

Ill accords thy sportive humor
With their last despairing wail,
While thou'rt dancing in the sun-beam,
Mangled corpses strew the vale!

Change thy note, gay Minnehaha,
Let some sadder strain prevail—
Listen while a maniac wanderer
Sighs to thee his woful tale.

'Give me back my Lela's tresses,
Let me kiss them once again!
She who blessed me with caresses,
Lies unburied on the plain!

See yon *smoke*, there *was* my dwelling;
That is all I have of home!
Hark, I hear their fiendish yelling!
As I homeless, childless, roam.

Have they killed my Hans and Otto?
Did they find them in the corn?
Go and tell that savage monster
Not to slay my youngest born.

Yonder is my new-born reaper,
Standing 'mid the ripened grain;
E'en my cow asks why I leave her
Wand'ring un milked o'er the plain!

Soldier, bury here my Lela;
Place me also 'neath the sod;
Long we lived and wrought together—
Let me die with her, Oh, God!

Faithful Fido, you they've left me—
Can you tell me, Fido, why—
God at once has thus bereft me?
All I ask is here to die.

Oh, my daughter, Jenny, darling!

Worse than death is Jenny's fate!

* * * * *

Nelson, as our troops was leaving,
Turned and closed his garden-gate!

But, the laughing Minnehaha
Heeded not the woful tale;
What cares laughing Minnehaha
For the corpses in the vale.

MILES.

"WON'T YOU LET MY PAPA WORK."

BY MARCO O. ROLFE.

[A touching incident occurred in a Western city during the great strike. A little girl, the daughter of a discharged employe of one of the leading railways went to the office of the superintendent, and, in piteous tones, told a tale of suffering, destitution and death, and besought him to reinstate her father in his former position with an increase of wages.—*Paper.*]

I'm only just a workman's child—
I hope I don't intrude;
I came in here to talk to you.
But yet I'll not be rude.
I know the men have stopped the work—
It is a strike, they say—
But papa could not see us want,
Oh, won't you raise the pay?

Oh, won't you let my papa work?
And won't you pay him more?
Although you'd never miss the sum,
He'd bless you o'er and o'er!

I see that you are angry, sir;
Your look is cold and stern;
You surely would not turn him off—
He has our bread to earn!
The Lord has placed us in his care,
And he'd work ev'ry day
For just enough to buy our food!
Oh, won't you raise his pay?

You would not chide a drowning man
For catching at a straw!
How can you blame a starving man
For breaking o'er the law?
My papa sits in silent woe,
And mama cried to-day,
Because she had no food for us!
Oh, won't you raise the pay!

In Heaven there's a God, I know,
That pities all the poor
And writes dark charges on his book
Against the evil-doer
Who thinks a lab'rer's not a man!
I'm sure its leaves display,
With underscores, the name of those
Who put down the pay!

Don't tell me to be gone from here,
'Cause you are busy now;
I've something more I wish to say,
If you will please allow:
We haven't anything to eat,
And—*baby died to day!*
He'll speak a word to God for you,
If you will raise the pay!

I'm sure that you have got a wife
And little children too;

My papa loves us just as well
As yours are loved by you!
The wages of all sin is death,
The Holy Book does say;
And if you sin against the poor,
The Lord will raise your pay!

Oh, won't you let my papa work?
And won't you pay him more?
Although you'd never miss the sum,
He'd bless you o'er and o'er!

THE LAST RUN.

(BY THEO. C. BECKE, ST. LOUIS, MO.)

Written for the L. F. Magazine.

The fireman sat on his seat one night,
With a spirit light and gay:
Looking at the moon's clear light,
And thinking of the toils of day.
His iron steed was polished clean,
That night so bright and gay;
And on it shone the soft moon-beams,
As the engine to and fro did sway.
One thought came again across his mind;
'Twas a thought of the home he left behind,
And the ones he loved so dear:
Just then a signal came from the rear!
To him and his partner, the man on the
right,

Whom they call the Engineer.
The fireman was stoking with might and
main,

While the other steadily ahead did peer.
The engine was going her level best,
For they thought that the track was clear;
But ahead of the curve they could not see,
Until they came quite near—
Alas! a danger signal red
Was swinging across the rail;
And onward came the thundering train,
The fast Express and Mail.
'The bridge is gone!' one shout he gave,
And his face turned deadly pale.
The fireman jumped to draw the pin,
For the human freight to save;
But the engine's speed they could not stop,
And they plunged into the yawning grave—
Both met their fate as brave men there,
'Twas a noble deed they had done;
It was that night when he and his friend,
Had made their last, last run.

He was a ragged orphan boy—
He did not own a cent—
But still when'er he tore his clothes,
He'd gather in the rent.

—Salem Sunbeam.

And when his rent was gathered in,
With all might and main,
He'd go off on another tear,
And spend the 'hole again.

Yawcob Strauss.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

DEATH CLAIMS.

Many of our Lodges are very slow in the payment of their death and disability claims. This should not be, for those to whom the money is due are in many instances sorely pressed for it, and to delay them is to allow them to come to absolute want.

Every Lodge should pay every claim promptly when it is due. Besides our Order is the sufferer when we fail to pay a claim at the given time. The widows and little children look to us for their bounty and if we cannot pay it when it is due, they are led to believe that we are not faithful in the discharge of our duties. The result is that they lose confidence in our organization, and their sympathizing friends in many cases are only too glad to assume then that "locomotive firemen as a class don't amount to much anyway and you can't put much dependence in them." In this manner our Order falls into disrepute and where the public is once prejudiced against us, it is difficult to re-establish ourselves.

Let it be remembered by our members that the action of our Order in these matters are carefully noted by railroad officials and employes as well as the public at large.

If we discharge every obligation fully and promptly our Order will receive due credit, but if we are dilatory and seemingly careless, the result is disastrous and will prove a stumbling block to our future prosperity.

While much has been done to improve ourselves in the direction herein indicated, a great deal yet remains undone.

Let every Lodge come to the front and meet promptly the payment of its claims.

Remember brothers, that if you were taken away, you would not like to have your widows or little ones, or perhaps your aged mothers begging for months for what they are entitled to receive immediately after your death.

Take this to yourselves and give it your consideration.

You have obligated yourselves to protect the husbandless and fatherless, in order that

those dependant upon you may be protected and if you cannot be true to your promise it is your duty to step down and out, for you are only a drawback to the craft.

We are better off with 1,600 members who pay promptly than with 16,000 who have to be coaxed and carried along.

It is time that our members were coming to their senses in relation to our aims and purposes.

Some of our Lodges pay claims as quickly as they are issued while others are continually behind and finding fault with what is being done, and it is not right that those who pay promptly should be placed upon an equality with those who do not pay at all. If a man is really a true member of our Order he will not allow his Lodge to fall behind. His ambition will prompt him to look into the affairs of his Lodge and demand a reason for its confessions and he will not rest until such reason is overcome and all matters restored to perfect order.

Every member should feel that he wants to belong to a legitimate Lodge; that he does not want to be a charity member and that he is not entitled to our benefits, unless his Lodge is doing her share toward sustaining them.

No Lodge has a right to carry delinquent members who can and will not pay.

It should be the duty of every Financial Secretary to prepare at any meeting a list of all delinquents and read it to his Lodge.

A limited time should then be given them in which to pay up and if they fail without a substantial excuse, they should be expelled and their names sent to the Magazine for publication as men who are willing to go on record as defrauders of the widows and orphans of the fellow members of their craft.

By making an example of a few the others will soon square up and remain so.

Lodges must be more strict in the enforcement of their laws than they have been in the past.

Good men will not pay because bad ones do not, and this is the cause of all carelessness on the part of our members.

We are in earnest and mean to be strict henceforth.

Lodges that pay promptly must be protected, and those that do not must forfeit their charters.

If we have only fifty Lodges that respond to our calls we are better off than to have one hundred that do not, for the bad ones discourage the good ones and we are better without than with them.

We ask each member of our Order to give this subject his earnest consideration and to make up his mind that he will be a true and faithful member of our Order or none at all.

OUR INSTRUCTOR'S EASTERN TRIP.

On the third of March our Instructor, S. M. Stevens, returned from the East after an absence of nearly three months in the interest of our organization.

His trip was more than successful for he accomplished more than he could possibly have expected.

He succeeded in organizing six Lodges whose names, members and locations are as follows:

Hand-in-Hand No. 2 at Providence, R. I.
 Adopted Daughter No. 3 at Jersey City, N. J.
 Great Eastern No. 4 at Portland, Maine.
 Washington No. 13 at Jersey City, N. J.
 St. Lawrence No. 15 at Montreal, Canada.
 Hudson No. 68 at Jersey City, N. J.

Three of these, it will be observed, are located at Jersey City, N. J., and Brother Stevens informs us that they will make solid Lodges. The others have already established themselves and will prove their worthiness by their works.

Many of the old Lodges were visited and a spirit of activity and energy diffused among the members.

We are glad indeed to be able to say that we are more solidly united from the far East to the extreme West and that the utmost harmony prevails among our members.

Brother Stevens is loud in his praise of the Eastern boys. Everywhere he was warmly received and pleasantly entertained and he returns to them all his sincere thanks for the interest they manifested in his behalf.

Although Brother Stevens was very tired as a necessary result of his trip, he was not allowed to rest long. We have applications for new Lodges at Desota, Mo., and Strawberry, Mo., and they want to embrace the organization without delay.

Thus is our Grand Instructor kept con-

stantly in the field, devoting his tireless energy in pushing forward with the grand work, in the hope that when we meet in our Annual Convention we shall represent one hundred working Lodges.

Every day the prospects of our Order are prospering and we flatter ourselves that the day is near at hand when we shall have attained the position of a standard organization in administering to the cares and wants of the laborer and his family.

With the lessons of benevolence, sobriety and industry constantly before our members their sensibilities are quickened and their moral nature cultivated and in this way we expect them to become fitted for useful and honorable stations in life.

We can only advance these interests successfully when we are united, for as individuals we are not only weak but selfish. The strong will prey upon the weak and the shrewd and cunning will take advantage of the ignorant. Each will strive in his own way to surpass the other, no matter what means he has to employ. But when we are united and combined under the same obligation every member owes to every other member his friendship and co-operation. All are upon our basis of equality so far as rights are concerned and what effects the interest of one likewise effects the interest of all. We are now a grand body of men and with the East once more united and solid our success is fully assured.

A GENTLEMAN.

There is, probably, no word in the English language more universally misapplied among Americans, than the term gentleman. A mistaken sense of politeness employs it to designate any human animal of the masculine gender, and the error is seldom, if ever corrected or even discovered by the person of whose character it is a glaring travesty, and of whose manners it is in reality but a satire. The true gentleman is never rude or boisterous; never coarse or vulgar; he never indulges in boastful arrogance or egotistical self-conceit; his language and manner are never patronizingly condescending towards an inferior, nor does he affect undue humility in the presence of those whose station in life is higher than his own. Above all, his deportment is marked by a tender regard for the feelings and reputation of others, never does he (however great the temptation,) wound the former, or lend even a momentary sanction to besmirching the other.

Ladies' Department.

SOMETHING TO SOMEBODY.

Written for Ladies' Department B. of L. F. Magazine, by a Fireman's wife.

Hard to be nothing to anyone,
Hard to trudge wearily on,
Under the shade of the willows,
Near ones and dear ones all gone.

Looking ahead up the highway,
Up the fair stretch of land,
Having no strong staff to lean on,
Feeling the clasp of no hand.

Meeting the merry and glad ones
Picking sweet flowers by the way;
While you see only the mile stones;
Only the wrecks in the bay.

While you hear only the echo,
After the music has ceased,
Gathering husks while the others
Garner the fruit for the feast.

Oh! to be something to some one,
Some one fond and true,
Knowing the tear that is dropping
Wells from the heart stream for you.

Knowing the arm that enfolds you,
Think of this blessed young wife,
Equal in strength a battalion,
Guarding your honor and life.

Murmur not care-laden mother,
Little hands tug at your gown,
Once just such delicate fingers
Wove me a mother's bright crown.

Near ones and dear ones now beckon,
Far on that shadowless shore,
Ah! could I reach that fair country,
Ne'er should I long for love more.

THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN.

(Written for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.)

Out in the night the Fireman speeds
Away through forest and glen,
And those he leaves in manhood might
May never see him again.

Along the rail, the train grandly sweeps
Against pelting wind and driven snow;
But the Fireman stands bravely at his post
And battles with the wintry foe.

Ah! How many go forth in the morning
With hearts that are blithe and gay,
But e'er the shadows of evening fall
Their souls may be far away.

How many go forth in a careless mood
Who have neither friends nor home,
But God will watch o'er them kindly
No matter where they may roam.

Though the skies to thee may be clouded
And the world seem dark and drear,
The sun at last will shine for thee,
Thy darkened heart to cheer.

A LADY FRIEND.

WORKING GIRLS.

BY S. H. BIGAREL.

We admire the practical good sense and industry of our working girls. With rosy cheeks, bright eyes, elastic steps, and merry hearts, how carefully and diligently they perform their appointed duties. Contrast those who do nothing but sigh all day, and live only for the fashions; who eat bread they never earn; who are listless, languid, and lazy from one week's end to another. Give us the industrious girls, whom you never see mincing along, or jumping a dozen feet to clear a harmless spider or a fly, and have no silly airs of affectation about them. When they meet you, they talk sensibly, and without any attempt at assuming airs to induce you to believe they are better than they really are, they make you feel they are human beings, and not painted and fallen angels.

Would that those who endeavor to show off their white and delicate hands, and put on a thousand affectations, could realize how sadly they miss it, and how far below the working ladies, who excel them in sense, honor, and everything else that is desirable and ennobling.

Ladies who earn an honest living do not necessarily sacrifice any of the higher attributes of their natures, but through a practical, useful, and self-sustaining life, show off to the highest advantage all the superior sense and natural grace with which they are endowed. Women, equally with men, live for a purpose, and every effort of their lives should be directed to the realization of an exalted human career.

Working girls are deserving of encouragement, and men ought to manifest their appreciation of their sterling qualities. The position of woman is such at present as to render her peculiarly dependent, in a great measure on man. It is especially to his interest, as well as the well-being of society, that she should be upheld and sustained in her efforts to live a true and natural life. I certainly believe if men would always maintain a correct attitude, such as they are naturally prompted to, toward the gentle sex, ladies would be less inclined to practice those falsities which fashion and popular usage have seemingly forced upon them.

The contempt which the upper classes have for labor exerts a powerful influence on society, and greatly to its detriment. The popular inclination, generally on the side of wealth, foster this pernicious sentiment, and persons who aspire to position and respectability, are led to sacrifice their natural instincts to gain their object.

TRUE MODESTY.

Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason: false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal: false modesty everything that is unfashionable. The latter is only a general, undetermined instinct: the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence.

RECIPES.

BAVARIAN RUSKS.—Four ounces of butter, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, one spoonful of good brewer's yeast, one pennyworth of the patent, or two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder, and two pounds of flour. If yeast is used, it must be mixed with the sugar, and a little warm milk poured into the centre of the flour in a deep pudding basin, and left to rise for about an hour; when the sponge is sufficiently light, mix with it and the rest of the flour the remaining milk, the eggs, and a little salt, beating the whole well with a wooden spoon; then put into a buttered tin, set it to rise for another hour; then bake in a moderate oven, and when cold, cut the cake into thin slices, and dry them in a quick oven, having previously thickly sprinkled them with pounded sugar.

UTILIZING COLD TONGUE.—Cut what is left of a tongue in very thin slices, taking off the skin and any hard bits; pound it in a marble mortar, adding by degrees a little fresh butter, melted, till it is reduced to a smooth paste, seasoning it to taste, as you proceed, with pepper, salt, allspice, nutmeg, pounded mace and cloves, or such of these spices as are preferred. When it is thoroughly beaten and mingled together, press it closely down into small, shallow pots, fill them up with a layer, a quarter of an inch thick, of clarified butter, and tie them down. They should be kept in a cool place. This potted tongue is nice to eat with bread and butter, and makes good sandwiches.

RICE CUP-CAKE.—Take two cupfuls of sugar, two cupfuls of butter, one cupful and a half of rice-flour, half a cupful of wheat flour, ten eggs, a teaspoonful of nutmeg, half a pound of currants, half a gill of rose-water. Beat the butter and sugar very light; whisk the eggs till they are very thick, and stir in; add the nutmeg and the flour gradually, then the rose-water. Beat the whole very hard for ten minutes; stir in the fruit, which must be floured to prevent it from sinking to the bottom of the cake. Butter a pan, line it with thick paper, well buttered, and bake it in a moderate oven; or you may bake the batter in small pans.

CREAM MUFFINS.—One quart of rice milk, or, if you can get it, half cream and half milk, a quart of flour, six eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, one of lard, softened together. Beat whites and yolks, separately, very light, then add flour and shortening, and a teaspoonful of salt, and stir in the flour the last thing, lightly as possible, and have the butter free from lumps. Half fill well-buttered muffin rings, and bake immediately in a hot oven, or the muffins will not be good. Send to table the moment they are done.

CURRENT JELLY.—Pick the currants over carefully, leaving them upon the stems. Put them into a stone jar, and place it in a kettle of boiling water. Let them boil until soft, then strain first through a sieve and then through a jelly-bag. Take equal quantities of juice and white sugar, boil ten or fifteen minutes, strain into jelly-tumblers, and set it in the sunshine for a few days.

DELICATE CAKE.—One pound of white powdered sugar, one half pound butter, whites of sixteen eggs, half a nutmeg; stir in gradually a pound of sifted flour; bake one hour in moderate oven. Mix baking-powder with flour.

RICE CAKE.—One pound of ground rice, one pound of white sugar, sifted, sixteen eggs, half the whites, the rind of two or three lemons, grated, the ingredients to be added by degrees, the eggs first. To be baked in rather a quick oven.

To 'Devil' Turkey.—Mix a little salt, black

pepper, and Cayenne, and sprinkle the mixture over the gizzard, rump, and drumstick of a dressed turkey; boil them, and serve very hot with this sauce; mix with some of the gravy out of the dish, a little made mustard, some butter and flour, a spoonful of lemon-juice, and the same of soy; boil up the whole.

Our Exchanges.

PEOPLE WHO WANT HELP.

New York Times.

The people who ask to be helped to-day, ask, for the most part, to be helped to-morrow, and the day after, and can be counted on to press their claim any and every day of the year. They are always putting off on circumstances what is due to themselves; fortune is ever discriminating against them; the world is constantly going wrong when they are in the right. Their environment is in an attitude of conspiracy toward them bent on striking them down just as they were rising to a long-desired point. They are always on the eve of attaining a valuable end, when their ill-luck interposes and frustrates their cherished and fully consummated plan. They would not, they declare, need help, they would not take it, but for this or that. One more lift will be the last they shall want; then they shall be in the position they have been struggling toward for years; then they shall be able to make return for all they have received. It is a conspicuous peculiarity of the criers for help that they shall never require it again. "Just this once," they say, and the phrase is repeated interminably. Their genuine lack is from nature, from temperament, not from position or surrounding. They are either inherently incompetent or invincibly dependent. They lack pride, honor, justice, truthfulness, decency; they assume responsibilities which they ought to know they can never discharge, and put them on others on whom they have no claim. They always invent some excuse for their meanness; but their excuse is a discredit to their ingenuity and an affront to the intelligence of their patrons.

The man who, under ordinary circumstances, is ready to be helped repeatedly, has the spirit of a mendicant, the disposition of an imposter. He may set out with high notions, with sensibility and commendable am-

bition, but if he allows himself to receive assistance habitually, save for excellent reasons, he is morally debauched; his manhood is sacrificed; his life is worse than a failure; his grave should be dug. No man is strong enough or proud enough to accept favors of any kind very long without losing his self-esteem and incurring the merited contempt of his associates. The men—and women—who have been degraded into beggars, with beggars' befittingness, by permitting themselves to be helped and helped and helped, are innumerable in all walks, and the worst of it is they are not ashamed. They so soon accommodate themselves to their abasement that it loses its odious significance. While they call themselves respectable, they have forfeited the last claim to respect; while they merely lament their environment, they should wear eternal sackcloth for their departed manhood, the base of which is inviolable independence.

Every man should beware of being helped, and every man should beware of those he helps, lest his natural generosity be finally tortured into an obligation, and his warm impulses be chilled into misanthropy. It is delightful to help some people, but they are not apt to be the people who cannot be helped over often, and who encourage us to believe that some good may, without repentance, still be done in the world.

A ROMANCE OF THE RAILROAD.

A lady—maiden lady by choice—was traveling westward in the company of an elderly widower friend, who had been East making purchases, and gallantly volunteered to see the lady safely to her journey's end. The lady was 40, but looked much younger.

A sleeping section of a Pullman car had been secured for her, and a lower berth of the adjoining compartment for the gentleman. The day and evening had passed in delight-

ful companionship, and about 11 o'clock they bade each other good night, and retired behind their curtains—she, to divest herself of outer garments, and replace the same by a loose wrapper, comfortable to sleep in, and still dressed in the event of accident. Then tying a handkerchief about her head to keep her “frizzes” from getting out of curl, she curled herself close to the back of her berth, and went to sleep.

The gentleman, on the contrary, could not woolslumber, so he got up, and, armed with a good cigar, went into the smoking car to enjoy it and fraternize for the time being with some of his own sex. Our friend found a “good fellow,” and two hours quickly passed away. A jolly-bellied, willow-bound flask changed hands several times, and thus the elderly widower returned to his car, kicked off his boots and threw himself upon the front of what he fancied was his berth, and fell into a profound slumber. How long the maiden lady had slept she did not know, but she was awakened by feeling the pressure of the bed clothes binding her in close quarters, and raising her head she observed her friend and protector, who was peacefully snoring a somnific lullaby which kept time to the roar and racket of the train. Happily, the mistake flashed upon the lady, and taking in the situation, her first thought was to awaken him and get him out before the accident should have an observer. Trembling, yet bravely, she began to shake the intruder, and was rewarded by a muttered “Yes, yes, all right!”

“Oh, Mr. T., please—please wake up; you are in the wrong berth,” she began to plead.

“Yes, yes; time enough—all right!”

She began to quake with anxiety and a possible unpleasant denouement, and, nerving herself, she reached out both hands and made a grab for his hair and beard.

“Good gracious!” was the wide-awake response, as the man sprang into a sitting position and faced his almost crying lady friend, whose appreciation of the ridiculous overcame her fright for the instant, as her woman’s wit came to her aid, and, with a burst of laughter, she said:

“Mr. Pickwick, where’s your night-cap?”

“My dear madame, a thousand pardons.”

“Never mind; but go, for goodness sake! I know it’s a mistake.”

He sneaked away, feeling like a fool, and admiring the lady’s good sense to such an extent that it will result in a wedding.

HOW LONG MAN MAY LIVE.

It was Prof. Hufeland’s opinion that the limit of possible human life might be set at 200 years. This on the general principle that the life of a creature is eight times the years of its period of growth. That which is quickly formed quickly perishes, and the earlier complete development is reached the sooner bodily decay ensues. More women reach old age than men, but more men attain remarkable longevity than women. Some animals grow to be very old. Horned animals live shorter lives than those without horns, fierce longer than timid, and amphibious longer than those which inhabit the air. The voracious pike exists, it is said, to an age of one hundred and fifty years; the turtle is good for one hundred years or more; and among birds the golden eagle is known to have lived nearly two hundred years, while the sly and sombre crow reaches the venerable age of a century. Passing up in the scale of life of man, and skipping the patriarchs, we find many recorded instances of longevity among the classic Greeks and Romans. Pliny notes that in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, in the year 76, there were one hundred and twenty-four men living in the limited area between the Appennines and the Po of one hundred years and upward, three of whom were one hundred and forty, and four over one hundred and thirty-five; Cicero’s wife lived to the age of one hundred and three, and the Roman actress Luceja played in public as late as her one hundred and twelfth year.

Coming down to more recent times the most notable authentic instance of great age is that of Henry Jenkins, of Yorkshire, England, who died in 1870, one hundred and sixty-nine years old. He was a fisherman, and at the age of one hundred easily swam across rapid rivers. Another historic case is that of Thomas Parr, of Shropshire, a day laborer, who lived to the age of one hundred and fifty-two years. When more than one hundred and twenty he married his second wife, and till one hundred and thirty he could swing the scythe and wield the flail with the best of his fellow-laborers. In his one hundred and fifty second year Parr went up to London to exhibit himself to the king. It proved an unlucky visit, for violating the abstemious habit of a century and a half the man feasted so freely on the royal victuals that he soon died merely of a plethora. On examination his internal organs proved to be in excellent condition, and there was no rea-

son why he should not have lived much longer save for this unfortunate taste of royal hospitality. Prof. Hufeland's roll of centenarians includes many more remarkable cases, among them that of Mittlestedt, a Prussian soldier, who served sixty-seven years under both the Fredericks, fighting many battles and enduring much hard campaigning, and who, after all this, married successively three wives, the last when he was one hundred and ten, only two years before his death.

WANTS SUPPLIED.

New York Times.

Civilization creates so many artificial wants, and derives her supplies from such distant portions of the earth, that it is interesting to notice when some of these commodities are prevented by accident from coming into the market. We abandoned long ago whalebone for umbrellas, and curtailed the use of this elastic material in woman's stays because the whale was getting scarce. Absence of whalebone was got around by substituting steel for it. But there are some things in nature which we cannot imitate. Women wear innumerable feathers in their hats, and whole families of birds are on the verge of extermination. When the stock of

grebes or wild pheasants are exhausted, it will be hard to make up anything like the plumage. If birds of paradise were in very great fashion, and there happened to be strife between the inhabitants of the Moluccas and the Europeans, many a fine hat would then go without its ornament. Just now, the war between the Basutos and the English is likely to diminish very materially the stock of ostrich feathers of the world. Exactly over the ground where the ostrich once stalked, the unbreeched Basuto now hurls defiance at the English soldier. But what is curious about this strife, and its consequences, as far as feathers go, is that the Basuto country was the region from whence the larger portion of the ostrich eggs were obtained. Ostrich farmers further south bought these eggs, hatched out the birds in more civilized regions, and raised them for their plumage. The strangest thing, however, is where the Anglo-Basuto difficulty affects the New York tin man. As New York makes the most approved ostrich-egg incubator, the demand was large and increasing, ostrich chicks refused to come into the world unless only born in a New York patent incubator. Now that actual war exists no more incubators are wanted at the Cape, for there are no eggs coming to the ostrich-raisers.

Literary.

A STORM ON THE ERIE CANAL.

BY JEREMIAH P. GRIFFIN.

For the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

On a beautiful morning in September, in the year 1879, a merry party of nine was seen gazing intently at a group of boats lying in the Buffalo dock. Among them was a splendid built "bull-head," running between Buffalo and Albany. Approaching it, we plainly saw the word "Peggy" written in golden letters on her stern. Learning that it was soon to leave for Albany, we had our baggage placed aboard.

Least there might be a few individuals breathing the air of this terrestrial orb, who do not understand the meaning of 'canal' and 'canal boat,' I will duly explain these words. The Erie canal is a body of water extending from Albany to Buffalo and return; it is about 229 miles long, 40 feet wide, and 8 feet deep. It boasts of passing through three ancient cities,

viz: Syracuse, Utica and Rome, (N. Y.); its waters are composed of various kinds, among which are the following: Soda water, rain water, tar water, warm water, Congress water, canal water, and water.

The Erie canal is not quite as large as the Atlantic Ocean; nor is it as deep. In it no brigs, ships, nor vessels sail; neither sloops nor schooners; nor does it contain sea-lions, tigers, giraffes, elephants, rhinoceros, bisons, kangaroos, hippopotamus, nor any of these animals commonly found in Japan, Turkey and Hindostan. However, they say that a patient man can catch a blind eel here, when it dies and appears on the surface! There are also built on this canal 'Locks,' a representation of Niagara Falls, to let the water take a tumble; whence Lockport, a flourishing city, derives its name, there being there a couple of hundred 'Locks,' more or less, resembling a stairs. Now for the elucidation of the word 'canal-boat.' A canal-boat may properly be called a 'summer residence;' for [some] folks

spend the summer season on the canal, when they don't go to Rockaway or Saratoga. A canal-boat is about 40 feet long, 15 feet wide, with 10 feet posts and drawn by horses, mules or asses. Its parts are reciprocally proportional. The 'bow' of the boat contains the stables for the animals; the 'stem' contains the 'cabin,' or in other words, the house; between the bow and stern is a large place for merchandise; over this is a covering for moonlight promenades, etc. On a boat similar to this description we entered to reach Albany. The crew consisted of six human beings, viz: the captain, a large German, who considered himself "monarch of all he surveyed;" Katherina, his better half, who overlooked the culinary department; two helmsmen, and two muleteers. In the animal kingdom we noticed a buck-goat; a huge bull dog that condescended to eat all the spare ribs left over that he couldn't get; a parrot which continually spoke politics; a hen and rooster and four mules, the same four that Noah had to tow his boat in case of an emergency. With a cargo of apples, we weighed anchor, and left the shore of Buffalo under two mule power. We had not proceeded far when the 'off mule,' despite the driver's efforts, ran in a smith's shop hard by to have a nail extracted from his 'larboard' hoof; this done, we 'straightened up our line,' and continued our journey. The young sea was calm and muddy-looking. Silence was broken by the sound of the dinner gong, made lively by our captain's 'frau,' a buxom lass of twenty-five summers, 25 of which had been spent on the Erie canal. We assembled at the dinner table and found only fat pork swimming in cheap molasses and bed bug juice. We excused ourselves from this dainty feast, and ordered our own bill of fare for the future, which consisted of the following:

Soup—Oyster shell soup, Indian rubber broth, calico soup and Garlic soup.

Roast—Horse and wagon roasted whole; roast skunk with cologne sauce; roast pig liver stuffed with cut straw; roast alligator stuffed with baby elephants; roast frog stuffed with hop-toad jelly; roast possum stuffed with wool.

Game—Boiled gutter snipe; owls stuffed with mud; buzzards and blind bats.

Dessert—Sawdust pudding; dates; round hearts; boarding house pudding with or without cock roaches; onion pie with cream; boiled corn with vinegar; fricased lamp-posts stuffed with stewed umbrellas.

Drinks—Bomb shell screw drivers; Cherry street carpet tacks; kerosene juleps; lard oil

cobbler; castor oil punch; brandy with cod liver oil.

Cigars—Imported 'Henry Clay,' 11 for \$10; mug twisters, 5 for \$4; funeral cigars, \$9 a bunch, and clay pipes suitable for wakes one cent each.

We had been travelling five hours, when we stopped to change drivers and mules. We noticed that one of the mules was very thin, and stone-blind. An admirer of horse flesh suspected the captain of feeding this mule on cheap oats, and on looking in the feed box, we found a quart of shoe pegs awaiting final destruction from the friction of this noble animal's grinder. With the new driver and team, we soon reached Lockport, here the scene in passing through the locks were truly sublime. After leaving Lockport, our genial friend Katherina amused us by telling the story of her birth. She had no twin brother to careless like Remus and Romulus; nor was she nursed by a buck-goat; neither was she born on the banks of the Tiber, but on the Erie canal, between Buffalo and Albany, the exact spot she not remember. In the midst of this interesting story, she proposed a dance. A violin was soon procured, but the first stroke of the bow told that it had seen its best days. In a few moments all were in motion; every male soon had his arm around a taper waist, swinging her this way, that way, back again, and the other way. Especially did Katherina enjoy the fun, for at any moment could be seen in the dazzling waltz, her lily white hoof coming down like a patent hash chopper. Lager was at par, for we drank as we never drank before. It was a royal feast. But alas for the instability of worldly grandeur! The dazzling brightness of the tallow candle, intermingled with the brilliancy of Katherina's brass ear-ring, plainly revealed these words: 'Mane, Thecel, Phares,' written on a band-box in the corner. The music ceased. Silence reigned supreme. Deep rolling thunder was heard in the distance. The sacred rooster could not eat; that was a bad omen. The fair moon foresaw the danger, and seemed to be an unwilling witness to storms on the canal, and immediately betook herself behind a convenient bunch of clouds. The waves grew larger. Our boat was at their mercy. All was confusion. The captain tried in vain to preserve order; he tried to look cross, but failed; as a last resort he chewed a bar of soap to foam at the mouth. The storm was now growing fiercer. Our boat was rocked every way by the waves, which reminded us of the happy days we spent rocked in our cradle, trying, as all good

babies do, to get our toes in our mouth. The scene was terrible. Katherina's soprano voice was heard above the din of the kitchen utensils, the barking of the bull dog, and the braying of the mules. The captain went on deck to take astronomical observations; we all followed. A large wave rolled over the deck, which rolled the captain in the canal; 'Excultitur pronusque magister valvitur in caput.' The flashes of the lightning were now as frequent as Fourth of July fire crackers. By them we saw our noble captain contesting with the angry waves. Katherina also beheld the death struggle of her beloved. With a fawn-like bound she keeled a back somersault, and landed in the arms of her spouse. They both went down, and as they lived together, so they died, Pluto seemed to have left the key of the infernal regions in his vest pocket, and his subjects to rise and station themselves on the banks of the 'raging Erie. The very elements seemed to rebel against Neptune. 'Peggy,' girded as she was with ribs of iron, was heard to creak like the bones of a mouse in the mouth of an angry Thomas cat, when we collided with another boat. The collision was terrible. The other boat groaned like the Trojan horse, and col-

lapsed. When she sprang a leak, these rats that did not have life preservers attached, sprang in the water and struggled for dear life. The scene was heartrending. 'Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.' But there is an end to all things. Even the bed bug that snugly lies in a bed of down, and dreams of the 'Wandering Jew,' must also come to an end. The muleteer, who was a heathen to the backbone, and loyal to the gods, sacrificed the blind mule to appease the wrath of great Jupiter. The storm began to abate. The pale moon again made her appearance, and the ruins of those ill-fated boats which met her gaze, caused large tears to flow down her warm cheeks. Those very tears, as they fell in the Erie canal, restored peace to that angry mass of fluid. More frightened than hurt, I sprang on shore, and found that I was the only survivor to tell the tale of that eventful night. I walked to Rochester and reported the young' maritime disaster; then took the cars for Albany, when I was met by the citizens who were anxious to see the hero of the storm. They begged for a lock of my hair, or a piece of my collar as a relic of the terrible 'Storm on the Erie Canal.'

Correspondence.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 6, 1881.

Editors B. of L. F. Magazine:

As I have a few moments of leisure time I will devote them to the columns of our Magazine. On the 27th of February as Train No. 1 on the Louisville and Cincinnati Short Line, which leaves this city at 11:24 a. m. was making her usual trips to Cincinnati, she met with a terrible accident, the particulars of which may be of interest to some of your readers. Engine No. 26 was pulling the train with our Worthy Master Brother Richardson at the throttle, and Brother Shulte at the scoop. Both are reliable men and have the confidence of their employees and the highest respect of all who know them.

Everything went well until they got within 12 miles of Cincinnati, where they ran into a land slide. The engine and tender and the express and baggage cars left the track. The engine plunged to the right and buried herself in the mud while the tender turned to the left and went down an embankment to the depth of about ten feet, turning over and over and finally stopping at a distance of about 60 feet from the track.

Brother Shulte was on the tender and has a badly bruised hand the result of coming violently in contact with the mail car.

Brother Richardson saw the danger and like a true hero clung to 'the old machine,' doing his level best to stop her. This action of Brother Richardson proves him to be the right kind of a man to handle an engine. With his right hand on the throttle he stood at his post and calmly faced danger and death, thinking only of the precious lives he had in charge. He was willing to sacrifice his own life in order to prove true to his trust. After extricating himself from the wreck, he looked after his fireman first and then after his passengers.

Seeing that none of them were hurt he dressed Brother Shulte's hand and then looked after his engine, staying with her until she was taken back to Louisville and placed in the shops for repair. He was then given engine 22, which he is now running in place of his former one.

Brother Shulte is getting along nicely and will soon be able to resume his duties.

It is strange that wrecks must occur two or three at a time and cannot come singly.

The day previous to Brother Richardson's mishap, as train No. 4 was approaching Louisville she struck a split switch at the east end of the siding and the engine and tender were thrown from the track. Brother Ed Gilligan was at the throttle and he is the oldest engineer on the road. He has been running for some thirty years and no railroad man stands higher where he is known than does Brother Gilligan. His accident was not a very severe one however, and everything was soon restored to order. It is said that in all of Bro. Gilligan's running this is the most damage he has ever done, and he was not to blame in the least. The train was in charge of Hon. Wm. Davis, who has been in the employ of the company for a number of years and is one of the most popular conductors on the road. No. 23 will stand by Brother Shulte and take good care of him until he is out again.

Yours Fraternally,

PAT. POWERS.

OUR MAGAZINE.

Messrs. Editors:

I desire to say a few words to our members in relation to "Our Magazine." Yes it belongs entirely to us. It is our monitor, our champion and guide. It would be simply impossible for us, situated as we are to put the purposes and aims of our Fraternity before the community in their proper light, without an organ of thought and speech of our own production. We find that the press cannot be depended upon to publish our good actions, and defend the Order. 'Tis true that if we aim to perform nothing but what will elevate our fellow man, no periodical will offer anything but words in our favor. But we need something more than to be dependent upon the charity of newspapers to give to all men an explanation of what we do. *We want, and it is a necessity that we should have, a journal controlled by the fraternity.* There are many reasons for this. It offers each one of us an opportunity to communicate our views upon all things relating to the Order, and other topics which may be chosen. These articles show that there is talent among us and it should not be kept concealed but should be given to others through our little book. I have endeavored to give an idea why we should have a journal circulated, and now arrive at the most important point; that of supporting it.

The Magazine has not received the support

to which it is entitled. We must have a large subscription, otherwise it will not assist us, but on the contrary, will be an encumbrance.

The circulation, I learn at the present time amount to nearly four thousand copies. To many, this will appear a large number. But when it is remembered that the membership in the Order is in the neighborhood of two thousand, we find that the subscription should be at least double what it is. It now averages about two books to each and every member. And also where we find that nearly half the entire amount of books are disposed of to individuals outside of the order, the average per member is then reduced to one book.

Now brothers this is entirely wrong. There is not one among us but who has his particular friends and associates, and when proper exertion is used can induce a few of those same friends to contribute for our book. The great trouble seems to be, that members depend upon one or two regular magazine agents in each lodge to secure subscriptions. Let each one help, not only by taking the magazine himself but also strive to induce others to subscribe.

You cannot be more than refused by asking.

Solicit your *grocer, barber, tailor, shoemaker, banker*, in fact ask every person that you have dealings with, to aid us in extending charity to the widows and orphans. It is a worthy cause and one of which no one need be ashamed.

Work hard, wait not for others to set the ball rolling, but give it a push yourself and I will guarantee that it will yield, perhaps not by the first effort, but try again. I have heard men say that they have subscribed for different articles, just to get rid of an agent who endeavored to talk them blind. Well brothers that is a good way too. The person that subscribes for the journal will not remain blind long, for the matter contained in the book will soon open his eyes and result in a complete cure. [*Try it.*] I have not many words for those men in our ranks who do not take the book. We should at least support it, for, if we do not, how can it be expected that others will do so.

By securing a large subscription it gives a profit, and assists us to raise that burdensome debt which is still upon us. Even when not so burdened it will lessen the taxation of members by giving funds to the Grand Lodge to work with.

If the proper amount of books can be disposed of each year, the result would be either a discontinuance of Grand dues, or, a decrease

in the amount of death notices to each lodge, or a larger amount could be paid those to whom the claims are due. Then brothers we want our book to reach every nook and corner in our land. We can do so if each one says 'I will assist.' I am positive that the price is very reasonable and this cannot be brought as an argument in favor of it. Just drop two cents each week of the year into some safe nook and when that year closes you will have accumulated enough, and the amount not missed, for the next year's volume. Many of us squander, for trivial things, money that can as well be given to the journal.

Brothers let us all try; let each do what he can. And I am positive if this is done we can sail into Boston, and every convention after, with a grand list of ten thousand names.

With the best of hopes for that same result, I am still yours for the book.

April 1, 1881.

"HANK LOVELY."

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., }
March 15, 1881. }

Messrs. Editors:

I am told that the pen is mightier than the scoop and although much better accustomed to the latter, I shall give the pen a trial and await results. With me I fear it may have power for evil and I will therefore not give you my name until I feel the pulse of our boys here and find out how my first takes with them. If, after I am satisfied that they will not run me out of town or make a target out of me, I should conclude to write again I will give you my name.

Well in the first place I think that No. 59, as a whole, is a little the grandest Lodge in the country. Her individual members are true as steel and work earnestly and tirelessly in the interest of the Order. There is Brother Wm. Kinney for instance, whose name out here has all the radiance of a star. As a magazine agent we consider him superior to any we have yet heard of. He has got nearly 300 subscribers already and is working hard to reach 500 before the close of the year. Where in all the land can his equal be found? Let it be remembered too that we only have fifteen members, and there is not a lodge in the country with five times our membership that can produce a second Kinney.

Brother George E. Edwards, I am glad to inform you, is now an Engineer, the first promotion that has yet taken place in our Lodge.

We wish him success, for he is a true and noble fellow and will make a competent engineer.

Brother David Kelker of Vigo Lodge No. 16 is out here running a passenger engine and Brother Henry S. Hinman is firing for him. Brother Kelker is widely known and has made hosts of friends in this locality. Besides he is a staunch B. of L. F. man and the prospects are that he is going to stay with the boys. Dave is not too proud to associate with the boys he used to handle the scoop with, and in consequence he has scores of friends among them.

Brother Hinman is one of our leading lights and is beloved by all who know him.

There are others of whom I would like to speak, but my engine is calling me and I must respond.

Yours Fraternally.

TRUCK WHEEL.

MOBERLY, Mo., March 15, 1881.

Editors Magazine:

I have a few little items for our book that may be of interest to some of our members.

It may not be generally known but it is nevertheless true that Brother John Mummert has abandoned us. That is, he has withdrawn from our bachelor organization and taken unto himself a partner for life. The lady's name is Miss Jennie Williams, who is widely known and held in the highest esteem. They may feel proud of each other for both are eminently deserving. Anchor Lodge No. 54 wishes their happiness to the end.

Brother Cal. Chamblin has been promoted from a freight to a passenger engine, after running only one year. Cal. is a good one and don't forget it. He is popular here among all the boys and no one is more deserving of success.

Brother Crowley is out on the road after a brief experience at running a 'pony.' He likes it first rate and will get along without trouble. Brother Crowley is one of our solid men and we are pleased to see him get along so well.

Brother J. A. Smith is running an engine on the J. M. & P., a branch of the Wabash Railroad and is making time right along. He understands his business and can get a train over the road about as 'sleek' as any of them.

This is my maiden bow and I will now retire, for in a few moments I will leave to take up the scoop which I can handle more gracefully than the pen.

Yours in B. S. and I.

L. F. S.

LOUISVILLE, KY., March 10, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

Did you ever hear of 'Baldy Thompson,' the lightning engineer on the Louisville Short Line? I presume you did for he is one of the most popular men in his profession. Well, what I was going to say is that he has got tired of doing business alone and has gone into partnership. The firm consists of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Thompson, and we all unite in wishing them success and happiness in this world and the one to come.

It is a general impression that Brother Thompson has a right to congratulate himself upon the selection he made, for Miss Anna Roberts was one of Covington's fairest daughters and held a high social position there.

The next man in importance down here is Brother Ed. Southard, who has grown an inch in the past week. His wife made him a present of a fine little girl a short time ago and he says he never knew until now, the weighty responsibilities of the 'head of a family.' Ed. says she weighs eleven pounds and sixteen ounces to the pound.

You have our congratulations 'Old Boy!'

I am sorry to inform you that Brother Richardson had some bad luck a little while ago. On the 26th of February he was going East on Passenger Train No. 1 and when near Independence, his engine struck a land slide, turning her over and ditching the postal, express and smoking cars.

Brother Shulte, the fireman, was slightly hurt in jumping, but Brother Richardson 'staid with her' and strange to say, did not receive a scratch.

'You have our congratulations boys!'

No. 23 is booming; several candidates to admit at our next meeting.

Yours in B. S. and I.

C. F. C.

ROOD HOUSE, ILLS., March 15, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

West End Lodge No. 18 is booming to surprise the natives. Some of our older ones want to look to their laurels for we are coming after them as fast as a healthy climate will permit,

We organized with thirteen charter members less than nine months ago and to-day we have got thirty-two as good men as you will find anywhere, and if you don't believe it, come down this way and look us over carefully. The Brotherhood is solid here and we will treat you well. But I must give you a few items and then close.

Brother Jabez Mann is the happy father of a boy that weighs seven pounds and two and three quarter ounces. The boys of No. 18 have made up the price of his admission fee and he will be balloted for and 'put through' as soon as he is old enough and has fired the requisite length of time. In the mean time we congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Mann, and wish the boy a clear track.

Brothers W. P. Danforth and Hank Magee have gone to Old Mexico with the prospects of becoming manipulators of the throttle. We hope they may meet with success and make as many warm friends there as they leave behind them.

Yours Fraternally,

J. B. M.

NEW MEXICO, March 21, 1881.

To the Editors of the B. of L. F. Magazine:

GENTLEMEN: Although I am some seven hundred miles away from No. 97, at present it seems that they still look forward to me to proclaim her good work. The lodge is in good standing and all of those belonging to it, feel honored to be counted among the Brothers, as it is one of the best charitable institutions in existence. All those having a personal acquaintance with with Bro. Frank Shaw, who was so unjustly dealt with last summer, will be delighted to know that he has been reinstated and promoted to the right hand side. He is worthy of the promotion and will make one of the most competent engineers on the road. Judging by the present outlook we will have occasion to report several more promotions. The new lodge at Tucson, Arizona, is doing splendidly and we are proud to call her one of our divisions. Stay with it boys! it will make men of you if you will but live up to its teachings.

Fraternally Yours,

'BOB.'

QUERY.

How many revolutions to the minute will a driving wheel $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter make going at the rate of 15 miles per hour?

W. J. E.

South St. Louis, Mo.

Confidential friend (to elderly and not unattractive spinster)—'So, dear, you've given up advocating women's rights?' Elderly spinster—'Yes. I now go in for women's lefts.' Confidential friend—'Women's lefts! What's that?' Elderly spinster—'Widowers, my dear.'—Punch.

Scientific.

Platinum has been drawn into wire 1-30000 of an inch in diameter.

The hardness of a body is measured by the readiness with which it is worn or scratched by another substance.

The beautiful art of photography depends upon the chemical action of light chiefly upon the compounds of silver.

Wrought iron is nearly pure iron, but still contains a very small proportion of carbon. It is obtained generally from cast-iron by burning out its carbon in a reverberator furnace.

About the year 1581, Galileo noticed that a lamp swinging by a chain from a ceiling of the Cathedral in Pisa, performed its vibrations in equal intervals of time. This observation led him to the invention of the pendulum.

Many substances if suddenly cooled after having been strongly heated, become harder, more brittle and more elastic than before. If steel is raised to a white heat and then plunged into a bath of cold water or mercury, it is rendered almost as hard as the diamond, very elastic, and so brittle that it is suitable only for the dies used in coining and engraving, and for the hardest files.

A LARGE ORDER.—Scientific American: Recently the Baldwin Locomotive works received from the Denver & Rio Grande railroad company an order for 144 locomotives, an increase of equipment made necessary by the southern extension of the road. This is said to be the largest order for locomotives in one block ever placed. The cost of the locomotives will be over \$1,000,000. The work will be done during next summer and fall.

THE CRUST OF THE EARTH.—POPULAR SCIENCE: M. Faye has propounded a new theory of the internal structure of the earth, an important feature of which is that its solid crust is much thicker under the seas than under continental masses. The oscillations of the pendulum and the direction of the plumb line are known to be subject to variations in consequence of the neighborhood of a mountain, or even of a hill, calculations based upon which enabled Maskelyne to determine the density of the globe. When, however experiments with the plumb-line and pendulum

were applied to table-lands and to the grander mountain-ranges, the deviations corresponding to the magnitude of the masses which were expected were not shown. The pendulum which is sensitive to the presence of the great pyramid of Egypt gives no sign of the neighborhood of the Himalayas. Further than this, a real deficiency of attraction has been observed upon continents, as if there were a great hollow under them; and the failure of mountain-masses to deflect the pendulum has been actually attributed to the existence of cavities in them. On the other hand, when the investigation is transferred to the sea, the weight is found to be too great, and is in excess of what is demanded by theory, as evidently it falls short of it on the continents. Hence, if we suppose that there is a lack of matter under the continents, we must also suppose that there is under the seas an accumulation of it above the average for the whole earth. M. Faye suggests, to account for these contradictions, that the cooling of the earth is going on faster and has taken place to a greater depth under the oceans than under the continents. The temperature at 12,000 feet of depth below the sea is a little higher than the freezing-point; at the same depth under the continental masses it is computed to be about 300 degrees. The matter is kept at this temperature by the superior strata of earth almost impermeable to heat, and through which the heat that actually escapes is hardly perceptible. The crust of the earth in such a situation can increase in thickness only at the slowest. Under the sea, on the other hand, matter at the same depth is in almost immediate communication with a cold of the freezing point, and, instead of having some non-conducting strata above it to prevent its escape, the heat is immediately absorbed in a cold of polar intensity. A similar difference exists deep in the beds of the submarine rocks, for the water is imbibed in their pores to a greater depth than in the sub-continental rocks, and the heat is conveyed away from them by the vertical convection of the warmed water rising in them. The more ancient the existing beds of the sea the greater is the thickness of the crust that supports them as compared with that of the continents.

The rule which works both ways is no rule at all.

Miscellaneous.

April Fools' day—look out for him!

The Brotherhood is in the ascendency. Seven new lodges organized in the past two months.

A correspondent writes to know if Joab L. Clark, of No. 10, has found that lost dog yet. How is it Josh?

Bro. George E. Edwards, of No. 59, has been placed on the right hand side, and deservedly. That's the kind of boys to have.

Joseph H. Hanvey, of No. 46, paid us a happy visit a few days ago. He is a solid Brotherhood man and we are always glad to meet him.

S. M. McGaffey, of old Topeka Lodge, No. 56, is located at Stansberry, Mo., and says he will have the Brotherhood established there in a short time. Sam is a good one.

One of our interesting correspondents informs us that Bro. Thomas Brown, of North Platte, Neb., has left the road and is now dealing in cattle. Good luck to Bro. Brown.

George D. Partington, of No. 48, is running a switch engine in St. Louis. He writes us that he is doing well, with good prospects ahead. His many friends will rejoice in his prosperity.

Fargo Lodge, No. 85, must be frozen solid. We have not heard from Brothers Burns or Bassett for nearly a month. But spring will resuscitate the boys and bring about their usual activity.

De Soto, Missouri, will soon be organized. Aaron Platt, of No. 21, informs us that he has the boys fully prepared to enter the ranks. Brother Platt deserves much credit for his earnest work in behalf of our organization.

Bros. J. Foster, J. McHugh, D. Kelly, M. O'Hearn, and C. E. Lane, will learn something to their advantage by corresponding immediately with the Fin. Sec. of No. 23. Address F. B. Allery, 505 Washington street, Louisville, Kentucky.

Buffalo Lodge No. 12 has the model financial secretary. C. W. Piper does business in first-class style, and is a credit to his Lodge. He is earnest, active and competent, and discharges his duties as faithfully as though he received a congressman's salary for his work.

C. B. Pearson, Master of Great Eastern No. 4, has been called away from Portland to run

an engine on the C. & G. T. road. He will only be gone, however, about three months, and the lodge will be presided over during his absence by Vice-Master Bro. Geo. Menish.

MARRIED—Mr. F. Fuller to Miss Julia Pourcelly, at South St. Louis, Mo. The groom is a member of No. 21, and has a host of friends. The boys say that Brother Fuller has taken a prudent step, and they unite in wishing him a pleasant run and a clear track through life.

Jos. A. Kelley, the energetic Magazine Agent, of Silver State Lodge No. 89, writes us an encouraging letter. He is one of the hardest workers in our ranks, and we cannot say too much in his praise. Like all of No. 89's officers, he is ever watchful of the interests of the Order.

Chas. Vogelsang, the young gentleman who became so popular at our last convention is a successful engineer on the S. P. RR., of California. His promotion was hailed with delight by all who met him in Chicago. If reports are true Charley will soon take another step that will entitle him to our congratulations.

The perfumes of orange blossoms is again wafted on the gentle zephyrs, in the vicinity of Buffalo, N. Y. Bro. Dan. Garrah was married to Miss Minnie Sullivan, a most charming young lady of Buffalo, and Bro. J. A. Hammond to Miss Pease, a worthy and popular lady of Hornellsville. They start out in life with the best wishes of hosts of friends.

We are pained to record the death of Brother Robert Reppard, of No. 60, who died of pulmonary consumption on February 3, 1881. He was a faithful member of the Order and was in good standing at the time of his death. His insurance is payable to Mrs. Robert Reppard, his wife. The members of No. 60 were attentive to him to the last and did all in their power to make his dying moments easy.

A. P. Greene, of Hand in Hand Lodge No. 2, is with us again. He used to be the leading light in Providence Lodge No. 25, but severed his connection with the organization some years ago, owing to some difficulty with a former grand officer. He has gone to work again with his usual zeal and fidelity, and says that this time he has come to stay with the boys. Some earnest work will be done at Providence from now on.

We are very thankful to Brother L. Mooney, of No. 43, for his earnest efforts in behalf of our Brotherhood. He is a "whole host" in himself, and when he starts out in the interest of his Lodge, his influence is felt, and good results always follow. We wish he were within reach, so we could grasp him by the hand.

A. L. Rerat, of No. 19, recently met with an accident that came very near proving fatal. He attempted to couple his engine with some cars in a siding, and was caught and closely squeezed, losing three fingers besides receiving other injuries. He was confined to his bed a long time, but is now out again and able to resume his duties. While suffering from the effects, the members of No. 19 paid him the closest attention and allowed him to want for nothing with which they could provide him. Brother Rerat returns his warmest thanks to each and all of them, and assures us that he will never forget their kindness as long as he lives.

Enterprise Lodge No. 75 is reported by S. M. Stephens to be in excellent condition in every respect. The officers are strict in the enforcement of our laws and the members are always ready to obey. All business between them and the Grand Lodge is transacted promptly and correctly, and they have never yet given cause for complaint. They meet all demands made upon them with as much promptness as though their life depended upon it. Brother Stephens desires to return many thanks to Brothers E. A. Mace, C. C. Murray, B. Austin, W. J. Wheeler, and the many others who made his trip to Philadelphia so pleasant for him. They aided him to the extent of their power, and thus showed their willingness to advance the interest of the cause. Brothers Mace, Harvey, Dupell and Wheeler are all engineers now, and have the highest respect of all who know them. They are a credit to our organization, and we delight in extending to them the right hand of fellowship.

Humorous.

Small dishes are decorated so handsomely now that pickles look unhappy in them.—Boston Globe.

The fool buyeth an umbrella, but the prudent man knoweth a trick worth two of that.—New York News.

A down East girl who is engaged to a lumberman says she has caught a feller.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

The reason hurricanes are not respected is because they put on too many airs.—Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

A lady friend says that bachelors are like a batch of biscuits, good enough after they are mixed.—Boston Transcript.

A man who can't tell the difference between one fashion plate and another is a married man, and don't you forget it.

The business of a telegraph company is "spread from pole to pole."—Yonkers Gazette. So is that of the washerwoman.—Somerville Journal.

They had been at the masquerade, where she had recognized him at once. 'Was it the loud beating of my heart, my darling, that told you I was near?' murmured he. Oh, no,' she replied, 'I recognized your crooked legs.'—New York News.

The lecturer who had an audience of three old maids and one old man and his wife said he drew a full house—three of a kind and a pair.—Boston Post.

'Innocent at Home'—No, a newspaper file is not used to scrape the rust from old jokes. You've struck the wrong tool-chest this time.—New York Graphic.

It would be quite easy to pay the national debt by imposing a tax on beauty. There isn't a woman living in the country who would not demand to be assessed.—Somerville Journal.

Pupil—'What is a hero, Mr. Bircham? Teacher (Mr. Bircham—'A hero is a man who conquers himself.' Pupil—'Ah, I see; a man who can sit down on a tack and only feel sad about it.'—Andrews' Bazar.

A liveryman thinks the great want of the day is young men with three arms. He vaguely says it would lessen the number of sleighing accidents, but no one seems to understand his meaning.—Rochester Chronicle.

A Cincinnati man found a rough-looking individual in his cellar. 'Who are you?' he demanded. 'The gas man come to take the meter,' was the reply. 'Great heaven!' cried the householder, 'I hoped you were only a burglar.'—Boston Post.

LOCOMOTIVE PERFORMANCES.

The following monthly statement, for which we are indebted to Brother Charles J. McGee of No. 63, may prove of interest to our members, and we therefore give it space in our columns:

C. & E. I. R. R. CO.

LOCOMOTIVE PERFORMANCES. }
December, 1880. }

MILEAGE.	MAIN LINE	T. H. DIV.
Passenger Engines.....	15,535	6,960
Freight ".....	62,584	18,365
Construction ".....	4,900	225
Switching ".....	35,524	5,000
Total	118,543	33,550

TOTAL COST.

Engineers, Firemen and Wipers.....	\$6,418.60	\$1,384.30
Oil, Waste and Tallow.....	463.93	95.20
Fuel.....	6,324.76	1,445.00
Repairs.....	1,678.99	2,191.73
Total.....	\$14,886.36	\$5,116.83

AVERAGE COST PER MILE RUN, IN CENTS.

Engineers, Firemen and Wipers.....	5.4	4.5
Oil, Waste and Tallow.....	0.4	0.3
Fuel.....	5.3	4.7
Repairs.....	1.4	7.1
Total.....	12.5	16.6

MILES AVERAGE MADE.

To Pint Oil.....	19	22
" Ton Coal.....	26	29

Average Cars per Train..... 32.2 24.6

NOTE.—Length of Road 225 miles. No. of Engines 50. 'Average Miles made to Pint of Oil' includes all oil used in running and repairing Engine. 'Cost of Repairs' includes superintending and all other Motive Power Expenses. Switch Engines allowed 6 miles per hour.

Yours Respectfully,

ALLEN COOK,
Master Mechanic, Danville, Ill.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must not fail to tell the Express clerk that their package is "Dead Head."

Dead Head Packages are not billed and therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

TO ALL LODGES.

Those Lodges having a surplus of rituals or constitutions and by-laws will confer a great favor on us by returning to the Grand Lodge

as many of each as they can spare, in order to avoid the necessity of having new ones printed before the next convention.

We are also greatly in need of March, April and May numbers of our Magazine for 1880, and those who have any of the said numbers to spare will greatly oblige us by returning them to the Editor.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and would offer them to our subscribers at the low figures of \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

BROTHERHOOD BADGES.

COLUMBUS, O., March 7, 1881.

Editors of B. of L. F. Magazine:

As numerous letters of inquiry have come to me lately respecting the badge of our order, I will take this opportunity to say that the badge or pin adopted by this order at our Seventh Annual Convention consists of two scoops, crossed, the handles connected by three links and with a letter "B" at the intersection of the handles of the scoops or where they cross each other. These badges can be procured on solid gold plate at a cost not to exceed two dollars each or about nine dollars per half dozen at almost any manufacturing jeweler.

No other badges are recognized as Brotherhood badges except as described above.

Please publish this for the benefit of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.

Fraternally,

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of all our Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies all of which they ought to have and which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitution and By-Laws, Rituals, Key to the Unwritten Work, Key to decipher Pass Words, etc., Black List Forms, Withdrawal Cards, Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for Dues, etc., Financial Secretaries' Account Books, Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a

tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities of both collectors and members that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 16—James D. White from No. 36.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 36—James D. White to join No. 16.

No. 60—J. S. Stanton to join No. 76.

No. 89—Wm. Henderson—final.

BLACK LIST.

No. 12—Eugene S. Draper for non-payment of dues and defrauding lodge.

No. 22—James McWilliams—expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

Ed. Corter—expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 40—Jno. Comfort, John Cullen and R. Howard—expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 60—Jos. McNeal—expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 73—John Powers, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 73—Fred C. Kirby—expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

No. 74—Thomas Gilliam—expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 75—C. W. Barber, Thomas Myers and

James McGovern—expelled for non-payment of dues.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

CAMDEN, N. J., March 10th, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Welcome Lodge No. 92, of the B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge was recently entertained with an elegant oyster supper at the hands of our lady friends, therefore, be it

Resolved, That in appreciation of this kindness, we tender our sincere thanks to Mrs. Wm. Cows, Mrs. Lewis Elbertson, Mrs. Walter Laird, Mrs. Francis Keen and Mrs. Harry Higgins.

Resolved, That we regard this testimonial as a mark of the high esteem in which our organization is held by these ladies, and that we shall ever do our utmost to prove worthy of the respect and confidence they have reposed in us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to each of the ladies mentioned and to our Magazine for publication; and, also, that the same be spread upon the minute proceedings of the Lodge.

LEWIS ELBERTSON,
WM. COWLS,
ABNER HUSSON, jr. } Committee.

C. Deitrich, the genial Vice-Master of No. 91, informs us of the marriage of Brother John McCraigh to Miss Mary Conley, and Brother T. Thompson to Miss Mary Whalen. Both couple reside in San Francisco, although Brother Thompson is temporarily located in Arizona. We join the members of 91 in extending the right hand of friendship, with our hearty congratulations to the young voyagers.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES,

Officers, and Their Post-Office Address.

GRAND LODGE OFFICERS.

Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,
Los Angeles, Cal.
John Clark.....Grand Conductor,

Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
W. N. Tibbetts.....Grand Outer Guard,
Boston, Mass.
J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,
283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....	Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....	Denver, Colorado
J. E. Briggs.....	Waterloo, Iowa

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

D. M. Wills.....	Urbana, Ills
J. F. Hittle.....	Rawlings, Wyoming Territory
Louis Elbertson.....	Philadelphia, Pa
August Menish.....	Stratford, Ont
Robert Ebbage.....	Terre Haute, Ind
D. L. Stephens.....	Washington, D. C
J. W. Richardson.....	Louisville, Ky
Wm. Pembroke.....	Salem, Mass
John I. Steele.....	Atchinson, Kansas
Emory Green.....	West Oakland, Cal
D. Fifield.....	San Francisco, Cal
W. M. Palmer.....	Amboy, Ills
Thos. Shivers.....	Atlanta, Ga
Wm. J. Armitage.....	Denver, Colorado

DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

C. J. McGee, box 772.....	Danville, Ills
W. J. Wheeler.....	West Philadelphia, Penn., 4,906 Paschall street.
Jos. Schellhorn, box 648.....	Little Rock, Ark
Wm. F. Hynes.....	Denver, Colorado, 233 Fifteenth street.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....	Lafayette, Ind
B. S. Keith.....	Clinton, Iowa
C. R. Raymond, box 13.....	Fort Gratiot, Mich
L. L. Parker, Jr.....	East Cambridge, Mass 72 Cambridge street.
F. B. Alley.....	Louisville, Ky 505 Washington street.
John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....	Chicago, Ills.
John Schardt, box 4.....	Nashville, Tenn
Harry Watts.....	Evanston, Wyoming Ter

LODGES OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. address, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I; meets in Engineers Hall, 26 Exchange Place, 1st Wednesday and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30.
Geo. D. Oliver, 7 Meeting street.....Master
A. P. Greene, 47 Bernon st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
T. R. Powers, 20 Park st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, at Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Union Hall, 2d floor, Cor. 4th and Grove streets, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
Fred Green.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt

4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.; meets in Engineers' Hall, Cor. Temple and Congress streets, every Sunday at 2 p. m.
C. B. Pearson, 27 St. Lawrence St.....Master
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.....Rec. Sec'y
Maurice Lynch, 16 St. Lawrence St. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Johnson, Grand Trunk Dpt., Mag. Agt
5. UNION, at Gallon, Ohio; meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the Engineers Hall.
A. N. Jenkinson.....Master
Theo. Wooley, box 659.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 18½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master
P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y
J. C. Graham, 467 C st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent
No. 420 12th st. s. w.
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
E. L. Coit, Piqua Shops.....Master
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st).....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Evans, Piqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets every Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Seranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master
Josh. L. Clark, 73 Woodbine st.....Rec. Sec'y
M. S. Laughlin, Care of 6 Fruit st., Fin. Sec'y
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st. Mag. Agt
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
J. S. Gorgas.....Rec. Sec'y
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
James Hayes, 170 Seneca street.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st. Mag. Agt
13. WASHINGTON, Jersey City, N. J.; meets at Kaiser Hall, cor. Johnson avenue and Whitson streets, the 2d Monday at 11 a. m. and the 4th Sunday at 10 a. m. of each month.
Edwin F. Colbath, 134 Pacific ave.....Master
Mellick Shick, 145 ".....Rec. Sec
Chas. A. Clapp, 450 Harman st.....Fin. Sec
" ".....Mag. Agt
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 18½ E. Washington street.
S. M. Stevens.....Master
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Was'ngton st. Rec. Sec'y
Chas. N. Zepp, 29 Madison ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent

15. **ST. LAWRENCE**, Montreal, Canada; meets every alternate Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Engineers Hall, at Victoria Bridge Hotel.
Edward Upton, 9 Burgees st. Master
James A. Gratrix, 413 Wellington st. Rec. Sec'y
John Ryan, 211 Burgees st. Fin. Sec'y
Peter Champagne, 175 Burgees st. Mag. Agt
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
James I. Southard, 332 N. 14th st. Master
E. V. Debs, City Clerk's office. Rec. Sec'y
E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st. Fin. Sec'y
A. J. Mullen, City Clerk's office. Mag. Agt
17. **OLD POST**, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
C. A. Cripps. Master
Chas. Kunz. Rec. Sec'y
Byron Robinson. Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Galloway. Magazine Agent
18. **WEST END**, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.
C. M. Stone. Master
L. M. Eldridge. Rec. Sec'y
J. B. Milton. Fin. Sec'y
box 160, Rood House, Ills.
Geo. Steding. Mag. Agt
box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. **TRUCKEE**, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
Thomas Yeargin, box 8. Master
L. E. Enos do Rec. Sec'y
M. Purcell, do Fin. Sec'y
Fred. Murray do } Magazine Ag'ts
M. Coyle do }
20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
C. Traver. Master
C. M. Finley. Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Shields, box 470. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. McBride. Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
Wm. J. Eddy. Master
Geo. W. Ragland. Rec. Sec'y
John A. Hayes. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Eddy. Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
A. C. Jordan, box 578. Master
L. E. Beckley, do Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, do Fin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, do Magazine Ag't
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehr's Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.
J. W. Richardson, 286 Wenzel St. Master
Chas. Hahn, 231 Franklin st. Rec. Sec'y
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st. Fin. Sec'y
P. Powers, 82 Story ave. Mag. Agent
25. **CONNE'TING LINK**, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
R. S. Pike. Master
J. D. Russell. Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Russell. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. H. Fuller. Magazine Agent
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternately Sundays at 2 p. m., at Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
W. C. Byers, box 562. Master
L. C. Chase. Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Phelps. Fin. Sec'y
Pat McGuire, box 562. Magazine Ag't
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.
M. B. Tarkington, box 177. Master
H. J. Clark, " " Rec. Sec'y
Thomas C. Brown, " 114. Fin. Sec'y
John N. Bonner, " 189. Mag. Ag't
29. **CERRO GORD**, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
A. H. Tucker. Master
W. B. Keith, box 167. Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green. Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Shattuck. Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays in each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
Jno. Graves. Master
A. H. Girard, box 795. Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Briggs. Fin. Sec'y
J. McNeill. Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kan. Meets every alternate Sunday on the corner of Sixth and Commercial streets.
Harry C. Davies. Master
John I. Steel, box 146. Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Benedict, Lock box 826, Fin. Sec'y
Peter Lahey. Mag.
Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. **BORDER**, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.
C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan. Master
C. McCourtie do do Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Walsh, box 197, Ellis, Kan. Fin. Sec'y
J. McKenna, box 77, do Mag. Ag't
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.
R. J. McCool, box 307. Master
M. Perdue. Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Stamper, box 242. Fin. Sec'y
Anthony Roth. Magazine Agent
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
W. M. Cowles. Master
Geo. E. Howell. Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. Howell. Fin. Sec'y
Wm. T. Post, box 393. Mag. Ag't
35. **AMBOY**, Amboy, Ill.; meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
Wm. H. Dean. Master
Henry Schermerhorn, box 345. Rec. Sec'y
Charles R. Rosier do Fin. Sec'y
Henry Williams, do Mag. Ag't

36. **TIPPECANOE**, Lafayette, Ind.; meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Fourth and Ferry streets, P. O. Block.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
 W. S. Baker, 113 Grover St.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. J. Hale, care of 161 Union St.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Mag. Ag't
37. **NEW HOPE**, Centralia, Ill.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
 M. B. Willard, box 202.....Master
 F. M. James, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. G. Cornick.....Fin. Sec'y
 M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't
38. **AVON**, Stratford, Ontario; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
 Daniel Ross, box 389.....Master
 F. Mingay, box 103.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. Flaherty, box 389.....Fin. Sec'y
 Geo. Jeffery, do.....Magazine Ag't
40. **BLOOMING**, Bloomington, Ill.; meets in Engineers' hall every Tuesday night.
 John A. Casey, C. & A. en. house.....Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jno. B. Miller, C. & A. en. house.....Fin. Sec'y
 Jas. C. Hall, 913 W. Mulberry st.....Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, Cincinnati, O.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall.
 H. P. Lewis.....Master
 57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Thos. N. Eller.....Rec. Sec'y
 Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
 Thos. N. Eller, "do".....Fin. Sec'y
 Gardiner Horricks.....mag. Ag'ts
 H. P. Lewis.....} mag. Ag'ts
 Chas. Rerder.....}
 C. H. & D. en. house, Cincinnati, O.
42. **KENNESAW**, Atlanta, Georgia; meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
 H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Webb, do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, St. Joseph, Mo.; meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every 2d and 4th Sundays in each month.
 Richard Morris.....Master
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Rec. Sec'y
 D. C. Pierce.....Fin. Sec'y
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
 K. C. S. J. & C. B. shops.
44. **F. W. ARNOLD**, East St. Louis, Ill.; meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
 J. L. Benedick.....Master
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Thos. Rodgers.....Fin. Sec'y
 H. Whittlesey.....Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY**, Little Rock, Ark.; meets every Monday at 750 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
 E. H. Ralford, 911 North street.....Rec. Sec'y
- Frank A. Richardson, box 648.....Fin. Sec'y
 P. F. Robinson.....Magazine Agent
 620 Pulaski street, Little Rock, Ark.
46. **CAPITAL**, Springfield, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
 W. R. Whitcomb, box 1126.....Master
 G. D. Partington do.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. H. Knotts, 802 12th st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Louis Smith do.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, Chicago, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 230 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
 W. E. Burnes, 1325 Michigan ave.....Master
 J. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. Glover, 1536 Michigan ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 M. Gepper, 1350 State st.....Mag. Ag't
49. **JOHN M. RAYMOND**, Decatur, Ills.; meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
 Wm. Felton.....Master
 A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Andrew Sheridan.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Felton.....Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, Chicago, Ills.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 415 State street.
 J. Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Master
 Henry J. Strong, 4658 State st.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. R. Parker, 4703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Ag't
51. **FRONTIER CITY**, Oswego, N. Y.; meets every Thursday at 230 p. m., at Engineers' Hall.
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Master
 Jas. Gorman, 171 West 8th st.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Burns.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. J. Boynton.....Magazine Agent
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana; meets every Sunday at 230 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
 Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master
 J. W. Stevens do.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. W. Jamison do.....Fin. Sec'y
 B. B. Ide do.....Magazine Ag't
54. **ANCHOR**, Moberly, Mo.; meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.
 John Mummert, box 137.....Master
 Geo. R. Stacy, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. R. Stacy do.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, Memphis, Tenn.; meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 288 2d street.
 Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops.....Master
 Michael Cady do.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops, }
 John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
 Edward Fuchs, do }
57. **BOSTON**, Boston, Mass.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
 Geo. H. Abbott.....Master
 50 1/2 Hudson street, Boston, Mass.
 Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y
 9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
 Wm. H. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
 14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
 Wm. A. Pembroke, North River
 Engine House, Danversport, Mass. Mag. Ag't

58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California; meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trott's Hotel.
 A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
 A. J. Mackay, doRec. Sec'y
 A. J. Mackay, doFin. Sec'y
 A. H. Curtis, doMagazine
 A. E. Brown, Sacramento, Cal... } Agents
59. ROYAL GORGE, South Pueblo, Colorado; meets every Saturday night.
 Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
 H. S. Hinman "Rec. Sec'y
 John Daley, "Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Kinney, "Mag. Ag't
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in Dover Hall, 2,204 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Paul Walker.....Master
 A. B. Collom, 2,206 Lawrence st.Rec. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, 2,510 Aldr st.Fin. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, "Mag. Ag't
61. MINNEHAHA, St. Paul, Minn.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., at Druids Hall.
 C. Montgomery.....Master
 St. P. & M. M. shops.
 J. H. Sawyer, 84 Oak st.Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.Fin. Sec'y
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, Carbondale, Pa.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
 John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
 Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
 P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
 John Moyles, box 229.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, Danville, Ills.; meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., at the southeast corner of the Public Square.
 C. J. McGee, box 772.....Master
 John Mills, doFin. Sec'y
 W. C. Goodrich.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. J. McGee, box 772.....Magazine Agent
65. FORT RIDGELY, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
 Thomas Burke.....Master
 J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
 John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
 Huron, Dakota Territory.
67. DOMINION, Toronto, Can.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
 John Scott, 26 Vananley st.Master
 M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave.Rec. Sec'y
 John Johnson, 51 Vanantly st.Fin. Sec'y
 Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel, corner King and Brock sts.Mag. Ag't
68. HUDSON, Jersey City, N. J.
 T. H. Lawley, 186 Bay street.....Master
 Joseph Meegan, 343 St. Paul ave.Rec. Sec'y
 John McAuley, 125 Steuben street, Fin. Sec'y
 Thomas Cadie, 306 4th street.Mag. Ag't
69. HURON, Fort Gratiot, Mich.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Postoffice.
 Thomas W. Lord, box 13.....Master
 C. Macklow, "Rec. Sec'y
 C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek, Michigan.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. Brien, box 13.....Magazine Ag't
70. LONE STAR, Marshall, Texas; meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month.
 C. Greenwood.....Master
 J. Moynihan.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. A. Christman.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. Chappel.....Magazine Ag'ts
 T. Canant.....Mag. Ag't
71. CAPITAL CITY, Albany, N. Y.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays and 2d and 4th Friday nights, at 281 Green st.
 D. O. Shank, 239 Green st.Master
 L. O'Brien, 7 Union st.Rec. Sec'y
 D. O. Shank.....Magazine Agent
 281 Green st., Albany, N. Y.
72. WELCOME, Camden, N. J.; meets in Sellsfielder's Hall, corner Third and Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 Lewis Elbertson, 423 Henry st.Master
 Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.Rec. Sec'y
 Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.Fin. Sec'y
 Harry Higgins "Mag. Ag't
73. BAY STATE, Worcester, Mass.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room 3.
 James W. Mead, 84 Grafton st.Master
 Thomas Loynd, 64 Portland st.Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st.Fin. Sec'y
 Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.Mag. Ag't
74. KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
 John Fleming, 1,325 St. Louis ave.Master
 Archie Clark, doRec. Sec'y
 J. D. Clinton, doFin. Sec'y
 A. Murray, 815 west 17th street.Mag. Ag't
75. ENTERPRISE, West Philadelphia, Pa.; meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
 Henry Walton, 3,845 Warren st.Master
 Frank Dupell, 3,821 Elm st.Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4,906 Paschall st.Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st.Mag. Ag't
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col.; meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Haliday street, lock box 1,588.
 George Monahan, lock box 1,588.....Master
 W. F. Hynes, doRec. Sec'y
 Thomas Hynes, doFin. Sec'y
 Hynes Bros., No. 233 15th st.Mag. Ag'ts
79. CUMBERLAND, Nashville, Tenn.; meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
 Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.Master
 John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.Fin. Sec'y
 Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.Mag. Ag't

82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.; meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. F. Canney.....Master
Care Minn. Eastern Office.
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y
1,309 5th street, south.
S. T. Browne, 1,712 7th st., south.....Fin. Sec'y
A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month at M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
U. P. Round House.
Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th st
85. **FARGO**, Fargo, D. T.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 64 Front st.
John Burnes box 1,798.....Master
Arthur Bassett, box 1,798.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. **BLACK HILLS**, Laramie, W. T.; meets in L. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Master
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, Rawlins, W. T.; meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham, box 38.....Fin. Sec'y
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, Evanston, W. T.; meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
A. D. Gould.....Master
Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, Carlin, Nev.; meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Ressegnie, box 41.....Master
D. E. Bassford.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Ressegnie.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, West Oakland, Cal.; meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month, corner 7th and Chester streets.
E. T. Green.....Master
A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y
E. L. Pratt, 1768 Eighth street.....Fin. Sec'y
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOL EN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.; meets the first Sunday and third Wednesdays of each month at King's Hall, Missouri street, bet. 17th and 18th.
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
J. Foster, 183 16th street.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Griggs, 111 19th street.....Fin. Sec'y
- F. A. Griggs, 111 19th st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
John McGrath, 212 16th st.....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa; meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
T. A. Seig.....Master
Frank Miller, box 1,405.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Seig.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, Keokuk, Iowa; meets in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
94. **CACTUS**, Tucson, Arizona Ty.
J. C. Spahr.....box 224.....Master
Frank Simpson do.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green 208.....Fin. Sec'y
R. Fetterly do.....Mag. Ag't
95. **CHICAGO**, Chicago, Ill.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Kellard, 218 Fulton st.....Master
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
157 N. Halstead st.
James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
152 N. Sangamon st.
James Leahy.....Magazine Ag't
74 N. Sangamon street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, Hall on Preston street, between Entaw and Madison streets.
L. V. Tipton.....Master
corner Jefferson and Shirk st.
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock, Green Mount ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave. near Shirk street, corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, Los Angeles, Cal. meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes.....Master
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
Robert Hunt.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Vogelsang, box 72.....Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m., at City Hall.
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH**, Peru, Ind; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in I. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, box 318.....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, Bowling Green, Ky.; meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon.....Master
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

Locomotive Firemen's

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No. 5

AMONG THE WATER-LILIES.

BY ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

August 3d.—My feelings are not at all in unison with the gay, sea-side retreat. But I come here under protest. My friends think it may restore my health. My aunt's niece, Lizzie Weston, a healthy, strong-limbed country girl from Massachusetts, is with me.

I do not believe that Cape November would do any more for me, than Florida did for poor Ponce de Leon. It cannot give me my vanished youth—not vanished so much in years as in feeling. I have buried my dead, and have to go forth in a hand-to-hand struggle with an unwilling world for daily bread.

People say it is a good thing for me. But the two at home, dear, suffering, Uncle Reuben, and patient, faithful Aunt Hannah, who have lost their little all when I lost mine, groan when I wend my way to the public school, where I have obtained a desirable post as teacher. I hate it, but I never tell them how much; and this, and all other things has worn me down. So, forsooth, I must be fashionable, and come to Cape November.

August 4th.—Here my diary was interrupted by the sudden ingress of my companion, with her hands full of water-lilies.

'Oh, the beauties! Where did you get them?' I cried.

'Straight through the crooked lane, and right round the square,' was the provoking answer. 'But who do you think I met on the plank-walk?'

I replied that I neither knew nor cared.

'Well, you had better know and care. It was Mr. Thanet.'

'Mr. Thanet! I cried. 'What could have brought him here?'

'The steamboat, I suspect; but I hope you are not going to refuse to be comforted for the fact that he is here? It seems to me that no

one amounts to much at Cape November without some gentleman friend; so I'll talk to him, if he's sociably disposed, and you can play dignity and propriety.'

Mr. Thanet is a person whom I have known distantly for some time past; one of those people in fact, with whom one is always on good terms, but with whom one never expects, or cares, to be on any better. He got me my place in the school, saying, as he announced my good fortune, 'I regret, Miss Cardour, that you have been brought to this; but, believe me, I honor you for accommodating yourselves so readily to circumstances.'

Pleasant and commonplace enough; but not words to raise one's pulses, or cause an extra heart-beat.

It is decidedly puzzling to be thrown in with such people in this way; and I quite wonder how Mr. Thanet will conduct himself toward us at Cape November. Indeed, I wonder at his coming here at all; but then what right have I to do this? Perhaps he wonders just as much at my coming here; and, certainly, his means justify the act considerably more than mine do.

August 5th.—It is strange, that, in the call Mr. Thanet made this morning, 'to pay his respects,' as he somewhat formerly phrased it, he appeared like a different man from the one I have seen at intervals in the streets of B—. I think he must have the Cape November glazing on him. He is certainly fine-looking, with an air of substance about him that always carries weight with it. But, oh, Walter! Walter! if you were living and here, the very sand would be transformed into the flowery plains of Paradise. This thought is like the sad refrain of the ocean. It surges up in restful moments, and walls on in a dreary monotone, as though reproaching me for temporary content and forgetfulness.

I believe that all the words Mr. Thanet and I have hitherto exchanged could be written

down from memory; and yet when we met face to face, this morning in this fashionable Sahara, I returned his warm greeting with as much pleasure as though we had been old friends. I am rather glad on the whole, that he is here, for Lizzie's sake, for, as she says, one does not seem to amount to much in a place like this without a gentleman attendant; but I am equally glad that he is not in the same house with us. Perhaps he and Lizzie may take a fancy to each other—who knows? It would be a good thing for them both I think. I wonder if there is any predisposition to match-making in my nature?

August 7th.—Mr. Thanet's visit to us has resulted in unwonted civility from Ancilla Clemming. She really seems to be aware now that I am here, and that I have a young lady friend with me.

'Why, where have you kept yourself all this time?' she asked, as she watched our visitor's departure from the piazza. 'I have scarcely seen anything of you!'

'You must have shut your eyes on purpose not to see us, then,' retorted Lizzie, to my great amazement, 'for we have been directly under them.'

Cilly almost blushed, but she is not easily abashed, and she was soon walking up and down the veranda with us with an appearance of great friendship. She really is very pretty; and, poor thing, how could we expect her to be much better with such surroundings as hers? No mother; a father whose whole soul is wrapped up in spiders, and beetles' wings, and magnifying glasses, under the name of science; an older sister, who, by virtue of a crooked nose and hair-lip, plays the part of beast to Cilly's beauty, and dogs her sister's footsteps with untiring devotion.

Clara's sharp, restless eyes are ever on the look-out for probably beaux, and possible lovers; and the strangest part of it is, that they all seem to think no one sees this. Truly there are a great many human ostriches in this world, I really believe that Mr. Thanet has already been marked in this way; if so, I wish them joy of the undertaking. He strikes me as the height of the impracticable.

August 10th.—Last night Lizzie and I went for a walk on the beach. The harvest moon was just rising, slow, majestic and superb—a spectacle that can be seen but a few short nights in the whole year; and as it gradually gained the zenith, the track of light that fell like a shimmery veil over the dark waste of waters, shifted and glimmered with a tender radiance that glorified all it touched. It lingered, and rippled, and played, with the

dull, leaden waves, until they seemed to laugh in glee, and the whole ocean was alive with beauty.

Directly, Mr. Thanet joined us, and we stood gazing over the very edge, deaf to the noise and laughter about us, the passing and re-passing crowd of idle promenaders. After awhile, Mr. Thanet said, softly,

'I wish you could see it as I have seen it, on the shore of Brittany—the mad, wild dash of the waves against the rugged cliffs, then moaning and walling like a lost soul—the dreary, melancholy nature of the land scenery. desolation, itself, with perhaps a solitary Druidical obelisk in the distance, crowned with the symbol of the Christian faith, Planted there, like the religion of Christ on the very monuments of pagan superstition. I feel almost guilty, though, in uttering any words here. Miss Cardour, how do you account for the mysterious spell that comes over us in a scene like this?'

'It is God,' I whispered.

His hat was reverently lifted.

'You are right. It is the feeling of Jacob at Bethel; but very few of this multitude seem to share it with us. Hark to the peals of laughter! How they grate upon the ear!'

Just then, Ancilla Clemming floated by, heralded by a peal of merry laughter. She laughed very prettily. Some one had compared it to a silver chime of bells; and she indulged in it on the slightest provocation, very often on none at all. Her slight, rounded figure had a willowy grace about it, and the fashionable bend, as she leaned carelessly on the arm of the gentleman to whom she was talking; and the face, in which white and pink were charmingly mingled, was set off to great advantage by the black-lace veil, worn Spanish fashion. Her eyes were of the kind that, like some noses, have a natural upward tendency; and she was now bringing a St. Cecilia roll to bear upon her companion, whose face had about as much expression as a potato.

When Ancilla had floated by, she floated back again. She had seen Mr. Thanet; and seeing him, she, of course, saw us.

'I have been hunting you everywhere, Stella,' she began, addressing me. 'You are a regular Will-o'-wisp!'

'What a comparison!' exclaimed Lizzie. 'Will-o'-wisps always lead people where they don't want to go, and I'm sure you can't say that of her. But what is your object in hunting us?'

We here all came to a stand-still, and seeing that it was inevitable to be, and rather pity-

ing the girl on account of Lizzie's abrupt question, I introduced Mr. Thanet. The gentleman glanced admiringly at the pretty face so near his own, and bowed and smiled in the most satisfactory manner.

'Well!' I sighed, 'not much hope for Lizzie, now, I am afraid. The best of men are so taken with beauty, and being made much of.'

Mr. Thanet looked as composed as ever; and after a civil pause, the two parties went their separate ways. Cilly, and her attendant knight, who was a wooden kind of man, frequently passed us. We remained gazing out over the sea, instead of mingling with the crowd. But such smiles and glances were showered upon us, or, rather, upon Mr. Thanet, while the lovely face glowed and sparkled in the moonlight, that it seemed wonderful any mortal man could resist it all.

August 15th.—Ancilla Clemming is leading Mr. Thanet about in chains, ordering him here and there, hanging on his arm, and making such public approbation of him, that people generally smile, and look upon it as a settled thing.

Sister Clara helps matters along to the best of her ability; and papa Clemming seems to feel a thrill of joy, in the midst of his bugs and spiders, at the prospect of being relieved of his most expensive encumbrance.

August 20.—Yesterday we made up a party to go after water-lilies, on a pond a mile or two inland. We drove to the lake, I, Lizzie, and Ancilla Clemming, with Mr. Thanet, who was to be carsman; and Cilly, who appreciated such chances to the utmost, made herself as lovely as possible.

'How shall we sit?' she said, as we were about getting into the boat, turning her eyes full of coquettishness, on Mr. Thanet. 'I am such a coward, you know, that I must be in the middle of the boat.'

I hastened to reply before Mr. Thanet could get a chance.

'Oh! let Lizzie and you set in the stern. I will go to the bow. I suppose one of us must sit in the bow to 'trim boat,' as you call it, Mr. Thanet?'

'Well, not exactly; but I would rather one of you did sit there; the boat won't be so much down by the stern in that case.' But somehow, though he said this very politely, I did not think he seemed pleased with the arrangement.

Ancilla was evidently bent on captivation. She trailed a white hand through the limpid water, and forced Mr. Thanet to admire its unnatural whiteness. She took an oar from his strong grasp, and caught a crab with the

first stroke; and then rocked the boat until we all thought she would upset it. At length we reached the water-lilies, which thickly covered the bed of a little cove, with beautiful trees shading it, so that one might think one was a hundred miles from the sea. The great round leaves and white cups, were there in all there wealth of beauty; and we made frantic pulls at the long tough stalks, while Mr. Thanet rested on his oars.

Directly a couple of swans were seen approaching, and one came so close that Cilly began to feed it, breaking of bits of cake which we had brought for luncheon. I could not help expressing my surprise to see the stately, graceful creatures in such an out of the way place.

'They were put here,' said Cilla, 'by Senator Smith; this is really a private lake in his grounds; you know he owns all the land about, and has that beautiful place on the hill yonder; but, oh! you nasty, wicked thing!' she cried suddenly with a little shriek, apostrophizing the swan, 'See, he has jerked away my embroidered hankkerchief!'

It was as she said. The swan, thinking, perhaps, the delicate fabric might be eatable, had suddenly snatched at it; and then finding it unpalatable, had as suddenly dropped it, and it floated away.

'Oh, catch it, quick!' she cried, and Mr. Thanet leaned out well from the boat, thrust forth an oar to its rescue.

The swan flapped its wings, frightened, and swam rapidly away.

'I have it,' said Mr. Thanet; but the water, disturbed by the bird, swept it, as he spoke, just out of his reach, while the motion of the oar turned the boat partly around.

'See!' I cried. 'I can reach it from the bow,' and I leaned forward.

But it was only to lose my balance in my excitement, and go downward among the water-lilies. The water was deeper than it appeared—that limpid clearness is so deceitful. But while the girls shrieked with terror, Author Thanet plunged to the rescue.

I rose to the surface, and wildly flinging out my arms, seized my delivered, unconsciously around the neck, in that close grasp which is fatal even to the best swimmer, though I was not aware of its danger.

'Let go!' he cried, sternly. 'Do not cling to me!'

I gave him one glance of mingled surprise and pain, and, taking him at his word, sank heavily to the bottom. I knew then I was to die. I knew, too, that I did not care how

soon. If he thought more of his life than of me—well!

But a firm grasp soon drew me to the surface, and, with a powerful effort, Mr. Thanet got himself and his burden into the boat.

In silence, we rowed among the reeds and rushes, until the boat grated on the sand; and then the inmates of a little farm house hard by were astonished by the apparition of a very wet gentleman carrying an equally wet young lady, and followed by two more damsels with trembling limbs, and white, terrified faces. People at farm houses expect strange antics from city people, but this really looked serious.

I had not yet opened my eyes. I was still unconscious. A motherly woman, in a sun-bonnet, took me in hand, and having me deposited on a clean, patch-work-covered bed, she and Lizzie got off my wet clothes, and chafed my benumbed limbs, until signs of returning life crowned their efforts.

I had a dim consciousness that a whole dram-shop, and all the decoctions of 'yarb-tea' that ever was made, had been poured down my throat, and that it therefore behooved me to show some degree of animation; but I fell back on the bed, after trying to rise, in such a limp condition that I was ordered to remain where I was.

Mr. Thanet's wet clothes were exchanged for a suit of the farmers; and in this strange guise, he accompanied Miss Clemming back to the starting point, while Lizzie mounted guard over me, and the mistress of the farmhouse accepted her fresh cares in the most amiable manner.

August 27th.—Lizzie and I have spent a week in this quaint home-like place; and were it not for the dear uncle and aunt, I should be almost willing to spend my life here. But I shall not go back to Cape November; my next move will be to the city.

I wish that Mr. Thanet would go away somewhere. I do not wish to see him again, just now. I cannot feel grateful for his saving my life, as Lizzie insists that he did; for he wishes me to forget Walter and look upon him in the same light. But he has been kind, most kind, and I am horribly ungrateful.

I believe that, when he spoke me, I put out both hands as though to ward him off; what he said seemed like sacrilege.

'I am sorry,' he added, somewhat bitterly. 'It was the inadvertence of a moment, thus undoing the restraint of a year. But do not answer me now, Stella—do not, I beg of you. I will wait for years if necessary.'

To Lizzie, who grew jubilant, over what she

seemed to divine by instinct, I said, 'I so wanted him to fancy you.'

'Bless you child!' she replied with a giggle, 'I've been engaged these two years. Anson Coit, a boy with whom I used to romp and quarrel when I was no bigger than a grass-hopper. He hasn't a dollar to his name and has gone West to make his fortune.'

I smiled a little as I thought of the unpromising materials with which I had attempted match-making; but the smile changed to a sigh, when I remembered the occurrence of the morning.

'Any way,' said Lizzie, viciously, 'there is some comfort in knowing that Cilly Clemming can't appropriate Mr. Thanet.'

August 30.—Poor I! poor Stella! poor deceived girl!

'I can scarcely ask you the question, and yet I must satisfy myself,' I said to Mr. Thanet last night. 'You—you knew Walter? Is this really true that I have overheard lately—that he no longer cared for me? That he—'

I broke down utterly, and for answer he took me in his arms, and laid my head against his shoulder. I could not repulse him. My old delusion was over. He was now the only friend I had.

September 10th.—I scarcely know 'if I be I,' I have given up my school duties, and I wear a knot of blue ribbon at my throat and in my hair. It is Arthur's favorite color for me, he says. The dear old people seem so happy at the change; and Aunt Hannah is never tired of repeating to me how Arthur told his love to her first, and asked so wistfully if she could give him any encouragement?

'Not now,' replied the sage dame. 'It would be dangerous to speak just yet; but wait awhile. Time works wonders.'

He waited faithfully and patiently; and I find that what is left to me, after the storm and ship-wreck, is more precious than all the freight that went down.

'Mr. Thompson presents his compliments to Mr. Simpson and begs to request that he will keep his pigs from trespassing on his grounds.. 'Mr. Simpson presents his compliments to Mr. Thompson, and begs to suggest that in the future he will not spell pigs with two gees.' 'Mr. Thompson's respects to Mr. Simpson, and will feel obliged if he will add the letter E to the last word in the note just received, so as to represent Mr. Simpson and lady.' 'Mr. Simpson returns Mr. Thompson's letter unopened, the impertinence it contains being only equaled by its vulgarity.'

Poetry.

EVENINGS AT HOME.

FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

I love the calm and pleasant eve,
When from labor I return,
And earth and sky in beauty shine,
And the West with sapphires burns.
The fleecy clouds all golden-tinged
Roll round the sun's decline,
And pine-clad hills with lustres rare
With transient glories shine.

I love to watch the gathering shades
Steal up the mountain's breast,
And see upon the highest peak
The parting sunbeams rest;
Then slowly 'mid surrounding gloom
The peak recede from view,
While myriad stars are twinkling bright,
High in the dome of blue.

And turning from the views without,
To brighter scenes within,
I hail my bonny laughing bride,
As she kisses me "welcome in."
Then care and sorrow, woe and pain
I banish all outside,
While contentment, peace and pleasure
Reign around my fireside.

Then to beguile the lingering hours
Of books I have a store
And I sing the poets' deathless songs
Or scan the sages' love.
With Moore I weep o'er Erin's wrongs,
With stern resolve the while,
To win the rights and smite the foes
Of that "lone and holy Isle."

With Burns I climb the Highland cliffs
And muse by lowland braes;
Or with immortal Byron soar,
And sing in freedom's praise.
With Macaulay horror-struck I view
The destruction of Pompei,
Or in the Roman Forum stand
And list the poets lay.

And oft when by the Muse inspired
I con some simple rhymes
Bewailing the miseries of man
Or sighing for long past times
Betimes by bolder impulse stirred;
By holier feelings driven,
I strike to freedom's ringing strains;
Or raise my thoughts to heaven.

Thus the evenings pleasantly glide,
And thus do I enjoy them,
And not for pomp or glow of pride
Could I be lured to fly them.
And when I'm passing from this life,
From worldly cares away;
Oh, may my last declining hours
Be like the close of a calm bright day.

T. P. O'ROURKE "OF NO. 68."

El Moro, Col., March 15, 1881.

FROM EXILE.

PARIS, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879, A MOTHER SPEAKS.

[Julia C. R. Dorr, in Harper's Magazine.]

Ah, dear God, when will it be day?
I cannot sleep, I cannot pray,
Tossing, I watch the silent stars
Mount up from the horizon bars;
Orion with his flaming sword,
Proud chieftain of the glorious horde;
Auriga up the lofty arch
Pursuing still, his stately march—
So patient and so calm are they.
Ah, dear God, when will it be day?

—O Mary, mother! Hark! I hear
A cock crow through the silence clear!
The dawn's faint crimson streaks the east,
And, afar off, I catch the least
Low murmur of the city's stir
As she shakes off the dreams of her!

List! There's a sound of hurrying feet
Far down below me in the street,
Thank God! the weary night is past—
The morning comes—'tis day at last.

Wake, Rosalie! Awake! Arise!
The sun is up, it glids the skies.
She does not stir. The young sleep sound
As dead men in their graves profound.
Ho, Rosalie! At last! Now haste!
To-day there is no time to waste.
Bring me fresh water. Braid my hair.
Hand me the glass. Once I was fair
As thou art. Now I look so old
It seems my death-knell should be tolled.

Ill? No! (I want no wine). So pale?
Like a white ghost, so wan and frail?
Well, that's not strange. All night I lay
Waiting and watching for the day.
But—there! I'll drink it; it may make
My cheeks burn brighter for his sake

Who comes to-day. My boy! my boy!
 How can I bear the unwonted joy?
 I, who for eight long years have wept
 While happier mothers smiling slept;
 While others decked their son's first-born
 For dance, or fete, or bridal morn;
 Or proudly smiled to see them stand
 The stateliest pillars of the land!—
 For he, so gallant and so gay,
 As young and debonair as they.
 My beautiful, brave boy, my life,
 Went down in the unequal strife!
 The right or wrong? Oh, what care I?
 The good God judgeth up on high.

And now he gives him back to me!
 I—tremble so—I scarce can see,
 How full the streets are! I will wait
 His coming here beside the gate,
 From which I watched him as he went,
 Eight years ago to banishment.
 I will sit down. speak, Rosalie, when
 You see a band of stalwart men,
 With one fair boy among them—one
 With bright hair shining in the sun,
 Red, smiling lips, and eager eyes,
 Blue as the blue of summer skies,
 My boy! my boy! Why come they not?
 O, Son of God! hast Thou forgot
 Thy Mother's agony? Yet she,
 Was she not stronger far than we,
 We common mothers? Could she know
 From her far heights such pain and woe?
 Run further down the street and see
 If they're not coming, Rosalie.

Mother of Christ! how lag the hours!
 What? Just beyond the convent towers,
 And coming straight this way? O heart,
 Be still and strong and bear thy part,
 Thy new part, bravely. Hark! I hear
 Above the city's hum the near,
 Slow tread of marching feet; I see—
 Now, I cannot see, Rosalie—
 Your eyes are younger. Is he there,
 My Antoine, with his sunny hair?
 It is like gold; it shines in the sun;
 Surely you see it? What? Not one—
 Not one bright head? All old, old men,
 Gray-haired, gray-bearded, gaunt? Then—
 then

He has not come—he is ill, or dead!
 O, God, that I were in thy stead,
 My son! my son! Who touches me?
 —Your pardon, sir. I am not she
 For whom you look. Go further on
 Ere yet the daylight shall begone.
 'Mother!' who calls me 'mother?' You?
 You are not he—my Antoine! You
 Are a gray-bearded man, and he

Is a mere boy. You mistake me
 For some one else. I'm sorry, sir.
 God bless you! Soon you will find her
 For whom you seek. But I—ah, I—
 Still must I call and none reply?
 You—kiss me? Antoine? O my son!
 Thou art mine own, my banished one!

STILL SINGLE.

I stood by the 'Blake Transmitter.'
 For the telephone bell had rung,
 And over the wire a sound came
 As though a maiden sung
 A musical tone quite familiar.
 Her voice I had often heard,
 For in answering daily telephone calls
 We had interchanged many a word.

Have you never received a letter,
 And paused ere breaking the seal,
 As you thought concerning the tidings
 That the contents might reveal?
 Did not a longing possess you
 To know what was really within,
 And yet to avail of that knowledge
 You seemed in no haste to begin?

In some such manner I tarried
 At the end of our telephone wire,
 Then at last, mustering courage sufficient,
 Began at once to inquire:
 'Well, hallo! well, what is wanted?'
 It seemed at least all I could do;
 When quick in return came the message,
 'Halloo! well, halloo, who are you?'

'Why, I am 'forty-eight,' 'I responded.
 'You called only a moment or two.'
 'Forty-eight,' she repeated in answer,
 'Well, surely I don't wish for you.'

I was giving my telephone number,
 As found on the company's page,
 But I fear, from her hasty answer,
 She thought I was giving my age.

Alas, that the blow came so sudden;
 I received it bewildered, alone—
 As the consciousness dawned there upon me,
 Rejected by telephone.

—[New York Operator.

Ex-Superintendent Kittle, of New York,
 sent recently the following toast to a social
 gathering:

'Our Public Schools—may their influence
 spread,
 Until statesmen use grammar and dunces are
 dead;
 Until no one dare say in this land of the
 free,
 He's 'done' for he 'did,' or it's 'her' for it's
 'she.'

NEVER BEGIN.

In going down hill on a slippery track,
The going is easy; the task, getting back.
But you'll not have a tumble, a slip, nor a
stop,
Nor toil from below, if you stay at the top.

So from drinking and smoking and *every sin*
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then never begin! *never begin!*
You cannot be a drunkard unless you begin.

Some boast they can stand on the cataract's
brink.

Some do it, but *some* topple over and sink.
Then I think, to be safe, the most sensible
plan
Is to keep from the brink as far as you can.

So from drinking and *every sin*
You are safe and secure if you never begin.
Then *never begin!* NEVER BEGIN!
You cannot be a drunkard unless you begin.

THE COAL-HOLE TOP.

How doth the little coal-hole top
Its slipperiness disguise,
And feet on bootless errands send
So often to the skies!

The little school-girl steps on it
With an elastic gait;
But ere she can step off again
She sits upon her slate.

The little boy, with pail of milk,
Treads on it, "just in play."
He sees some stars. The passers-by
Gaze on the "milky way."

The belle, with rich embellishment,
Comes up with mincing tread.
Her shoes are made of best French kid;
Her stockings clocked with red.

The big policeman, proud, erect,
With gum shoes on his feet,
Disguises it with confidence,
How quick he's off his beat!

The granger with his cowhide boots:
"By thunder! Did you see
How spry that little iron thing
Got out from under me?"

No matter what the size of feet,
Nor with what they are shod,
The coal-hole top has never yet
With uprightness been trod.

—[Albany Argus.

LINES TO A MOTHER.

(From the unpublished manuscript.)
Written at sea, 38° 15' south; Long. 19° 43' east.

Now fare thee well, my mother dear,
But hope to have me soon with thee,
Then I'll kiss off those pearly tears,
That thou so oft hast shed for me.

Oh, do not think because I roam,
That I no kindred feeling have,
For oft my thoughts return to home,
When I am on the treacherous wave.

Yes, dearest mother, oft when on high,
The giddy mast I do ascend,
A penitent tear steals from my eye,
At parting from so true a friend.

There is a powerful arm above,
That can protect thy wandering boy;
Though tossed upon the ocean surge,
Can pilot him to peace and joy.

ALEXANDER J. MULLEN.

Ship Edward.

AFTER THE DANCE.

Charles.—Tell me Laura, why that sadness?
Tell me why that look of care?
Why has fled that look of glad-
ness
That thy face was won't to wear?

Laura.—Charles, 'tis useless to dissemble;
Well my face may wear a frown,
For I've lost my largest hair-pin,
And my chignon's coming down!

WHAT THE PRESS SAY OF US.

The *Locomotive Firemen's Magazine*, published at Terre Haute, Ind., is without any question, one of the most readable publications issued in the interest of any order in the United States. It is ably edited, and all of its departments are rich with the choicest of reading matter, interesting not alone to members in whose interest it is published, but to the public. It should meet with a hearty indorsement by all into whose hands a copy may fall.—*Buffalo, (N. Y.) Times*.

Mr. S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer and Instructor of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was in this city last week, and made a visit to Buffalo Lodge No. 12, of that order, and while here was the guest of C. W. Piper, of 102 Walnut street.—*Buffalo (N. Y.) Times*.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

W. T. GOUDIE.

To most of the readers of the magazine the name of W. T. Goudie is not an unfamiliar one. Indeed, we may say that the gentleman is honorably known by reputation, if not personally, to the entire brotherhood, and in view of this fact a brief biographical sketch of his life will be of general interest. He was born at Bethlehem, Pa., on the 20th of October, 1849. His father was a man of prominence, and when the boy was but four years old, the man, his father, was appointed Minister to Switzerland, whither he went, and remained at the Swiss capital, Zurich, for eight years. It will readily be believed that the impressions made upon the mind of the child during this residence abroad were many and lasting. He did not fail to imbibe the spirit of his surroundings, and the lofty sentiments with which he was made familiar sank deep into his soul, influencing his whole subsequent life. With a change of administration at home, his father was recalled, and Bethlehem once more became his home. During the five years which followed his return to his native place, Mr. Goudie's time was taken up in school. At the age of seventeen he entered the engineer corps, on the Lehigh Valley road, and built the Penn Haven and White Haven to Wilkesboro. He proved so efficient that on the completion of this work he was appointed chief dispatcher of the line, a position which he resigned later on to go into business for himself in New York city. He sustained, in common with thousands of other good responsible men, heavy losses during the great panic of 1873, and having more of a mind for the active wide-awake life of the rolling world, he entered in that year the shops of the Pennsylvania R. R. Co., at Philadelphia, where he remained for six years, receiving an excellent training in machinery and all its branches. He was a candidate from the West Philadelphia District for the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1878, and polled an unusually large number of vote, but was defeated by a small majority. In December, 1879, the Manhattan

Elevated R. R. Co., of New York city, secured his services in the interest of their lines. At the end of a year the business of the company had increased to such an extent that it was deemed prudent to appoint a road foreman of engines, and pressing the competitive examination for the position satisfactorily, he secured the appointment on December 18th, 1888. Some idea of the importance of his place may be gained when it is known that about six hundred engineers and the same number of firemen are under his immediate charge.

Mr. Goudie's connection with the B. of L. F. dates with its beginning. He became a charter member of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, organized April 15th, 1877. In the same year he was a delegate at the Indianapolis convention, and was elected vice-Grand Master. At the Buffalo convention in the following year he was made Grand Master. At the Chicago convention, 1879, he declined the nomination for re-election, but not from any selfish motives. He is not that kind of man. Always earnest, self-sacrificing, and closely attentive to duty, there is no task that he would shun if by so doing he could serve his fellow men and especially the Brotherhood. His elevation to his present position may be regarded as a victory not only for himself but for the order. Many of his competitors were much older men than he and of unquestioned ability, but he was found so thoroughly competent and, in withal, so agreeable and unpretending that his advancement to the most important trust is but a fitting acknowledgment of his worth. He speaks readily and eloquently, and joined to a prepossessing person are the polished manners of a natural unfeigned gentleman, who inspires confidence and commands respect in every quarter. His life has been a brilliant success—usefully so, whether considered in relation to himself, his friends, or the public. His example is worthy of imitation, and so long as sobriety, industry and integrity count for anything in this world, so long will he and such as he be found among those whom the great as well as the lowly delight to honor.

ANNUAL CONVENTION.

The great benefits and the good results emanating from the councils of our Conventions are the best and most positive proofs of their importance. Yet this is not astonishing or unexpected when we consider that above 4,000 members divided into 100 parts in every State in the Union and every district of Canada, each having its quota of Lodges, each Lodge sending its representative, not on a salary to manufacture laws at so much a day, but having in view the welfare of their families and those dependent upon them, and reaping, in return, the consciousness of assisting in making those families happy—this is their recompence.

When we consider these motives, we can better understand the unvarying good results of our Conventions. That mistakes have been made—and will be made as long as we are human—we are well aware of, and unpleasantly compelled to keep them in vivid recollection.

To avoid, as much as possible, the repetition of such mistakes hereafter, and apply a remedy to those that have been made, with perhaps a few suggestions, is the intention of the Magazine this early in the year, as well as to bring before the members those whom we consider the proper persons to represent them in Convention. These are subjects directly connected with the well-being of our Conventions, which need no explanation to satisfy our members of their importance.

It is the attention given to details, which

completes, and when details are complete the whole, of which they form a part, is complete. It was Michael Angelo who said in reply to a friend who asked him why he gave so much time and attention to those little trifles in chiseling a piece of marble:

"Ah," replied that master-mind—"trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." Hence Subordinate Lodges which are the component parts of the whole Order should see that the details of their duties are made perfect and complete, thus making a harmonious working organization.

The first steps to be taken to accomplish this end, after a wise selection of Lodge Officers, is to choose from amongst the members of the Lodge, the cool, unexcited character, the deep thinker, though he may not be an orator; he that thinks and forms his ideas before he gives expression to them, a man who listens with respect to the opinions of others, but is careful to adopt them; one who will not allow his personal feelings to interfere with his duties to the Brotherhood, nor should he fear or hesitate to denounce with vigor and energy, a measure which he believes to be derogatory to the welfare of the Order, no matter who may be that brings it forward or supports it. Let him be a man who is not so anxious to go, as the Lodge is to send him; let him rather be the man sought for not him who seeks the position.

We intend to keep this subject before the members in the next three issues of the Magazine; the matter to be discussed in Conventions; the time and its disposition.

Ladies' Department.

Dear Lady Readers, B. of L. F. Magazine.

Availing myself of the kindly invitation extended through the columns of our little Journal, I presume to offer a few words, and, if they possess any interest, even for one of the many who peruse them, I shall feel amply repaid for my humble efforts.

Ladies, you will all admit, that distance lies between us; but why need there be silence when our editors have so generously given us a place in their pages, sacredly dedicated to our sole use. Let us not be ungrateful for the favor, but appreciate the kindness; by trying to make this department entertaining and instructive: a medium of exchanging ideas, that will lighten and brighten the daily path of life.

Chief among the many subjects interesting

to us, is the question, How many of us are successful housekeepers and *homekeepers*? The latter,—the mission of every true woman—is ignored too frequently, by far; not from ignorance, but through neglect. Let me tell you of a house I entered, not very long ago. I can not call it a home, for it does not deserve the name. On a pretty street in our village stands a neat little cottage, once the home of a friend of mine. When she removed, and the house was occupied once more, I turned my steps, one afternoon, toward the familiar street, to call upon the strangers. While traversing the graveled walk that led to the door, I noted, with surprise, sundry articles of rubbish strewed over the yard; bits of paper, scraps of cloth and numerous tin cans. Excusing the unseemly

sight, in my mind, thinking want of time had prevented their removal, I rang the bell. It was answered by a little girl of very untidy appearance.

Here let me say, for mothers, I know it is impossible to keep children neat always, but often there is needless neglect of this important item in homekeeping; the mother is careless of the children's appearance, then in after years can they be expected to be models of neatness?

But to proceed, the lady I called on proved to be intelligent and agreeable,—a graduate of an eminent academy, a contributor to a popular magazine—but to use her own words, a 'shiftless housekeeper.' The worry and bother of getting things just so, was too much trouble for her, who never had been used to it. Therefore her homekeeping like her housekeeping, amounted to naught. For husband and children, home possessed no attractions; what wonder, then, they sought pleasures elsewhere,—pleasures not so innocent as mother and sisters can make in the home circles.

I could further relate the evils that attended this family—evils that could have been averted had she the interests of her family at heart. But time and space forbid. She was not compelled to soil her hands with work; neither would her help arrange household matters correctly when her mistress knew not when things were right or wrong. Do you blame or pity most?

I hope in not one home will these words be read where such a state exists. How cheering for the husband and father, tolling through the busy hours of work, when he can look forward to the home gathering with pleasure; where the chief idea is to add to and promote the happiness of each member. In such a home, time does not drag wearily along; the boys do not slip quietly away to spend the evening on the street, nor do the girls complain that home is dull.

Perhaps some work—taxed housekeepers will say; how is it possible to find time for any extra exertions toward making home attractive? You will not think it work if you make a few efforts and see the results. And now, as a beginning, how many of our readers will tell us their way of making home attractive?

A few ideas from those who have any interest in the subject, will, I know, be acceptable.

Next month I will tell you what our club has done, and how pleasantly the long winter evenings have been spent.

March 5, 1881.

TIM'S SISTER.

HE COULD NOT BE PLEASED.

Ladies Department Fireman's Magazine.

An eccentric Englishman, living in the town of Eureka, Nevada, before there was a railroad to that place, had occasion to journey a distance of fifty miles and wished to go by private conveyance. He was very particular in regard to the style of vehicle he was to occupy, and troubled the livery-stable keeper, not a little, with his fault-finding. One carriage after another was taken to his residence for inspection, and none suited. He said: 'I want a low easy carriage in which I can recline, with windows so I can enjoy the scenery as I travel. The driver finally turned from him with a firm determination to make a last attempt for his patron. So, attaching four horses to the town hearse—a large one with a number of windows, heavy curtains, etc., he drove to the door again, sending word to the parlor that he had at last found a carriage that would suit Mr. P——, and that it was now at his disposal.

He gathered up his wraps, valises, etc., and hastened to the door. The calm demeanor of that driver on the box was so exasperating to the gentleman, that he could only stamp his foot in his rage and exclaim:

'You scoundrel, be gone!'

The foregoing incident actually occurred, and many people in this locality will certify to the accuracy of the statement as given above. Respectfully,

A LADY FRIEND.

RECIPES.

PUFF PASTE.—One pound of flour and one pound of butter; rub in very lightly with your hands one third of the butter, and then add water, and mix to a paste. Roll it out, spread in the centre the rest of the butter, and fold in six folds; roll out again; repeat this three times; lastly, fold in three, roll out once more, and it is ready for use.

QUEEN OF PUDDING.—One scant pint of grated bread crumbs, one quart of milk, one cup sugar, one lemon, four eggs, butter the size of a walnut. Grate the rind of the lemon and put it, with the butter, and a little salt, to the bread crumbs, then pour on the milk, being hot. When cool, add the yolks of the eggs, well beaten—beat all thoroughly together and bake. When cold, make a meringue of the whites of the eggs, the juice of the lemon, and a cup of sugar beaten till stiff. Spread this over the top of the pudding, and set it into the oven again for a few minutes, till of a delicate brown.

OMELET.—In mixing an omelet, the simplest form consists in beating up two eggs in a basin, with salt and pepper to taste, and a pinch of minced parsley. There are people who add pieces of bread-crumm and a few morsels of butter; but the admixture of water or milk with the eggs is much to be deprecated.

APPLE SNOW.—Stew some apples till tender; sweeten to taste; mash them up, and place then in the center of a dish; round and over them place a layer of boiled rice, dry; whisk the whites of three or four eggs until quite light and frothy; cover the whole with this froth; sprinkle over it powdered sugar, coloring a little of it with cochineal.

RASPBERRY JAM.—Weigh the fruit and add three-quarters the weight of sugar; put the former into a preserving-pan, boil, and break it; stir constantly, and let it boil very quickly; when the juice has boiled an hour, add the sugar, and simmer half an hour. In this way the jam is superior in color and flavor to that which is made by putting the sugar in first.

GRAPE JAM.—Remove the skins. Put the pulp in a porcelain kettle, with two or three spoonfuls of water. When well scalded, press through a culander, to remove the seeds. Cook the skins separately; run them through the culander; mix with the pulp. Add half a pound of sugar to a quart of pulp. Cook thoroughly, and seal in glass jars while hot.

MACCARONI.—Purchase that which is white and clean, as it is liable to insects. Wash it and put it into a sauce-pan; pour over just

enough milk and water to cover the quantity cooked, and let it simmer slowly for half an hour; then put it into a baking-dish, sprinkle a little salt and cayenne over it, and a piece of butter; grate old cheese and bread crumbs thickly over, and add some cream or new milk, and put it in the oven to brown. Serve hot.

FRENCH STEWED OYSTERS.—Wash fifty fine large oysters in their own liquor, then strain it into a stew-pan, putting the oysters in a pan of cold water; season the liquor with a large glass of Madeira, the juice of two lemons, six or seven blades of mace, and a small grated nutmeg. Boil the seasoned liquor, and skim and stir it well. When it comes to a boil, put in the oysters. Give them one good stir, and then immediately take them from the fire; transfer them to a deep dish, and send them to the table. They should not boil.

MEAT OR SAUSAGE ROLLS.—Make one pound puff paste; roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, or rather less, and divide it into eight, ten, or twelve squares, according to the size the rolls are intended to be. Place some sausage-meat on one half each square; wet the edges of the paste, and fold it over the meat; slightly press the edges together and trim them neatly with a knife; brush the rolls over with the yolk of an egg, and bake them in a well-heated oven for about half an hour or longer, should they be very large. The remains of cold chicken and ham, minced and seasoned, as also cold veal or beef, make very good rolls.

Our Exchanges.

FORGIVE HIM!

Knights of Pythias Magazine.

'Forgive him!' said Mrs. Staines. 'Oh, William, forgive him!'

The speaker was an aged woman and a widow. Her head was white with the frost of years, and her mild features were deeply marked by the hand of time. There was a tear in her eye, and her face was clouded with sorrow. She spoke to her son, a middle-aged, strong featured person, whose countenance betrayed a firm-willed, unbending heart, but yet who appeared an upright, honorable man.

'Forgive him!' repeated the white-haired widow, as she raised her trembling hands towards her son. 'He is your brother—your on-

ly brother. Oh, if you know your own heart, you will forgive him.'

'Never!' spoke William Staines, in a firm, deep tone. 'John has wronged me—deeply wronged me, and I should lie to my soul were I to forgive him now.'

'And have you not wronged him?' asked the widow, impressively.

'I wronged him? How?'

'By withholding from him your love; by treating him harshly and causing him to sin,' answered his mother, kindly.

'Cease, mother. When you say that I have caused him to sin, you are mistaken. He has chosen his own path and now he must travel in it.'

'William, you are the oldest, and from you

must come the love that can alone heal the wound between yourself and John.'

'Listen to me, mother,' said the stubborn man, with a spice of bitterness in his tone, 'John has been unjust to me—he has been unmanly and unkind. He has injured me beyond reparation.'

'No, no, William,' interrupted his mother, 'not beyond reparation.'

'Yes, he has injured my feelings by the most fatal darts of malice and ill-will. He has told falsehoods about me to my friends, and even assailed my private character.'

'And can you not forgive all this?' she asked, tenderly.

'Perhaps I might,' returned William Staines 'but,' he added, in a hoarse voice, while his frame quivered with deep feeling, 'he has done more than that. He has spoken of my wife, and——But I will not tell it all. I cannot forgive him this.'

'Forgive him and be happy. His heart is as kind as yours, and he is all generosity and love to his friends. More than forty years have passed over John's head, and during all that time he never spoke one unkind word to his poor mother.'

'And did I ever speak unkindly to you, my mother?' asked William Staines, in a half hushed voice.

'No, no; you and John have both kind hearts, and it grieves me sorely to see you as you are now. Ah, William, I fear that you do not perceive how noble a thing it is to forgive those who have injured you.'

The man made no reply to his mother. He saw that she was unhappy, and he knew that he was unhappy also. In former years he had loved his brother, and he knew that he had been faithfully loved in return. The trouble which had so unfortunately separated them had been trivial in its beginning; but William's sternness of will, and John's hastiness of temper had kept the fire on the increase. The first fault had belonged to the younger brother, but a word of explanation at the time might have healed it without any trouble; now, however the affair had become deep and dangerous, and there was but one way for remedy. That way the aged mother would point out.

'William,' continued Mrs. Staines, speaking in a trembling tone, 'I can spend but a few short days on earth. I feel that the sands in my glass have most all run out; but before I depart, I hope I may meet my two boys together in love—I hope I may see them once more bound together in the sweet bonds of friendship. When you were babes I nursed

you and cared for you, and I tried to do a mother's duty. I tried to make you both fit for the great world. As you grew older, I promised myself a full share of happiness in your companionship, and naught has come to dim the joy of my widowed heart, till this sad cloud lowered upon me. I love my children—I love them both alike—and yet they love not each other. William, my son, one thing weighs heavily upon me. Should this thing last till I am dead, then how will you and John meet by the side of my corpse? How will you feel when you come to——'

'Hush, my mother!' uttered the stout man, trembling like a reed. 'Say no more now. This evening I will speak to you my mind.'

* * * * *

John Staines sat in his easy chair in his own cosy parlor, and about him were his wife and children. Everything that money could procure toward real comfort was his; yet he was not happy. Amid all his comforts there was one dark cloud to trouble him. The spot where for long years he had nurtured a brother's love was now vacant. No, not vacant, for it was filled with bitterness. He knew that he was in the fault, but he tried to excuse himself by thinking that his brother hated him. This, however did not ease his conscience, for he knew that he was lying to himself.

While he sat thus he heard a rap at the front door, and in a few minutes one of the children told him that 'Uncle William' wanted to see him.

'Tell him to come in,' said John; and after this he made a motion for his wife and children to leave the room. 'I shan't budge an inch,' he muttered to himself. 'If he thinks to frighten me he'll find his mistake.'

Before he could say more his brother entered the room.

'Good evening, John,' said William, in a kindly tone, at the same time laying his hat on the table.

John Staines was taken all aback by this address, and he could hardly believe his ears; but he responded hesitatingly to the salutation. For an instant he looked up into his brother's face, and during that instant there flashed across his mind a wish that he had never offended.

'John,' continued William, still standing, 'you well know what has passed to make us both unhappy.'

'Yes, I know,' answered John, hardly knowing what tone to assume.

'Well, my brother,' continued William, while a tear glistened in his eye, and at the

same time extending his hand, 'I have come to bury the evil that has risen up between us. If you have wronged me, I freely forgive you; and if I have been harsh and unbrotherly to you, I ask that you will forget it. Come let us be friends once more.'

Like an electric shock came this speech upon the ears of John Staines. A moment he stood half bewildered, and then the tears broke forth from his eyes. He reached forth his hand, but his words were broken and indistinct. He had not expected this from his stern brother; but it came like a heaven-sent beam of light to his soul, and in a moment more the brothers were folded in a warm embrace. When they were aroused, it was by feeling a trembling hand laid upon their heads; and when they looked up they found their aged mother standing by them.

'Bless you, my children, bless you!' murmured the white-haired parent, as she raised her hand toward heaven; 'and oh, I pray our Maker that you may never be unhappy more.'

John Staines knew that his mother had been the angel who had touched the heart of his brother, and it did not alter his forgiveness.

'Oh,' he murmured, 'I have been very wrong—I have abused you, my brother; but if you can forgive me, I will try to make it all up.'

'Your love will repay it all, John. Let me have your love, and I will try never to lose it more.'

'Now I am truly happy,' said the aged mother, as she gazed with pride upon her sons. 'Now I can die in peace. Oh, my boys, if you have your children sure of happiness in after life, teach them that forgiveness will heal social wounds which can be healed in no other way. Many a heart has been broken from the simple want of that talismanic power.'

Both those brothers tried to bless their mother for their healthful lesson she had taught them, and they failed not to teach it to their children as one of the best boons that could be given them for life.

"RIDING ON THE RAIL."

Why is it that men get so utterly selfish the moment they get into a railroad car? See how the lordly creature spreads himself, he turns over a seat, places himself comfortably in one corner, some newspaper beside him, puts his feet on the opposite corner, and the valise beside his feet, four seats taken up; while only one fare has been paid.

I do like to stir this selfish animal up.

I saw him, thus ensconced in a crowded Great Western Railroad car on the evening train, that was to leave in a few moments for the all night ride to the 'Bridge.' He was comfortable and his hat was down over his eyes so that he could see no hints to the effect that a seat was wanted, so he could pretend he was asleep.

A woman with her fretful child in her arms looked wistfully at the seats, but passed on, as the occupant faintly snored. She went into the next car, which was even more crowded.

I was looking for a friend who was going out on that train, had found him, shook hands, and was passing back through the cars when I came across this sleeping beauty. It was too good a chance to be missed.

'Can I have this seat, sir?'

No answer he was asleep.

'Would you allow me to sit here, please?'

The gentle snoring continued.

I put the valise under the seat and sat down in its place.

'What are you doing with that valise?'

'Oh,' said I, regretfully 'I am sorry to awaken you, I merely wish to occupy this seat.'

'I guess you will find plenty of other seats in the car,' answered he, gruffly, taking up the valise, placing it beside him and resting partly on it, with his feet still on the opposite seat, betaking himself to repose, now occupying only three seats.

The woman with the fretful baby comes by.

'Madam, will you take this seat?'

'Oh, I am very much obliged, but I'm afraid you will have to stand up, sir.'

'Not at all,' and so she gratefully sits down.

You see I have all the gratitude, while the other fellow might just as well have had it.

I again turn my attention to him.

'Would you kindly put down your feet sir. I wish to sit here.'

'Why in the——why couldn't you stay where you were. Seems to me you're mighty officious.'

'No doubt, but would you please remove those feet. Ah, thank you, sir, you see the car is very crowded.'

'Oh go to——'

We will assume that he said 'The Bridge.'

Another woman with a basket is gazing hopelessly around and she looks as if she might help my neighbor with the fretful baby, if the poor little thing gets cross during the long night journey, so I say: 'Would you like this seat, ma'am?'

I get ever so much more thanks, and am looked on by those around as a sort of philanthropist, while the woman with the basket squeezes in past the sleeping man and sits down where his feet were.

'Is the little baby sick, ma'am,' says the basket woman.

'No. She's frightened at the noise and is not used with being out at night.'

There, I knew those women would strike up a friendship on the basis of that baby in an instant.

'I am afraid I shall have to trouble you to move that valise, sir!'

'The valise is all right where it is.'

'I would very much like to sit there.'

'Well you can't; these seats are paid for.'

'Both of them?'

'Yes, both.'

I know that this is not true, but I can't make him show his tickets.

'I will wait here till the conductor comes, and if you have the right to the two seats, all right.'

By this time he was sitting bolt upright, and was very mad. I seized the opportunity to seize the valise and place it on the floor, sitting down beside him.

Now he is mad.

'Put that valise where it was,' he demands, thoroughly awake.

'I will the moment you show me your other ticket.'

'Put that valise back or I'll chuck you out of this car if it costs me \$100.' And the trouble was he was quite able to do it. The two frightened woman opposite both offered to give up their seats, as the angry man cried:

'Now, for the last time, I tell you, to put that valise where you found it.'

At this moment a big, burly lumberman from the Saginaw regions going home to Canada came down the passage 'Will you take my seat?' I asked.

'Oh, bless you, no; I'll set here on the wood-box, I don't—'

'That's all right, I'm not going with this train and you are quite welcome to the seat.'

And with hearty thanks the broad-shouldered lumberman crunched down in my place, jamming my valise friend into rather limited space.

The train began to move.

'Good by, Chawley,' said I hurriedly. 'This is my depot. I get off here and I beg of you, as a special favor, not to chuck out my friend, the lumberman.'

He didn't.

LUKE SHARP.

FILLING UP THE BLOODY CHASM.

Vicksburg Herald.

He had a wooden leg, three fingers were gone from the left hand and he had to use a crutch. In the dusk of evening he sat down on a dry-goods box on the street corner, and striking the ground with his crutch, he exclaimed:

'Well, old pard, the war's over! Gimme your hand—shake hard!'

He shook the crutch with hearty good will, and continued:

'There's no more reb—no more Yank! We're all Americans, and standing shoulder to shoulder—South Carolina alongside Massachusetts—we can lick the boots off'n any nation under the sun!'

He waited awhile and then went on:

'No more skirmishes—no more fouts! Uncle Robert is dead, Gen. Grant wants peace, and they're melting up swords and bayonets to make cotton-mill machinery! We're about through camping out, old pard, and we ain't sorry—not a bit!'

He leaned the crutch against the box, lifted his wooden leg and said:

'Lost a good leg up at Fredricksburg, when I was under Barksdale, and Burnside thought he could whip old Uncle Robert and Stonewall Jackson together! Good Lord! but wasn't it hot that day, when the Yanks laid their pontoons for them, wasn't it red hot!'

He stopped to ponder for awhile, and his voice was softer as he said:

'But I forgive 'em! I took the chances, and lost. I'm reaching out now to shake hands with the Yank who shot me, and I'll divide my tobacco half-and-half with him! It was a big war. Yank and reb stood right up and showed pluck, but it is time to forgive and forget.'

He cut off a chew of his plug, took off his battered hat and looked at it and continued:

'Didn't we all come of one blood? Hain't we the big American nation? Isn't this here United States the biggest plantation on the river, and is there a nation in the world that dares knock the chip off our shoulder?'

'Maryland, my Maryland,
Michigan, my Michigan.'

He put down his leg, looked at his crippled hand and soliloquized:

'Three fingers gone—hand used up, but I'm satisfied. Folks who go to war expect to feel bullets. We stood up to the Yanks—they stood up to us—it was a fair bout, and we got licked. Two fingers hain't as good as five, but they are good enough to shake hands

with! Come up here, you Yanks, and grip me! We raise cotton down here—you raise corn up there—less trade!"

He lifted his crutch, struck it down hard, and went on:

'Durn a family who'll fight each other. We've got the biggest and best country that ever laid out doors, and if any foreign despot throws a club at the American eagle we'll shoulder arms and shoot him into the middle of next week!"

He sat and pondered while the shadows grew deeper, and by and by he said:

'There lots of graves down here—there heaps o' war-orphans up north; I'm crippled up and half-sick, but I'm going to get up and hit the onery cuss who dares to say a word agin' either. We've got through fighting, we're shaking hands now, and durn the man who says a word to interrupt the harmony! It's one family—ole Uncle Sam's boys, and gals, and babies—and we're going to live in the same house, eat at the same table, and turn out bigger crops than any other ranch on the globe!"

He rose up to go, rapped on the box with his crutch and continued:

'Resolved, That this glorious old family stick together in the old homestead for the next million years to come.'

B. OF L. F. BALL.

Placer (Cal.) Herald.

The ball given at Rocklin, March 4th, by Sacramento Lodge No. 58, Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, was a very successful and enjoyable affair in all respects. For many years past no such party has been given at Rocklin. Grant's Hall, where dancing was carried on; was appropriately decorated for the occasion, the walls being hung with mirrors and pictures, prominent among which were two or three large photographs of favorite locomotives. The chandeliers were nicely set off in wreaths of evergreen and suspended from each was a red lantern, while two locomotive head-lights, one at either end of the hall, shed the bright radiance upon the merry scene. The musician's stand placed at one side of the hall near the centre, occupied a platform over which was suspended the flag of our union. Upon this were placed the letters B. of L. F. in gault, within ever green wreaths. The music, four pieces, was furnished by Fisch's band, of Sacramento, and both the music and the calling were about as good as any we have heard in this county. Altogether the arrangements

were thoughtfully made and reflect great credit upon the committee having the matter in charge, particularly Mr. A. J. Mackay, upon whose shoulders devolved most of the labor of preparation. The supper which was unexceptionable (so we heard, for we could not wait for the third table) was served at the Rocklin Hotel. The only trouble with this part of the entertainment was that the dining-room could only accommodate thirty couple at a time; but this was unavoidable.

The gross receipts we did not learn, but it was estimated, that after paying all expenses some \$40 would be cleared.

THE LONDON UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

Scientific American.

The opening recently of the extension of the Metropolitan Railway to Harrow, and the early commencement of another of the lines of the company, give especial prominence to it. The Metropolitan Underground railway is emphatically the great passenger railway of the country, for its few miles of line carry more than the hundreds of line companies such as the London and North Western or Great Western. Seventeen years ago—in 1862—the Metropolitan carried less than 10,000,000 passengers, and in the full year's work of the following twelve months it carried less than 12,000,000. But year by year, almost without exception, the number of passengers have grown. In 1865, over 15,000,000 passengers were carried; in 1867, over 29,000,000; and in 1870, over 39,000,000 passengers traveled on the line. The years that have since passed have swollen that number. In 1872, over 44,300,000 were carried, but in the following year there was one of the few checks, and not till 1875 was the number of 1872 exceeded. In 1875 it rose to 48,302,000; in 1877 it had advanced to 56,175,000; in 1878 to 58,807,000; and in 1879 to 60,747,000. In the present year there has been a further advance, the number carried for the first six months of the present year being 31,592,429. When it is borne in mind that this is equal to 7,372 passengers every hour, and that the length of line worked by the company's engines, including that of the 'foreign' line worked, is slightly less than twenty-five miles, the fecundity in traffic of the metropolitan district must be said to be marvelous. It is to be regretted that the official account from which these figures are given does not give any idea of the number of passengers in the different classes, for such a return would be of value. It is a marvelous fact in the history of locomotion that this great passenger traffic is worked with not more than 53

engines, while the total number of carriages, 195, is in comparison of the number of passengers in them, a marvel in railway history. But it is tolerably clear that there is a vast amount of undeveloped metropolitan traffic, and it is also certain that as the traffic is developed the future of the Metropolitan as it attains more completeness will be brighter even than it has been in the past. The great city is more and more the mart of the world, and its traffic and travel to and in it must increase. That increase will be shared in a considerable degree by the 'underground' companies and as they have shown that their capabilities of traffic are almost boundless, it may be expected that the oldest and the chief of these will in the early future know a growth as continuous if less rapid than in the past.

We take the above from the Engineer, Lon-

don. In this city there are now existing twenty-seven miles of elevated steam railways for local passenger traffic. These roads have carried during the past year 61,000,000 of passengers. In this service they employ 175 locomotives and 500 passenger cars. It is a terrible nuisance to have these locomotives and cars constantly whizzing through the public streets; still the roads are a great accommodation. The only underground railway in this city is that of the New York Central and Hudson River, four miles in length, extending under Fourth Avenue from Forty-second street to Harlem river. Over this road the enormous traffic of the Central, Harlem, and New Haven roads, with their connections, passes. But so removed from public sight are the cars and locomotives that the existence of this underground railway is almost forgotten.

Literary.

A GLANCE AT HUMAN KNOWLEDGE.

(Prepared for the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.)

According to the promise made in the January number of this magazine this series will be continued throughout the year with the hope that every reader will take advantage of the opportunity to procure a concise, thorough and correct idea of things in general. The first article dealt with inanimate matter. This will deal with animate.

In studying the animated nature we find a principle of life, modifying the laws of inanimate matter. Hence we have a new class of phenomena, in the origin, growth and decay of organic bodies, whether plants or animals, and hence a higher interest attaches itself to the studies of *Botany and Zoology*.

In the animated races, we find an additional principle of life, inciting them to action, and though far inferior, yet in many respects similar to the human intellect.

This principle becomes more prominent, as we rise to the higher order of animals; and as they approach the human race in outward form and physical construction. The fact that many of the organic forms are found buried in the depths of the earth, here arrests our attention, and leads us to investigate the structure of our globe; first in its homogeneous elements, and afterwards in their mas-

sive aggregations. Hence arose the science of *Minerology and Geology*; which in connection with those relating to organic life, complete the range of *Natural History*.

Man being essentially compounded of mind and matter, seems to form the great connecting link between the material and the spiritual world. Considering his material nature, we are first led to study the structure of the human body, especially as affording the means of detecting the diseases to which it is liable, and suggesting their appropriate remedies. If the study of *Medicine* preceded that of *Anatomy and Physiology*, it could have made but little progress until these studies were considerably advanced and some theoretical views adopted concerning the action of remedial agents, by which they might be classified and compared. The *Practice of Medicine, or Art of Healing*, was thus improved empirically, until it became a science, resting on acknowledged principles, though of difficult application; and the introduction of mechanical agency, or the practice of *Surgery*, rendered its functions complete.

The human body, owing to its physical constitution, requires shelter, food, and clothing; to supply which, has exercised the ingenuity, and incited the labors of the greater portion of our race. Hence have arisen the *Arts of Construction, Architecture and Conveyance*, by which not only man himself, but the objects to which he attaches the greatest

value, may be protected from the elements, or transported from place to place, though mountains rear their crests or oceans roll between. *Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce*, have sprung from the bosom of the earth, and with linked hands and united labors, they have increased and developed the productions of nature, or moulded and modified them, to suit the wants of humanity—then sent them forth into all lands, in exchange for other commodities, until the world has become, as it were, a family of nations, each contributing to the general welfare. Unhappily for the cause of human improvement, this concord becomes insecure when nations like individuals yield to their angry passions, and, deaf to the voice of reason and justice, rush to the battle field; far oftener to gratify their unhallowed ambition, or to avenge fancied wrongs, than to defend the sacred cause of freedom. Thus the *Arts of War, Military Tactics*, have become a part of human knowledge, necessary in self-defense, though for this sacred object alone can we deem their practice justifiable or allowable. By their potent aid a feeble nation, though powerless to carry its attacks abroad, and commit aggressions upon others, may yet be strong to resist aggressions, amid its mountain fastnesses, or behind its fortified walls. Then again take into consideration the wonderful iron-clads and huge Krupp guns, many of the latter carrying balls weighing hundred of pounds.

Thus provided and protected the human mind gives scope to other wants more refined and intellectual, and in the assemblage of beautiful forms, rich colors, harmonious sounds, and graceful exercises, it seeks for occupation and amusement. To leisure, inspired by genius, and guided by taste, do the *Fine Arts*, the last which relate to material objects, owe their interest and their being.

The intellectual domain of man will be the next subject of review, the reader bearing in mind that as the series progresses the more entertaining and necessary they become.

WRITTEN FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM H. BRICKER.

"William Cullen Bryant," said the Rev. Dr. Mark Hopkins, the venerable ex-President of William College, Massachusetts, "had the wisdom of age in his youth, and the fire of youth in his age."

During a long career, as poet and journalist, although he refused official appointments, Bryant achieved the position of being accounted 'the most universally honored citizen of the United States,' and that, solely by his genius, moral rectitude, and force of character. Born during the presidency of Washington, and dying under that of Hayes—a period extending from 1784 to 1878—and in his eighty-fourth year, he was all but identified with the national life of America; while, personally, he had a large share, both in originating and elevating its literature, and in shaping the course of its politics. How soon young Bryant began to write verses there is no means of knowing. He is said to have made a metrical paraphrase of the first chapter of the Book of Job when in his tenth year. His first literary labors were more profitable than those of most young writers; for his paraphrase brought him nine pence from his rigid but well-meaning grandfather. This performance was followed by numerous efforts; among them an ode on an eclipse of the sun, and an elegy on the death of a cousin. Although this precocity is unusual, it is by no means unparalleled. Pope wrote smooth verses at twelve, and Cowley at ten. Though Chatterton died a mere boy, his verses deceived some of the crowned heads of literature.

Tasso began writing at nine; and a book of poems has recently been printed, composed entirely by two little children. Bryant, himself, in later years, did not regard this early gift of versification as at all remarkable or promising. Speaking of Fitz Greene Halleck, he says, "I do not find that Halleck began to write verses prematurely. Poetry, with most men, is one of the sins of their youth, and a great deal of it is written before the authors can be justly said to have reached years of discretion. With the greater number it runs its course, and passes off, like the measles or the chicken-pox; with a few it takes the chronic form, and lasts a life time; and I have known cases of persons attacked by it in old age. A very small number who begin, like Milton, Cowley, and Pope, to write verses when scarce out of childhood, afterwards become eminent as poets; but, as a rule, precocity in this department of letters is no sign of genius."

Dr. Bryant differed in opinion from his son so far as to think him a prodigy, and strove to guide him in acquiring the art of poetry. The poet afterwards acknowledged his indebtedness to parental instruction and encouragement in these lines of his impressive 'Hymn to Death:'

'For he is in his grave who taught my youth

The art of verse, and in the bud of life
Offered me to the Muses.'

Some of his early verses were printed in 'The Hampshire Gazette,' and were much admired in the neighborhood. Among the earliest of these was a poem read before the school which Master Bryant attended when he was twelve years old. It appeared in the 'Gazette' in March, 1807, and was signed 'C. B.' As these juvenile compositions are not printed in the current editions of the author's poems, some illustrative extracts may be appropriate here. After referring to the 'backward look of affrighted Science' when

'The dire strife with Britain's power unfurled

War's bloody banners over half the world,' the young bard paints the happier days when 'smiling Science lifts her eye sedate;' and closes with this address to his fellow-pupils, in which the lessons of Pope and his Puritan mother are united in an interesting manner:

'My comrades! tho' we're not a numerous train,

'Tis doubtful whether we shall meet again;
For Death's cold hand may aim the unerring blow,

And lay with hoary stroke the victim low:
From this frail state the unbodied soul will fly,

And sink to hell, or soar above the sky.

Then let us tread, as lowly Jesus trod,
The path that leads the sinner to his God;
Keep heaven's bright mansion ever in our eyes;

Press towards the mark, and seize the glorious prize.'

In December, 1807, President Jefferson recommended by citizens of the United States,

to prevent their leaving American ports. The people of New England saw in this measure the destruction of their commerce, and some even imagined that it favored a design of Napoleon to reduce this country to subjection. Young Bryant caught the spirit of the hour, and his imagination kindled into a blaze. The result was a poem printed in a thin pamphlet of twelve pages, and bearing the following title:

THE EMBARGO;

OR, SKETCHES OF THE TIMES.

A SATIRE.

BY A YOUTH OF THIRTEEN.

The fiery indignation of the poet flashes out at every line, and the Chief Magistrate does not escape a scathing at the hands of the New England school boy, who addresses him in this vigorous apostrophe in the following stanza:

'And thou, the scorn of every patriot name,
The country's ruin and her council's shame!
Poor servile thing! derision of the brave!
Who erst from Tarleton fled to Carter's care;
Thou who, when menaced by perfidious Gaul,
Didst prostrate to her whiskered minion fall;
And, when our cash her empty bags supplied,
Didst meanly strive the foul disgrace to hide,
Go, wretch! resign the presidential chair;
Disclose thy secret measures, foul or fair;
Go search with curious eye for horned frogs
'Mid the wild wastes of Louisianian bogs,
Or, where Ohio rolls his turbid stream,
Dig for huge bones, thy glory and thy theme;
Go, scan, Philosopher, thy * * * charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms;
But quit to abler hands the helm of state,
Nor image ruin on thy country's fate.'

[To be continued in No. 6.]

Correspondence.

CLASS EXAMINATION.

LOUISVILLE, KY., April 16, 1881,

Teacher.—First class in R. R. arise!

Question.—What is a R. R.?

Answer.—Now-a-days two streaks of rust and the right of way.

Ques.—What is a pool?

Ans.—A big "pot" where all the little Roads put their earnings and the big ones draw on it.

Ques.—What is a R. R. Corporation?

Ans.—A sort of a soulless institution, where the Stockholder puts his money by the bbl. Counties give the land and money. The U. S. gives them the country at large. The said corporation handles the cash (at par), the stockholder the paper at 7 cents on the dollar, shippers get the "interest" and the corporation gets the "principle" on all shipments.

Ques.—What is a R. R. War?

Ans.—A scheme of a corporation to throw a

road into bankruptcy, and then buy in their own paper at 7c on the dollar; after which they endeavor to make up imaginary losses by a reduction of "expenses" ("which means wages").

Ques.—Who was the Father of our Country?
Ans.—George Washington.

Ques.—Who is the owner of our country?

Ans.—Tom Scott; next, Jay Gould; next, Vanderbilt; next, it is a partnership concern, composed of the three above named individuals.

Ques.—How did they get control of this vast concern?

Ans.—On the principle of "snipe hunting"—one held the bag open and the others went about the country and drove the game into it, using Congress as a tool and the previous mentioned R. R. War methods, to assist them in this gigantic enterprise.

Ques.—Did they make a good 'haul'?

Ans.—I should smile!

Ques.—One more question. Are they satisfied?

Ans.—(Chorus of voices) No-oo!!!

Ques.—How can the public be protected against the impositions practiced by this concern?

Ans.—By the elective franchise and by giving the Government a certain control of all R. R.'s.

(Exit 1st Class on R. R.'s.)

1st Class of Enginemen arise!

Ques.—What are you and how classed?

Ans.—Nothing! classed ditto!

Ques.—Why?

Ans.—Because we are smoky and greasy—next, because we don't try to be anything. 'Well hardly'—next, because we don't try to elevate or maintain our positions properly.

Ques.—How can that result be obtained?

Ans.—First by education, 2d by organizing, with the express purpose of using our united efforts to obtain a U. S. License Law requiring a strict examination of Engineers and giving certificates to those entitled to one.

Ques.—What would be the result?

Ans.—We would become a better educated, sober, reliable and industrious class, who could command the respect and admiration of the public. Our services would then be appreciated, for *merit* and not *favoritism* would be the standard.

Ques.—What is the most costly experiment made by R. R. corporations?

Ans.—Two trains going in opposite directions, trying to pass on the same track. Next, putting people off of the train. Next, cutting rates. Next, the *last* experiment.

Ques.—What was that?

Ans.—The general reduction in 1877—which met with the same result, as did the experiment of our Teutonic friend, when reducing the food of his horse to one straw a day. 'Shust ven I gets him broked in, he youst laid him down und died right away.' So with the experiment of requiring the men to work for nothing and board themselves.

Ques.—Were your wages ever reduced?

Ans.—(Altogether.) Yes, frequently!

Ques.—Did you receive any promises at the same time and what were they?

Ans.—Yes Sir. They would replace them when 'times got better.'

Ques.—John Henry, when did they raise them? Next! 'Don't know, did you say? Next! Next! Next! Don't anyone know? What! you want me to answer for you? I must confess that I am ignorant of the circumstances. I will consult Ancient History and see if there was ever such an occurrence.

Ques.—Which is the safest mode of traveling—by R. R. or Steamboat?

Ans.—By R. R. of course.

As our illustrious fellow-citizen Pompey says:

If de R. R. blows up, 'Dar you *is*.' If de Steamboat blows up 'Whar *is* you?'

Ques.—What is an Engineman?

Ans.—A kind of paid attachment to the machine.

Ques.—What is required of him?

Ans.—Sometimes, impossibilities.

Ques.—How so?

Ans.—He must be impervious to heat or cold, snow or rain, with a cast-iron constitution and stomach.

He must also be perfectly indifferent to blasphemy aimed at him—without sensibility to the criticisms from officers, crew and public. Know neither hunger, thirst, nor the comforts of a straw tick. With the eye of an eagle, be able to see through Egyptian darkness, a brick house or around the corner. Must be a 'mind reader,' be able to tell what the Train Master, 150 miles distant, is thinking about and obey immediately. Must be able to stop the train instantan, think for the conductor and crew, go through steam, water and fire unflinchingly, lose time at a Station for the 'snobs' and leave the 'common herd!' Must not allow the train to jerk, jar or jolt, when the officials are aboard, make 100 miles to the ton of coal, pint of oil and tank of water. Though the valves and packing are 'blowing'—boiler muddy, slack and snow for fuel and the Engine troubled with 'General Debility.' Or, as the school boy says, 'Niggerr

if you do, nigger if you don't, nigger any how.'

Ques.—What is an Engineer?

Ans.—Frequently, one of those 'full stroke or nothing fellows.' Next! A supercilious tyrannical. Next! A jolly, broad-shouldered, big bel—. Next! The man that sits upon the right hand side and looks out for cows. Next! The man that sits on the box, watches the Fireman do all the work and has the cheek to sign the pay roll. for double the amount of Fireman's wages. Next! The man with steady nerve and keen eye, that governs and guides the mighty, modern Hercules and conveys the many millions of passengers, and an endless amount of property, with safety and dispatch.

Ques.—What is a Fireman?

Ans.—'Nothing.' Next! A tallow pot. Next! The fellow that furnishes the towels and soap and blacks the Engineer's boots. Next! The fellow that runs the Engine, makes out the schedule and owns the Road—in his mind. Next! The man that furnishes the 'wind' (an easy matter) and minds his own(?) business. Next! The man who shovels coal for his ride and gets paid for cleaning, equal to half the Engineer's pay.

Ques.—If he does all the work, why don't he get the Engineer's pay?

Ans.—The Engineer is paid for what he *knows*—the Fireman, for what he *does*. ('Some are well paid!!!')

Ques.—What is a Conductor?

Ans.—A gentlemanly masher who helps the ladies off and on the train. Tra-la-la! George? Next! Order, sir!! A pompous individual, who is death on tramps and dead-heads. Next! A well dressed gentleman, who carries a \$50 lantern on his arm, cries out 'Tickets!' punches the same (and sometimes a head). Yanks your hat off, puts a little red check in the band and shoves it over your eyes. Next! A good mathematician. Next! The gentleman 'attache' commonly called 'Cap.,' who is the 'Commander of the Crew' and train, who has great presence of mind, a warm heart, and is generous to a fault!

Ques.—What is a brakeman?

Ans.—Give it up. Next! Spare me the answer! Next! A thumper. Next! A fellow that does the circular work and winds up the companies business. Next! The fellow that swings his lantern and says 'Slack ahead there!' Next! The fellow who runs through the ladies' coach, leaves the door open, runs over a little girl, disarranges a lady's back hair, carries off a 'bang' fast to his button, and sings out in loud tones and perfectly un-

intelligible, 'Change cars for Nashville Chattanooga Atlanta New Orleans. Ten minutes for supper. Next stop is Zion.' [Change cars for Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta and New Orleans. Ten minutes for supper. Next stop is Zion.] Next! The man that must have the same qualities as the Engineer—man, stand on top in the snow, ice and rain, balancing on a six-inch board, thoroughly versed in tight rope walking, able to stop a car with his foot or body, go forty-eight hours without rest or food, and when he arrives, put in his time while 'resting' or awaiting his meals, by switching in the yard, thankful that he still lives, willing to pay for all links and pins lost, &c.

Ques.—What is a Baggage Master?

Ans.—A man of colossal proportions that smashes Saratogas for pastime. Next! A person placed in the first car to take care of bird cages, baby carriages, dogs, guns, and saddles and to collect double their value for same. Next! The man reported and blamed because a six-penny paper trunk, won't stand the weight of five or six 'Drummers' wholesale houses' or 'My Lady's' Saratogas, on the road day and night—and is expected to take the most of his pay in riding.

The class may now consider itself dismissed, to prepare yourselves in the 'higher studies' on Railroad Officials. This my friends, is what I noted on my first visit to the examination of the 'School of Public Opinion' on Railroads.

Yours,

F. B. A.

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

BROOKVILLE, KAN., March 25, 1881.

The first annual ball of Lodge 32 B. of L. F., at Brookville City Hall on March 24th, eclipsed every social event gotten up in this place for a number of years. About one hundred couple danced to the delightful music of the Salina Orchestra. The assembly consisted principally of the elite of Ellis, Brookville, Salina, Wamego and Kansas City and the affair will long be remembered by the jolly participants. The boys two were well represented and to comment on their toilets would simply be preposterous, as the pen capable of doing them justice has not yet been wielded.

The programme is quite a novelty and was carefully prepared by a few of the prominent members. We give it below in full:

1. Grand March—Double-header.
2. Anniversary—De-Debs Quadrille.

3. Waltz—Out in the Snow.
4. Polka—In the Ditch.
5. Quadrille—Massed Mail.
6. Galop—Clear the Track.
7. Lancers—Ladies' Choice.
8. Waltz Quadrille—Bury the Hatchet.
9. Quadrille—Laid Out.
10. Tucker—Twenty Minutes for Supper.
11. Heel and Toe—Shovel Snow.
12. A La Sicileaux—Pride of Brookville.
13. Waltz Quadrille—Ladies' Choice.
14. Schottische—Organizer, S. M. Stevens.
15. Fireman's Dance—Keep 'em Hot.
16. Lancers—Waiting for Orders.
17. Waltz—I'll Drink when I'm Dry.
18. Virginia Reel—Green Lights.
19. Tempest—Kill or Cure.
- 20.—Galop—Helter Skelter.
21. Tucker—Let's go Home.

About midnight, supper was served at the Colorado House and consisted of every delicacy the season afforded. To say the least, it was a feast fit for the Gods, and the appetites of the festive lads and lassies were soon appeased. The merry-makers again repaired to the Hall where dancing was once more the order of the hour. The amusement continued until a late hour, when all returned to their homes well satisfied with the reception given them at the hands of the Locomotive Firemen.

The Brothers wish to tender their sincere thanks to Mayor Sterns and Marshal Coombs, for favors shown them; to the Officers of the Kansas Division of the U. P. R. R., for furnishing passes to those of 32 desirous of attending the Ball and to the citizens of Brookville for their very liberal patronage.

Fraternally,

WALL FLOWER.

NOTES FROM THE LEFT HAND SIDE.

Editors Magazine:—

I have been thinking for sometime, that I should like to say a few words through the columns of the Magazine, for the benefit of the Order in general, our Lodge in particular and myself in a measure, but have been so busy, that I could not collect my scattered ideas long enough at a time, to do any subject justice. I therefore concluded to jot down a few thoughts and queries as they present themselves to my mind. In so doing I do not expect to edify any one to a great extent, but rather to improve and introduce myself all around. We have been "bucking snow" on this division all winter and part of last fall. If you know anyone who does not experience strong pulsations of the heart and

whose mind is becoming dull from inactivity, just advise them to secure a ride on a snow plow, and they will observe a revival of their nervous and physical powers at once. This advice is not intended for persons with curly hair, unless they are indifferent to their curls. There is quite a difference of opinion among the members of our Lodge, about accepting benefits during sickness or for other good causes. Some of us feel as though we would rather not accept benefits as long as we are able to take care of ourselves. Others say that we ought to receive them any way, urging as a reason, that if one not in need of assistance, refuses, others who can ill afford to be so independent, may also refuse, through feelings of false pride. While I cannot deny that such would be the tendency, yet I am in doubt as to the propriety of encouraging such feelings.

Yours in B. S. & I.

A. B. C.

Mason City, Iowa, March 19, 1881.

SOUTH PUEBLO, COL., March 15, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

In looking through the department of the Magazine headed "Correspondence," I found nothing "*pro or con*" of Royal George Lodge and thought that something concerning her future anticipations as well as a little of her past history, might interest some of the readers. No. 59 is only five months old and is, as you will observe, ye in its infancy. Had Brother Stevens been aware of the number of enterprising boys on the roads running into Pueblo, we would undoubtedly have been organized much sooner. In point of number we rank among the smallest lodges, still being in our teens. This is a fact not to be regretted by us, as the number of applicants is large, and the number chosen to join us very small. We are not starting out with the intention of getting a large membership of worthless fellows, but are going to guard against intemperance and dishonesty. Persons belonging to those classes are a burden to themselves and society and should not be permitted to enter our lodge rooms and corrupt our members. The Black List shall not be fed by 59 if there is any way left us to protect ourselves.

The citizens of Pueblo and surrounding towns have patronized the Magazine liberally and before the end of the year, we expect to add many more names to the long list. The Magazine Agent of this place has considerably more than two hundred subscribers.

Hoping to hear from some of the able writers of 59, Brother H. S. Human among them, I am,

Fraternally yours,

"BILLY."

Scientific.

Chemical attraction, heat, light, magnetism, and electricity, are different forms of force, mutually and intimately related.

Force, like matter, is indistructible. Its manifestations may change from one form to another, but the same amount which in any form disappears must re-appear in others.

Only sixty-three elements have yet been discovered. Of this number fourteen are called non-metals; the remaining forty-nine are metals. All known forms of matter are thought to be made of these elements.

The changes which take place in bodies of matter are either physical or chemical. Changes in which the nature of bodies is not affected are called physical changes; those in which the forms of bodies are changed are called chemical changes.

A substance known as graphite, or more commonly called plumbago, is taken from the earth in large quantities for the manufacture of lead pencils. It has a black and shiny lustre, and it is a good conductor of electricity, being in these respects much like metals.

COMPOSITION OF THE STARS.—On examining the spectra of different stars, we find that each has some lines not found in the others, and this suggests that they are not alike in composition. By comparing the spectrum from the star Aldebaran with the spectra from substances here, several set of lines are found to coincide. Among our elements thus found to exist in Aldebaran are iron, sodium, mercury and arsenic. The lines of mercury and arsenic are not yet found in the solar spectrum.

THE DIAMOND.—Its great power to refract light and its wonderful hardness are familiar; these are the properties which render the gem so valuable in the arts. The light flashing from the different sides of the crystal makes it the most brilliant of ornaments: its extreme hardness renders it valuable in the construction of pivots in delicate instruments where friction is to be avoided. It can neither be melted nor dissolved; it may, however, be burned when heated intensely in oxygen gas.

THE GAS BURNER.—The burner of a gas chandelier is so made that the gas escapes in a fan-shaped jet. This is done in many ways. In the end of some burners we may notice

two small holes, and by putting pins into these we find them to be the ends of two little tubes, slanting toward each other, so that if continued outward they would meet. Now, the two jets of gas from these tubes strike against each other with force enough to flatten both out into a single fan-shaped jet. In this way a large surface of gas is exposed to the air without making a mixture of the two substances, and the luminous flame is produced.

ALCOHOL.—The intoxicating principle in all liquors is alcohol, which has been produced by fermentation. Distilled from wines, it has been called *Spirits of Wine*. But mere distillation from the fermented liquor, while it may furnish a concentrated spirit, can not give one entirely free from water. The attraction of alcohol for water is so strong that a small portion will be retained by it after the most careful distillation. It can be moved by the strong attraction of quick lime, and when this is done the product is called *absolute alcohol*; but on exposure to air it soon absorbs water again, so that absolute alcohol is of rare occurrence. The specific gravity of absolute alcohol is 794°; of the strongest commercial alcohol, which contains about 11 per cent. of water, it is 825°. Alcohol is a very combustible fluid, and burns with a pale flame without smoke, producing carbonic di-oxide and water. On this account, and because its flame is the source of intense heat, alcohol has been a most valuable fuel to the chemist—his alcohol lamp was formerly in almost constant use; the gas-lamp is now much used instead.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

I should like to suggest an amendment to F. B. A.'s answer in the march Magazine to the query in No. 1.

The best way, in my judgement, to regulate the water in a boiler is to run by a tank with the cylinder-cocks open. Let 'F. B. A.' try this, and if it will not work, let him stop at the last station of the road he runs on, and get down and oil his blow-off-cock, so it will work readily, and in this way he can avoid 'getting her too full,' even if his engine is running 30 miles per hour and his tank-valve and lazy-cock cannot be closed.

O. C.
Louisville, Ky.

Miscellaneous.

F. T. Blinn, of Rose City Lodge, is now running on the Texas & St. Louis R. R.

Enterprise No. 75 had eighty-three members in good standing on her rolls April 1st.

Ed. Ingles, of No. 97, is the father of Cactus Lodge No. 94, and has a right to feel proud of her.

The time for our 8th Annual Convention is rapidly approaching. Who is going to be your delegate?

J. D. Russell and wife, of No. 25, are happy in the possession of a 10½ lb boy. We welcome the little fellow to our ranks.

Great Western Lodge No. 24 was organized at Parsons, Kansas, April 10th by S. M. Stevens, with eighteen good members.

Geo. W. Gordon, of No. 21, has completed a miniature locomotive, which his friends are urging him to exhibit at the Missouri state fair this fall.

Bro. Ed. Shanahan is hereby requested to correspond with the Rec. Sec'y of Good Will No. 62. Address John W. Stevens, Lock Box 626, Logansport, Ind.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of Chas. Mahan, formerly a fireman on the Illinois Central railroad, will please send his address to H. G. Cormick, Centralia, Ills.

Harry Barnes, of Vlgø Lodge No. 16, who is now located at St. Paul, Minn., expresses many thanks to the members of Minnehaha No. 61 for favors received at their hand.

No. 27 can boast of one of the ablest Masters in the Order. W. C. Byers is kind and genial, yet firm and determined, and all who belong to his Lodge must conform with its laws.

The promotion of G. T. Gallup, of Hand-in-Hand Lodge No. 2 is reported. He is now running on the N. Y. P. & B. R. R., and will make a first class Engineer. Success to him!

Brother J. W. Young, of No. 4, is firing on the C. & G. T. R. R., and has changed his home from Portland to Port Huron. The boys at the former place are lamenting their loss.

The many friends of Bros. Thomas Pope and Stanley McCartney, will be glad to learn that they have lately been made engineers and are employed on the St. Louis, I. M. & S. railway.

The boys of No. 15 are proud of their Fin. Sec'y., Bro. John Ryan, who has been promoted to the right hand-side. Bro. Ryan will prove himself equal to his new and responsible situation.

'Old Post,' of No. 34, who represented his Lodge so ably in our last convention, is magazine agent this year, and the neighbors in his vicinity have all been made aware of the fact. He allows no one to escape him.

'Old Uncle Joe,' of No. 37, informs us of the promotion of Brothers J. H. Hittle, John H. Lohner, William Allen and Dennis Murphy. They will discharge their duties creditably, and we wish them the success they deserve.

Four more of our members have gone to the other side. We refer to C. Johnson, W. A. Ross, L. Kennedy and F. M. Morgan, of No. 25. Their success is assured for they are sober competent and industrious, and will prove an honor to the calling.

The 'right side has claimed for its own Brothers Geo. W. Gordon and Geo. Supurnoxki, of Industrial Lodge No. 21, at South St. Louis, Mo. Both will make excellent engineers, and we unite in extending them our hearty good wishes.

We are directed to request Brother S. Brown, of No. 37, to be a little more attentive at home. He studies the 'lift of pump-valves' and the lead, lap and travel' questions, so earnestly that he forgets to answer the questions of his wife when he is at home.

The members of No. 25 are eager to know the whereabouts of Brother E. Seerey who left Boone, Iowa, last July, and has not heard since any information that may lead to his discovery will be thankfully received. Address J. D. Russel, Boone, Iowa.

Pride of the West Lodge No. 6 was organized at De Soto, Mo., on the 27th of March, by Brother Stevens, with the assistance of Bros. Wm. J. Edy, Wm. F. Lynch, Aaron Platt and John A. Hayes, of No. 21; Michael Lillis, of No. 70, and A. M. Cronin, of No. 55. Brother Stevens returns his sincere thanks to each and all of the foregoing members for the able services they rendered him. The members of No. 6 are reported to be members of high worth and sterling qualities, and we doubt not that they will sustain the fitting title that has been conferred upon them.

William Milligan, an enterprising member of No. 40, was recently married to a very worthy young lady, whose name we have been unable to learn. The young couple received many elegant presents on the occasion and the members of No. 40 wish them success and happiness.

Brothers Buckley, Whittlesy and Rodgers of F. W. Arnold Lodge No. 44, have our warmest thanks for the interest they manifest in the welfare of the Order. Their work is beginning to have its good effect, for their Lodge is developing into one of the finest in the organization.

Chas. J. McGee, of No. 63, is the happiest man on record, so far as we know. Quite recently his wife made him a present of an eleven-pound boy, and the Danville papers say he very much resembles his father. With countless other friends we join in extending to Mr. and Mrs. McGee our hearty congratulations.

The members of No. 93 were recently presented with two elegant gavels by Mr. August Stiller, of Burlington, Iowa. They have the number of the Lodge and a coal-pick and shovel engraved upon them. The boys appreciated the gift very highly, and return many thanks to Mr. Stiller for his kindness.

The Financial Secretary of Blooming Lodge No. 40 wishes to know of the whereabouts of Brother Wm. Warner, of that Lodge. Business of importance demands his immediate attention, and should this come under his notice, he will address, without delay, J. B. Miller C. & A. Engine House, Bloomington, Ills.

Fargo D. T. is no longer snow-bound. Quite recently Brothers F. G. Clayton and David Buckley, of No. 85, were married; and their fellow-members unite in tendering their congratulations. If this is one of the effects of the 'thaw' we don't wonder that 'Gentle Anna' anxiously awaits the approach of spring.

Clinton Lodge No. 34 reports that nearly all her members have become engineers recently. Among others we may mention John Moony, Frank Carpenter, Wm. Cowlis, Geo. Slipp, Geo. E. Howell, John Sullivan, Lewis Clark, W. T. Post, A. J. Sill, A. L. Sloan, B. S. Keith, A. F. Howas and Frank Kinney. They are a fine and intelligent body of men and we delight to see them prosper. They are a credit to their profession as well as to our Order.

Walker S. Baker, Recording Secretary of No. 36, recently made a trip to Cincinnati, Seymour and other points in that vicinity. He met many Brotherhood men on his journey, and they treated him with the utmost kindness. Among others he desires to return his sincere thanks to Brothers Richardson, Miller, Jordon and Hannigan, for the many favors shown him.

One of No. 51's members writes us as follows; 'We are running Brother John Lynch for City Marshal of Moberly, to succeed himself. He has made such an efficient officer, and has so many warm friends that he will be elected 'by a large majority.' The members of our Lodge take pride in seeing his merit rewarded.

James Hoffman, one of the most popular conductors on the Evansville and Terre Haute road, is manifesting a great interest in our Magazine, and is zealously engaged in securing subscribers for it. Mr. Hoffman has scores of friends among the boys, and we predict that some day in the near future they will have the pleasure of seeing him 'at the top of the ladder.' No one is more deserving of success.

A whole host of No. 70's members have recently become engineers. Among others we may mention Charles Greenwood, David Wales, F. L. Foust, C. T. Smith, Thomas Burns, Andrew Quinn, W. B. Graham and Al Segar. There are all doing well, and we hope that prosperity will continue to smile on them. Our Order is well represented in the vicinity of Marshal, Texas.

A great many of our members are falling victims to 'matrimony.' The last which we have heard is the case of Brother Joseph Dorricott, of No. 67, who was recently married to Miss Emma Hackin, a most worthy lady of Bolter, Ontario. We are glad to learn that Joe has been so fortunately wedded, for he is one of the best boys in our ranks, and we take pleasure in extending to himself and wife our best wishes.

S. M. McGaffey, the 'M. S. M.' of old, is with us again. His name is familiar to nearly all our members, and they will be glad to welcome him back into the ranks. He was a member of 'Old 56,' at Topeka, Kansas, until that Lodge disbanded, and is now a member of 'New 56' which he had organized, to substitute for his old love. Sam says he has come to stay this time, and with our knowledge of him we know that he means it, and that Banner Lodge No. 56 will compare favorably with the best of them.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must not fail to tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head*."

Dead Head Packages are not billed and therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and would offer them to our subscribers at the low figures of \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

CHARTERS RECALLED.

We hereby give notice that the Charters of the following Lodges were recalled by the Grand Lodge on the 15th day of April, 1881, viz:

Jackson No. 8, Seymour, Indiana.

Frontier City No. 51, Oswego, N. Y.

Capital City No. 71, Albany, N. Y.

We request that the foregoing charters be surrendered to the Grand Lodge without unnecessary delay, since the said Lodges have failed, for the past six months, to meet the demands made upon them by the Grand Lodge.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of all our Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies all of which they ought to have and which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitutions and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Keys to decipher Pass Words, etc., Black List Forms, Withdrawal Cards, Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for dues, etc., Financial Secretaries' Account Books and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities, of both collectors and members, that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

TO ALL LODGES.

Those Lodges having a surplus of rituals or constitutions and by-laws will confer a great favor on us by returning to the Grand Lodge as many of each as they can spare, in order to avoid the necessity of having new ones printed before the next convention.

NOTICE TO HEIRS.

The unknown heirs of Emanuel Straw, of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, Denver, Colorado, who was killed on the Kansas Pacific R. R. December 24, 1879, are hereby notified that the amount of his insurance is in the hands of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order and that payment will be made as soon as their identity is established.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 75.—J. S. Stanton from No. 60.

REINSTATED.

No. 22.—E. Carter, reinstated to good standing.

WITHDRAWALS

No. 14.—S. M. McGaffey—To join No. 56.

No. 22.—L. H. Smith—To join elsewhere.

No. 38.—T. Bawden—Final.

No. 40.—Frank Millsbaugh—To join elsewhere.

No. 10.—T. W. Sheehan to join No. 18, Roscoe Cutter—Final.

No. 52.—Joseph Austin.

No. 74.—C. W. Downs—Final.

No. 77.—M. Keating to join No. 59.

No. 98.—Wm. H. Bennett—Final.

GEORGE D. HOLLENBECK.

We warn the general public to beware of the man whose name heads this article. For some time he has been going among our Lodges borrowing money under false pretenses. He is simply a liar and a thief and we want to aid him in establishing his reputation. Lastly he borrowed \$10 from No. 95 and then disappeared under cover of night. No. 90 also gave him \$15 believing that they were doing a charitable act. He has been expelled from our Order on account of his rascality, and if he beats any of our members after

this issue of the Magazine we shall have no sympathy for them. This Hollenbeck imposes on people to the extent of their generosity and then takes his leave. We give this information because we have established a rule to publish every rascal who wrongs the honest members of our craft.

G. W. SMITH.

We are in receipt of a general letter from the Officers of Border Lodge No. 32 announcing that G. W. Smith has been expelled for reasons too numerous to mention. He was formerly a member of Lodge No. 33 and joined No. 32 by card on the 3d of last November. He abandoned a wife and five children, leaving them utterly destitute, and is a bad man in every respect. He has never been known to pay his dues while he has always defrauded his fellow-members to the extent of his opportunities. We caution every one to look out for him as he is a dangerous character to deal with.

BLACK LIST.

No. 23—J. Foster—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 32—G. W. Smith—Expelled on General Principles. He is a first-class dead-beat. Look out for him!

No. 32—W. H. Peers—Expelled for habitual drunkenness and non-payment of dues. Also G. W. Gibbons for non-payment of dues and defrauding Lodge.

No. 38—R. Sidebotham and R. J. Turnbull—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 40—Mike Gleason—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 40—J. Brennan and D. Wills—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 47—James Martin and Wm. Hickman—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 60—Wm. Stillwell—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 67—Joseph Henry—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 70—J. R. Young and John Fenton—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 82—Edward Holdren—Expelled for contempt of Lodge.

No. 88—J. O'Donald, C. Anderson and M. C. Parr—Expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 93—Wm. H. House—Expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

No. 95—Edward Murdock, Phil. B. Murphy

and Wm. Hollenbeck—Expelled for non-payment of dues. George D. Hollenbeck—Expelled for his rascality. Look out for him!

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 19th, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Northwestern Lodge No. 82, B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, It has pleased God, in his infinite goodness and mercy to remove from our midst our friend and brother Henry L. Morse, who died from injuries received at Albert Lea, Minn., March 12th, 1881, by the overturning of his engine, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathize with the bereaved wife and family, for while they have lost a loving husband and brother, we also miss him who has mingled with us in the fraternal bonds of our Brotherhood.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days; a copy of these resolutions be published in the Minneapolis Tribune, the Albert Lea Standard and the LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN'S MAGAZINE, and that our thanks be extended to Master Mechanic Downing, Foremen, Hopkins and Sargent, Superintendent Prier and Conductor Thompson for favors shown our deceased brother and this Lodge.

J. D. WEAVER,
A. W. DEAN,
S. T. BROWN, } Committee.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20th, 1880.

At a regular meeting of Potomac Lodge No. 7, B. of L. F., held at their hall on the 18th of March, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God, in his wisdom to remove from our midst our late brother, B. L. McKeever, therefore be it

Resolved, That in the death of Brother McKeever, the B. of L. F. has lost one of its best members; his wife a devoted husband, and the community an honorable and upright citizen; and, though we sincerely deplore his loss, we humbly bow in submission to him who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender to his wife and the little fatherless children our heart-felt sympathy in their hour of tribulation.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased brother, and and published in the Magazine.

J. C. CLEAVELAND,
W. H. FISHER,
J. C. GRAHAM, } Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

TORONTO, CAN., April 1, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Dominion Lodge No. 67 B. of L. F. March 6, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of a copy of the *Ten Commandments* beautifully worked and mounted, the gift of Miss McKenzine, the sister of our esteemed Brother D. McKenzine, and

WHEREAS, This beautiful and appropriate present is well calculated to keep before our minds the foundation on which our Order is based, ever holding before us our duty to our God and fellow-brethren. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to the fair donor for her generous gift which now adorns our Hall, as a mark of her appreciation of our Order, and that we will always endeavor to prove worthy of the respect and confidence she has reposed in us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to Miss McKenzine and also published in our Magazine.

CHAS. POPE,
ALEX. MOWAT, } Committee.
J. SCOTT,

PORTLAND, ME., March 15, 1881.

At a special meeting of Great Eastern Lodge No. 4 of the B. of L. F., held in the Engineer's Hall on the above date, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, Division No. 40 of the B. of L. E.

have kindly given our Lodge the full use of their hall since September last and have guaranteed us the said privilege until the coming July. Therefore be it

Resolved, That our sincere thanks are hereby extended to the officers and members of Division No. 40, of the B. of L. E., for their kindness toward us, and the generous interest they have manifested in our welfare.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the said division of the B. of L. E. and that they be spread upon our proceedings and published in our Magazine.

F. O. MITCHELL,
A. E. SHOREY, } Committee.
B. TRUE,

BROOKVILLE, KANSAS, March 25, 1881.

At a special meeting of Border Lodge No. 32, held in the City Hall on the morning of March 25, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

Resolved, That a vote of thanks be tendered to Mrs. M. A. Smith and Miss Maggie Flaherty for the artistic manner in which they decorated the sub-lodge charts. Each had a wreath of beautiful ferns and evergreens tastefully arranged about the frame, which improved the general appearance of the Chart as well as the Hall. Be it further

Resolved, That we hereby thank Brother McCourtly for the efficient way in which he conducted the affairs of this Lodge during his term as its Worthy Master.

Resolved, That the above resolutions be published in the Journal and a copy of same be presented to the above named persons.

W. E. WALSH,
F. J. SCHUYLER, } Committee.
S. A. FRESHAW,
G. H. HERRON,

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES,

GRAND LODGE.

Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,
Los Angeles, Cal.
John Clark.....Grand Conductor,
Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
W. N. Tibbetts.....Grand Outer Guard,
Boston, Mass.
J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,
283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado
J. E. Briggs.....Waterloo, Iowa

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

D. M. Wills.....Urbana, Ills
J. F. Hittle.....Rawlins, Wyoming Territory
Louis Elbertson.....Philadelphia, Pa
Angus Menish.....Stratford, Ont
Robert Ebbage.....Terre Haute, Ind
D. L. Stephens.....Washington, D. C
J. W. Richardson.....Louisville, Ky
Wm. Pembroke.....Salem, Mass
John I. Steele.....Atchinson, Kansas
Emory Green.....West Oakland, Cal
D. Fifield.....San Francisco, Cal
W. M. Palmer.....Amboy, Ills
Thos. Shivers.....Atlanta, Ga
Wm. J. Armitage.....Denver, Colorado

DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

- C. J. McGee, box 772.....Danville, Ills
 W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Penn.,
 4,906 Paschall street.
 Jos. Schellhorn, box 648.....Little Rock, Ark
 Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado,
 283 Fifteenth street.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Lafayette, Ind
 B. S. Keith.....Clinton, Iowa
 C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek, Mich
 L. L. Parker, jr.....East Cambridge, Mass
 72 Cambridge street.
 F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky
 505 Washington street.
 John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Chicago, Ills.
 John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn
 Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Ter

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. addresses, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls nd the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 26 Exchange Place; 1st Wednesday and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30.
 Geo. D. Oliver, 7 Meeting street.....Master
 A. P. Greene, 47 Bernon st...Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
 T. R. Powers, 20 Park st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, at Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Union Hall, 2d floor, Cor. 4th and Grove streets, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
 Fred Green.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt
4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.; meets in Engineers' Hall, Cor. Temple and Congress streets, 2d and 4th Sunday's in each month at 2 p. m.
 C. B. Pearson, 27 St. Lawrence St.....Master
 F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.....Rec. Sec'y
 Maurice Lynch, 16 St. Lawrence St. Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Johnson, Grand Trunk Dpt., Mag. Agt
5. UNION, at Gallon, Ohio; meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the Engineers' Hall.
 A. N. Jenkinson.....Master
 Theo. Wooley, box 659.....Rec. Sec'y
 A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST, at Desoto, Mo.; meets in K. of P. Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.
 J. N. Swift.....Master
 G. E. Woodruff.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. J. Burke.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Herst.....Mag. Agt
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
 D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.Master
 P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.Rec. Sec'y
 J. C. Graham, 467 C st. s. w.Fin. Sec'y
 W. H. Fisher.....Magazine gent
 No. 420 12th st. s. w.
8. RED RIVER, Denison, Texas; meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Main st., every Saturday at 7:30 p. m.
 W. M. Davis, box 273.....Master
 Geo. McNeillis, ".....R. c. Sec'y
 C. R. Tait, ".....Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Fitch, ".....Mag. Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
 E. L. Colt, Piqua Shops.....Master
 W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
 (City Water Works.)
 C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Evans, Piqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets alternate Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
 Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6. Fruit st.....Master
 H. H. Mason, 84 Literary st.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. S. Laughlin, 59 Merchant Ave, Fin. Sec'y
 Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st. Mag. Agt
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m. 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 J. S. Gorgas.....Master
 J. S. Gorgas.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
 D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
 I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
 James Hayes, 170 Seneca street.....Rec. Sec'y
 Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
 R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st. Mag. Agt
13. WASHINGTON, Jersey City, N. J.; meets at Kaiser Hall, cor. Johnson avenue and Whitson streets, the 2d Monday at 11 a. m. and the 4th Sunday at 10 a. m. of each month.
 Edwin F. Colbath, 134 Pacific ave.....Master
 Mellick Shick, 145 ".....Rec. Sec'y
 Chas. A. Clapp, 450 Harman st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Chas. A. Clapp.....Mag. Agt
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13½ E. Washington street.
 S. M. Stevens.....Master
 J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington st. Rec. Sec'y
 Chas. N. Zepp, 29 Madison ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
15. ST. LAWRENCE, Montreal, Canada; meets every alternate Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Engineers Hall, at Victoria Bridge Hotel.
 Edward Upton, 9 Burgees st.....Master
 Richard Lang, 109 Britania st.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Ryan, 211 Burgees st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Peter Champagne, 175 Burgees st.....Mag. Agt

16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
James I. Southard, 332 N. 14th st. Master
E. V. Debs Rec. Sec'y
E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st. Fin. Sec'y
A. J. Mullen Mag. Ag't
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
C. A. Cripps Master
Chas. Kunz Rec. Sec'y
Byron Robinson Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Galloway Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.
C. M. Stone Master
L. M. Eldridge Rec. Sec'y
J. B. Milton Fin. Sec'y
box 160, Rood House, Ills.
Geo. Steding Mag. Ag't
box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. TRUCKEE, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
Thomas Yeargin, box 8 Master
L. E. Enos do Rec. Sec'y
M. Purcell do Fin. Sec'y
Fred. Murray do } Magazine Ag'ts
M. Coyle do }
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
C. Traver Master
C. M. Finley Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Shields, box 470 Fin. Sec'y
Wm. McBride Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
Wm. J. Edy Master
Geo. W. Ragland Rec. Sec'y
John A. Hayes Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Edy Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
A. C. Jordan, box 578 Master
L. E. Beckley do Rec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley do Fin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley do Magazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in Fehr's Hall, Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay.
J. W. Richardson, 233 Wenzel St Master
Chas. Hahn, 231 Franklin st Rec. Sec'y
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st Fin. Sec'y
P. Powers, 82 Story ave Mag. Agent
24. GREAT WESTERN, Parson, Kan.; meets in Fisher's Hall every Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
L. C. Hill, box 113 Master
F. H. Wiggins do Rec. Sec'y
Wm. W. Warner, box 113 Fin. Sec'y
T. P. Spencer do Mag. Ag't
25. CONNE TING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
R. S. Pike Master
J. D. Russell Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Russell Fin. Sec'y
Wm. H. Fuller Magazine Agent
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 p. m., at Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
W. C. Byers, box 562 Master
L. C. Chase Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Phelps Fin. Sec'y
Pat McGuire, box 562 Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.
M. B. Tarkington, box 177 Master
H. J. Clark " Rec. Sec'y
Thomas C. Brown, " 114 Fin. Sec'y
John N. Bonner, " 189 Mag. Ag't
29. CERRO GORD, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
A. H. Tucker Master
W. B. Keith, box 167 Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Shattuck Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays in each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
Jno. Graves Master
A. H. Girard, box 795 Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Briggs Fin. Sec'y
J. McNeill Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kan. Meets at 314 Commercial street, the 2d and 5th Sundays of each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
Harry C. Davies, box 157 Master
John I. Steel, box 146 Rec. Sec'y
A. B. Schaap, box 157 Fin. Sec'y
Peter Lahey Mag.
alter 211 N. 1st St., Atchison, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. BORDER, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.
C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan. Master
C. McCourtie do Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Walsh, box 197, Ellis, Kan. Fin. Sec'y
J. McKenna, box 77 do Mag. Ag't
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.
J. Dipple Master
E. B. Shelby Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Stamper, box 242 Fin. Sec'y
Anthony Roth Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
W. M. Cowles Master
Geo. E. Howell Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. Howell Fin. Sec'y
Wm. T. Post, box 393 Mag. Ag't
35. AMBOY, Amboy, Ill.; meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
Wm. H. Dean, box 345 Master
Henry Schermerhorn, box 345 Rec. Sec'y
Charles R. Rosier, box 420 Fin. Sec'y
Henry Williams, box 345 Mag. Ag't

36. **TIPPECANOE, Lafayette, Ind.;** meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Fourth and Ferry streets, P. O. Block.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove St.....Rec. Sec'y
H. J. Hale, care of 161 Union St.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Mag. Ag't
37. **NEW HOPE, Centralia, Ill.;** meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Master
F. M. James, do.....Rec. Sec'y
H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't
38. **AVON, Stratford, Ontario;** meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
Daniel Ross, box 389.....Master
F. Mingay, box 103.....Rec. Sec'y
F. Mingay, box 103.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. Jeffery, do.....Magazine Ag't
40. **BLOOMING, Bloomington, Ill.;** meets in Engineers' hall every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
John A. Casey, C. & A. Engine House.....Master
C. W. Young, 918 w. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. B. Miller, C. & A. engine house.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Paulick, 709 w. Chestnut st.....Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON, Cincinnati, O.;** meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall
H. P. Lewis.....Master
57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Thos. N. Eller.....Rec. Sec'y
Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
Thos. N. Eller, ".....Fin. Sec'y
Gardiner Horricks, 400 George st.....Mag. Ag't
C. H. & D. en house, Cincinnati, O.
42. **KENNESAW, Atlanta, Georgia;** meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y
W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Webb, do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH, St. Joseph, Mo.;** meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every 2d and 4th Sunday in each month.
Richard Morris.....Master
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.....Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Fin. Sec'y
D. C. Pierce.....Mag. Agent
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
44. **F. W. ARNOLD, East St. Louis, Ills.** meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
J. L. Benedict.....Master
S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Rodgers, box 171.....Fin. Sec'y
H. Whittlesey.....Mag. Agent
45. **ROSE CITY, Little Rock, Ark.;** meets every Monday at 7:30 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
E. H. Raiford, 911 North street.....Rec. Sec'y
- Frank A. Richardson, box 648.....Fin. Sec'y
F. J. Robinson.....Magazine Agent
620 Pulaski street, Little Rock, Ark.
46. **CAPITAL, Springfield, Ill.;** meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
W. R. Whitcomb, box 1,126.....Master
G. D. Partington do.....Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Knotts, 802 12th st.....Fin. Sec'y
Louis Smith do.....Magazine Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT, Chicago, Ill.;** meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
W. E. Burns, 1,325 Michigan ave.....Master
J. Mylett, 1,412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
A. S. Hart, 2,339 Wentworth Ave.....Fin. Sec'y
M. Gepper, 1,350 State st.....Mag. Ag't
49. **JOHN M. RAYMOND, Decatur, Ills.;** meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
Wm. Felton.....Master
A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y
Andrew Sheridan.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Felton.....Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY, Chicago, Ills.;** meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 4,815 State street.
J. H. Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Master
Henry J. Strong, 4,658 State st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Parker, 4,703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y
W. S. Barrows, 4,532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Ag't
52. **GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana;** meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master
J. W. Stevens do.....Rec. Sec'y
M. W. Jamison do.....Fin. Sec'y
B. B. Ide do.....Magazine Ag't
54. **ANCHOR, Moberly, Mo.;** meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.
John Mummert, box 137.....Master
Geo. R. Stacy, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. R. Stacy do.....Fin. Sec'y
L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY, Memphis, Tenn.;** meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 238 2d street.
Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops.....Master
Michael Cady do.....Rec. Sec'y
Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y
A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops, }
John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
Edward Fuchs, do }
56. **BANNER, at Stansbury, Mo.;** meets at 7:30 o'clock every Sunday evening in Odd Fellow's Hall.
S. M. McGaffey, box 217.....Master
W. E. Patterson.....Rec. Sec'y
Edward Fitz.....Fin. Sec'y
E. R. Evans.....Mag. Ag't
57. **BOSTON, Boston, Mass.;** meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
Geo. H. Abbott, 50½ Hudson street.....Master
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y
9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
Wm. H. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wm. A. Pembroke, North River
Engine House, Danversport, Mass. Mag. Ag't

58. **SACRAMENTO**, Rocklin, California; meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trott's Hotel.
 A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
 A. J. Mackay, doRec. Sec'y
 A. J. Mackay, doFin. Sec'y
 A. H. Curtis, doMagazine
 A. E. Brown, Sacramento, Cal... } Agents
59. **ROYAL GORGE**, South Pueblo, Colorado; meets every Saturday night.
 Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
 H. S. Hinman "Rec. Sec'y
 John Daley, "Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Kinney, "Mag. Ag't
60. **UNITED**, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in Dover Hall, 2,204 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Paul Walker.....Master
 A. B. Colloom, 2,206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, 2,510 Aldr st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, "Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, St. Paul, Minn.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 8 p. m., at Druids Hall.
 C. Montgomery.....Master
 St. P. & M. M. shops.
 J. H. Sawyer, 47 Colburn st.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y
 C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, Carbondale, Pa.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
 John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
 Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
 P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
 John Moyles, box 229.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, Danville, Ills.; meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., at the southeast corner of the Public Square.
 C. J. McGee, box 772.....Master
 John Mills, doFin. Sec'y
 W. C. Goodrich.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. J. McGee, box 772.....Magazine Agent
64. **FORT RIDGELY**, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
 Thomas Burke.....Master
 J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
 John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
 Huron, Dakota Territory.
65. **DOMINION**, Toronto, Can.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
 John Scott, 28 Vananley st.....Master
 M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Johnson, 51 Vanantly st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel, Corner King and Brock sts.....Mag. Ag't
66. **HUDSON**, Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Enquirer's Hall, cor. Plymouth and Washington street, the second Tuesday at 8 o'clock p. m. and the fourth Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p. m. in each month.
 T. H. Lawler, 186 Bay street.....Master
 Joseph Meegan, 41 Van Winkel st.....Rec. Sec'y
 John McAuley, 125 Steuben street, Fin. Sec'y
 Thomas Cadie, 306 4th street.....Mag. Ag't
69. **HURON**, Fort Gratiot, Mich.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Postoffice.
 Thomas W. Lord, box 13.....Master
 C. Macklow, "Rec. Sec'y
 C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek, Michigan.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. French, box 13.....Magazine Ag't
70. **LONE STAR**, Marshall, Texas; meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
 C. Greenwood.....Master
 J. Moynihan.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. A. Christman.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. Chappel.....Magazine Ag'ts
 T. Canant.....
72. **WELCOME**, Camden, N. J.; meets in Sellsfielder's Hall, corner Third and Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 Lewis Elbertson, 423 Henry st.....Master
 Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y
 John Colton, 841 Bridge Ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.....Mag. Ag't
73. **BAY STATE**, Worcester, Mass.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room 3.
 James W. Mead, 84 Grafton st.....Master
 Thomas Loynd, 83 Green st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.....Mag. Ag't
74. **KANSAS CITY**, Kansas City, Mo.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
 John Fleming, 1,325 St. Louis ave.....Master
 Archie Clark, doRec. Sec'y
 J. D. Clinton, doFin. Sec'y
 A. Murray, 815 west 17th street.....Mag. Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, West Philadelphia, Pa.; meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
 Henry Walton, 3,845 Warren st.....Master
 Frank Dupell, 3,821 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Wheeler, 4,906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Ag't
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.; meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halladay street.
 W. F. Hynes, 283 15th st.....Master
 C. R. Campbell, lock box 1,588.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. Hockenberger, doFin. Sec'y
 W. F. Hynes No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Ag'ts
79. **CUMBERLAND**, Nashville, Tenn.; meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
 Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master
 John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Ag't

82. **NORTH WESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.; meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. F. Canney.....Master
Care Minn. E stern Office.
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y
1,309 5th street, south.
S. T. Browne, 1,712 7th st., south.....Fin. Sec'y
A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.; meets 1st and 4th Tuesdays of each month at M & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
U. P. Round House.
Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th st
85. **FARGO**, Fargo, D. T.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 64 Front st.
John Buras box 1,798.....Master
Arthur Bassett, box 1,798.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. **BLACK HILLS**, Laramie, W. T.; meets in L. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Master
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, Rawlins, W. T.; meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham, box 38.....Fin. Sec'y
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, Evanston, W. T.; meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Wm. H. Woods.....Master
Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, Carlin, Nev.; meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Ressegnie, box 41.....Master
D. E. Bassford.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Ressegnie.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, West Oakland, Cal.; meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month, corner 7th and Chester streets.
E. T. Green.....Master
A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y
E. L. Pratt, 1708 Eighth street.....Fin. Sec'y
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.; meets the first Sunday and third Wednesday of each month at King's Hall, Missouri street, bet. 17th and 18th.
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
J. Foster, 193 16th street.....Rec. Sec'y
- F. A. Griggs, 111 19th street.....Fin. Sec'y
John McCreagh, 1612 Jessie st.....Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa; meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
T. A. Seig.....Master
Frank Miller, box 1,405.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Seig.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, Keokuk, Iowa; meets in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
94. **CACTUS**, Tucson, Arizona Ty.
J. C. Spahr, box 224.....Master
Frank Simpson, do.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green, 208.....Fin. Sec'y
R. Fetterly, 224.....Mag. Ag't
95. **CHICAGO**, Chicago, Ill.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Kellard, 218 Fulton st.....Master
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
157 N. Halstead st.
James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
152 N. Sangamon st.
James Leahy.....Magazine Ag't
74 N. Sangamon street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, Hall on Preston street, between Eutaw and Madison streets.
T. F. Bailey, 215 West Biddle street.....Master
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock, Green Mount ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave. near Shirk street, corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, Los Angeles, Cal.; meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes.....Master
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
Robert Hunt, lock box 72.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Vogelsang, box 72.....Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m., at City Hall.
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH**, Peru, Ind.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in L. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, box 316.....Master
M. E. Dwy.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson, box 316.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, Bowling Green, Ky.; meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon.....Master
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

THE

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PRETTY AS A PINK.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

'Pretty as a pink! Yes, exactly so; that much I am willing to confess. And if you were choosing a pink to put in your button-hole, instead of a companion for life, I should say that the principle on which you made your selection was a good one. But, do you really think, John Irving, that Jennie Wyld will ever be to you what your mother was to your father—a help-meet and other self, in the best sense of both words? Pretty as a pink! Yes, but vain, frivolous, and, worst of all, silly. Other faults are curable; but brainlessness, nephew John, is ineradicable!'

'I think you are too hard on Jennie, Aunt Rachel, interrupted the young man, with a certain shade of indignation in his carefully restrained tones. 'She is very young, and—'

'Twenty, if she's a day; and if a fool at sixteen, is a fool all their lives, do you not think that the adage holds good for four years later? Ah, John! John! I was so proud of you, and looked to see you bring home some nice, sensible woman, who would have made you happy, and me, too, by reflection.' And Mrs. Raymond wiped away a tear from the keen, gray eyes to which such visitants had of late years been almost unknown.

'Dear aunt,' said John Irving, kindly, for he loved the widowed and childless aunt who had been to him as a mother, with all a son's affection, 'why should not my dear little Jennie make me as happy as though she were the wisest of womankind? I am sure——'

'Because she is a fool,' snapped the old lady, so suddenly that John stopped astonished at the change from her former melting mood. 'And I tell you again, John, that such a fault is an incurable one. You may reform a knave but fools are just hopeless. And, besides, she is a flirt—will after anything that can be

called a man. She would flirt with a broomstick' if she could get hold of one of the masculine gender. Flirting and dress; that is all there is inside that fuzzy head of hers; all kinks, and crimps and bangs, and curls outside, and men and fine clothes within. What does she ever read? I doubt if her mind ever soars to the height of a sensation novel, or a cheap, flashy weekly. What does she ever do except race the streets, and make up bits of trashy finery? But there is no use in talking. She has a pretty face, and pretty little ways of using her hands and eyes, and shaking her head, and so you see in her a proper companion for your life, a capable mistress for your house, and, possibly, a judicious and sensible mother for your children. Go your ways, John, as many a man has gone before you. You have more sense than some men, and one day you'll awaken from your foolish love-dream; only don't come then to your old aunt to get the things set straight. Now I've said my say, and I'll say no more. I'll go call on Miss Jennie to-morrow, and do all things by your betrothed that your mother would have done, had she been alive to see this day. Now you can go. I don't feel much like talking any more, and, besides, here comes Miss Jennie herself down the street. Out with you, my boy, and offer her your arm; that is what you are dying to do.'

Thankful to be so easily and speedily released, John deposited a hurried kiss on the wrinkled cheeks, still moist with unwonted tears, and, in a few minutes, he stood beside his lady-love, as blithesome-looking a young lover as any in Christendom. He was not ill-looking either, though strength and intellect were more the characteristics of his sturdy frame and massive features, than any show of manly beauty; and he looked a fitting protector for the pretty little blue-eyed creature, at whose side he had placed himself in all the security of acknowledged and accepted love.

Jenny Wyld was truly, as her lover had said, 'as pretty as a pink,' and very much in the rosy, tumble-to-pieces fashion of that sweet, but unsettled-looking flower. A mass of sunny hair, that required pounds of crimping-pins, and hours of time to get into a state of fashionable fuzziness; big, blue eyes, with a sort of astonished look in their azure depth; a little nose, 'tip-tilted' in true Tennysonian fashion; a rose-bud of a mouth: and a dainty little figure, all soft curves and delicate outlines, where those outlines could be detected beneath a mass of frills and ribbons; such was Miss Jennie Wyld, the belle of Blennsville, and the betrothed of the rising young physician, John Irving.

She looked up into the eager animated face of her lover, with the prettiest smile in the world—a compound of childish innocence and womanly witchery, which was positively bewildering. It was not a salutation called forth by John Irving's presence. It was simply her best-company smile, and she liked to practice it—that was all.

'Why, John, where did you spring from?' she asked in as much astonishment as though the glimpse she had caught of his head at Mrs. Raymond's window had not brought her round the corner to continue her promenade past that lady's house. Some women take to fibbing as naturally as ducks take to water. Shakspeare knew what he was about when he created that sweet story-teller, poor Desdemona.

'I was talking with aunt Rachel about you, Jennie. She means to call upon you to-morrow.'

'I shall be so glad to see her.' Fib number two, for Miss Jennie knew by instinct that Mrs. Raymond was not pleased with her nephew's choice, and she disliked the old lady accordingly. 'Just wait till John and I are married,' she had remarked, confidentially to her cousin and friend, Mrs. Delancey, a fat, young married woman, of some three years standing, 'and then let that old frump load out. I'll see that John and she are not any too intimate after that. I wonder if she thinks I mean to have her poking her nose into our affairs. Why, she would be worse than a mother-in-law!'

'I know she will love you dearly, Jennie, when she once knows you,' John went on to say. In the innocence of his heart he did not see that he was making the damaging admission that Mrs. Raymond did not love Miss Wyld already.

'I know she will, for I shall love her—oh! so dearly!' Fib number three, accompanied by

another of Miss Jennie's practical glances—an upward look of the blue eyes, which, when executed with a proper suffusion of tears, had been found to be irresistible. The aquatic element was lacking on the present occasion, as there was no proper opportunity for its introduction, so a sort of timid, tremulous little smile, a kind of deprecating humble confession of unworthiness, did duty instead and was very successful. And John Irving, looking down into the dainty flower-like face; felt an almost irresistible impulse compelling him to stoop and kiss the rosy, smiling lips then and there. But he restrained himself, having due consideration for the nerves of the people of Blennsville, and contented himself with remarking that enthusiastically, 'Darling, you are an angel!'

'An angel! Laws! if the angels is like her, I pity the critters as goes to heaven,' muttered an old washerwoman, who passed just then lugging home her weekly mountain of frilled skirts and flounced dresses to Mrs. Wyld's house, and who often suffered from the young lady's temper and caprices. But the remark was unheard, and the happy pair pursued their walk in peace.

They strolled on past well-known houses, and through familiar streets, till they left the village behind them, and emerged into the woods and fields of the country beyond. At last they reached a lovely spot, known in the parlance of the young people of Blennsville as the Lover's Retreat. It was a shady nook at the foot of a well-wooded hill, on the bank of a sparkling little stream, whose babbling waters chattered merrily of their own concerns as they danced away over the pebbles. Here the engaged pair halted and sat down. The soft, golden sunshine of an evening in early June was around them, the birds sang overhead, and the breath of flowers floated on the odorous air. Earth seemed a new Eden, and they as fond and well-nigh as innocent as the world's first pair of wedded lovers; but, as ever in all earthly Edens, the serpent of deceit was hidden not far away; no further, in fact, than in the vain little heart of the pretty eve of this imitation Paradise.

'John,' began Miss Wyld, after a moment's pause, during which Dr. Irving sat gazing on her, and comparing her, in his heart, to a blush rose.

'John, I have something to tell you.'

'What is it, darling? A secret?'

'Oh, no—only a little plan of mine. In fact, John, I am going to the sea-shore to spend the summer.'

'What! Away from Blennsville—away from me! Oh, Jenny!'

'Now, John, don't be tiresome!' ejaculated Miss Jenny, very glad in her secret heart that this announcement, for which this afternoon walk had been planned and executed, had been taken so quietly. 'I'll tell you about it. You know last summer, when I was at Niagara with the Clemsons, I met Mrs. Latour, the great belle and leader of fashion. Well, we were quite intimate all the time we were at the Falls, and this summer she wants me to join a party which she is making up to spend the summer at Oceanstone. And I think I shall accept her invitation.'

'But, Jenny, do you not know that I cannot leave my practice; and, besides, Oceanstone is so far from here that I could only—'

'And, by the way, John you must promise me one thing. I don't want the story of our engagement to come out till I come home in the fall; for if it does, I shall not have one bit of attention this summer!'

'Attention! Jenny do you care for the attention of other men? I thought you loved me?'

'So I do,' said the young lady sketching a big true-lovers knot on the ground, with the point of her parasol, as she spoke. 'But I don't want to be tied down and give up all my fun just yet. I do not think you need grudge me this one summer's pleasure, John.'

'I do not grudge it to you dear, only I am sorry to lose your company for so long; but you will have a pleasant time, I dare say, and I will try to run down to Oceanstone as often—'

'Stop' said Jenny, holding up her finger; 'that you must not do. I want to have just this one summer before I settle down for good, and if you come running after me, you will be sure to let out that we are engaged.'

'Jenny, this is very hard!'

'Now, do be reasonable, John.'

'It is you who are unreasonable. Two months without you. I do not think you do right in asking such a thing of me.'

Whereupon Miss Jennie began to cry. She knew how to do it wonderfully well; the blue eyes looked so soft and tender under their liquid veil, and her pretty cheeks showed like dew-sprinkled roses; beside which she was very good at a smothered little sob, like that of a tired-out baby, which was adapted to touch the heart of any man not wholly a brute. So, when she got to the sobbing point, John relented, called himself a wretch, and begged Miss Jennie to forgive him, which she graciously consented to do after much persuasion. And so it was settled that Miss Wylde was to spend the summer at Ocean-

stone, under the guardianship and chaperonage of Mrs. Crosby Latour. Mrs. Wylde had been talked over before; not that Jenny had much trouble with her widowed mother, for she was an only child, and had a small fortune in her own right, so that poor, weak Mrs. Wylde had not much power of control over her willful daughter. Even had she been thoroughly acquainted with the character of the lady under whose care Jenny was about to place herself, it is doubtful if she would have been able to restrain or hinder her from carrying out her plans.

Myra Latour was that anomaly in American society—a married flirt. Flirting was the aim and object of her life—the things she had like Lamb's Mrs. Battle with whist, came into the world to do, and she did it. She was not impelled thereto by conjugal unhappiness for Crosby Latour was a good-natured harmless sort of being enough; but as serpents were created to bite, so Myra Latour was born to flirt, and she flirted—flirted with anybody that could be called a man, and in any place that had a shady corner convenient for soft whispers and softer glances. Not that she was attractive by reason of beauty, for, apart from a shapely form and a velvety pair of dark eyes, her claims to beauty were but small. Besides she had passed the fatal age of thirty, and her complexion bore traces of innumerable Germans, and other festively occasional vigils. Yet many a younger and fairer woman had seen her cavalier lured from her by the soft glances of those dangerous eyes, or the liquid accents of that melodious voice. Then, too, Mrs. Latour had the art, always to surround herself with a solar system of young and pretty girls, of whom she was the central luminary, and who were, in their turn surrounded by satellites who basked in the rays of their radiant center, and served to swell her following and increase her importance. Several members of this fair phalanx having succeeded on account of matrimony, Mrs. Latour herself compelled to look about for new recruits, and so her thoughts naturally reverted to the pretty *piquante* little girl whom she met at Niagara the year before, and in whom she had recognized, not only a future auxiliary, and possibly a valuable one, but also a kindred spirit. Hence the invitation to Miss Wylde to join her party at Oceanstone; an invitation which the young lady had first accepted with eagerness, and then set about getting permission from parent and future husband.

The weeks that intervened between the promenade we have chronicled, and the day

of Miss Jenny's departure from Blennsville, were weeks fraught with much millinery, and many new garments for the young lady, and with very little satisfaction for John Irving, who had expected to pass much of that period in the companionship of his betrothed; but who found his claims superseded by the claims of the dressmaker, and who, on the few and unfrequent occasions when he was permitted to see her, was constantly interrupted by such speeches from the regions above as, 'Miss Jenny, will you have the blue-silk trimmed with flounces or folds?' 'Miss Jenny, shall I gore all the widths of your gray poplin?' 'Miss Jenny, did you get the black velvet for your white gauze?' 'Will you have six roses in your hat or only four?' The poor fellow was well nigh demented. He bore it all, however, with that gentle, kindly patience, often to be observed in large-minded and large-hearted men, and which makes them such unresisting victims to the wiles of kittenish maidens and shrewish wives. And so the bright July morning came on which he bade farewell to his lady-love, at the stuffy little station, and saw her whirled away in the cars, with a pound of bon-bons, and a paper-covered novel in her lap, her face bright with gay anticipation, and her lips wreathed with smiles. And he, poor fellow, went slowly and sorrowfully home, with all the sadness of the parting aching at his large, honest heart, and with a gnawing, cankering little doubt of the perfect loveliness and ardent attachment of that heart's-idol creeping into his soul. For John Irving was no fool, though he had been rendered blind and bewildered by reason of the prettiness and the witchery of the only woman who had ever really fascinated him.

The long, low porch of the Surf House, the best hotel at Oceanstone, looked strangely romantic and picturesque beneath the rays of a rising August moon, some six weeks later. It had been a quiet, sober house in by-gone days, famed mostly for its excellent *cuisine*, and the respectability and high standing of the guests; but the fast set, wit.. Mrs. Latour at its head, had swooped down upon the once tranquil spot, as one may occasionally see a lonely sea-girl invaded by a flock of screaming, fluttering gulls and gannets, who chase away its quietude, and invade the sanctity of its solitude. - It is not to be denied, however, that these noisy intruders had brought with them a certain amount of gayety and life which the old hotel had never known before; and on this particular August evening of which we write there was

an unwonted stir and animation perceptible on its porches and in its parlor. A German, with a supper to follow, had been planned by some of Mrs. Latour's particular admirers, and was to be put that evening into execution, regardless of the quiet matrons, whose cozy games of whist and confidential chats were thus broken up by the unceremonious appropriation of the drawing-room by the younger members of the circle. But deference for age and consideration for the comfort of others, are two virtues as unfashionable as untrimmed dresses at the present day, and so the elderly people had been invited to step out, and the chairs in the drawing-room were duly ranged in rows, and knotted together with handkerchiefs, while the muscianstuned their instruments, and the children skirmished in and out of the room, or peeped furtively in at the door, awed by the stern visage and savage tones of that high and mighty personage, the leader of the German, who was superintending the preliminary arrangements. On the porch outside, the dispossessed married ladies sat in solemn conclave, and discussed people and things with freedom, though with truth, while gayly-attired girls flitted in and out through the darkness, and every doorway was a nucleus for a group of white-cravated, dress-coated and white-gloved beaux, who were awaiting there the advent of their respective partners. Several elderly ladies were seated near the edge of the porch, having so placed themselves in order to profit by the cool breath of the sea-chilled breezes which swept inland from the ocean from time to time.

'Here comes Myra Latour,' said one of these ladies, as Mrs. Latour, arrayed in a jetty cloud of lace and tulle, her white shoulders showing, in their dusky draperies, like pearls in a black enamel setting, and her hands loaded with bouquets, swept slowly past. 'She is always ready half an hour before every one else.'

'I think I saw Miss Trevor come down stairs just now,' said another. 'And Miss Wyld was in the parlor half an hour ago.'

'Oh! she is down on the sands with Nugent Bates. I saw them go off together just before we came out here.'

'It is a pity,' said another speaker, 'that Miss Wyld's mother, if she *has* a mother, should let her run about the world unchaperoned, and apparently unprotected. She is too pretty and too fast to be allowed to go alone in such a reckless fashion.'

'Jenny Wyld? Wild Jenny, as the young

men call her? Yes, she is a fast piece. She out-Herods Herod. Even Myra Latour is distanced by her this summer.'

'Down on the beach with Nugent Bates this evening; flirting with Allan Westbury on the back piazza till past midnight last night; driving out alone with that horrid scamp, Rupert Delahaye—I should say that Wild Jenny had earned her nick-name very fairly.'

'Who is to be her partner to-night?'

'Oh! Nugent Bates, of course. I wonder if his sister, Mrs. Conway, feels pleased to see him carrying on so with this girl. You know she tried hard to make up a match between Nugent and Gussie Harris last summer, after old Mr. Harris died and left Gussie so much money; but, somehow, the whole thing fell through.'

'Don't be so sure of that. I have half a notion that they are privately engaged. Besides, Harriet Conway need not be afraid of any serious consequences from Nugent's flirtation with that Miss Wyld. He has too much sense to marry a girl who has been so talked about.'

Just then the speakers were startled by the sudden appearance of a young man, a stranger, who, emerging from the shadow of one of the pillars near which the group was seated, moved swiftly off. The conversation took another turn, and Miss Wyld and her flirtations were for a time forgotten.

Meanwhile, the stranger who had so startled the speakers, kept on his way till he reached that portion of the piazza which was devoted to the gentlemen. There, lighting a cigar, he sat down in the shadow of one of the pillars, and remained apparently lost in thought. A few minutes later Miss Wyld, leaning on her attendant cavalier's arm, came swiftly up the dark path from the beach, and crossed the lighted piazza, to enter the drawing-room, where the German dancers were rapidly assembling.

Pretty as a pink! If Mrs. Raymond's epithet had been true when applied to the young lady in ordinary walking costume, it was doubly correct when its fair object was arrayed in that most becoming of dresses, a demi-evening dress. It was only a white muslin, ruffled, puffed, and flounced *à la mode*; but the Roman scarf of pale-blue and rose-color, which served as a sash, was so artistically knotted, and there was so much style and grace in the daintily *coiffée* head, with its tiny bow of ribbon to match the sash, set amid the shining masses of its crepe gold; and a handsome ornament or two was

so judiciously disposed to heighten the effect of the whole, that the pretty wearer looked prettier than ever. Whatever else Miss Jenny might have lost during her sojourn at Oceanstone, under the tutelage of Myra Latour, she had undoubtedly gained in style and general elegance. And the German progressed smoothly and merrily; and, next to Mrs. Latour, Jenny Wyld was the bright particular star of the evening: her youth, her freshness, her keen enjoyment of all gayety and fun, and, above all, the charm of novelty, having made her the great success of the Oceanstone season.

At last the German came to an end; the tired-out musicians gathered up their instruments, and departed; the sleepy-looking waiters came into the parlor to put back the chairs, and extinguish the lights; and the dancers dispersed, some to retire to rest, while others, wakeful with excitement, and still unwearied, went out on the broad piazza to inhale the delicious salt air, and to take a look at the moon. Among these last were Nugent Bates and Miss Wyld; but their promenading was cut suddenly short by the appearance of a dark figure from behind one of the pillars, who, advancing into the moonlight, stood full in the path of the pair.

The young lady uttered a stifled scream.

'John—John Irving!' she cried. 'Why, where in the world did you come from?'

'No further than from the other hotel. May I request the favor of a few minutes conversation with you? This gentleman will excuse you, no doubt.'

'Certainly. An old friend from home, Mr. Bates; and I am so anxious to hear all the news from Blennsville.'

Nugent Bates, with a half-uttered phrase of regret, released the young lady's arm from his own, bowed, and departed. Then Jenny turned to the unwelcome intruder with a half-frown upon her brow.

'You startled me terribly just now, and you have forgotten your promise to me. Did you not promise to let me spend this summer in peace?'

There was no love-like rapture in John Irving's face or manner, as he stood there in the bright moonlight before his betrothed. Weeks had stretched themselves into months since they two had stood face to face, and yet it was the stern countenance of a judge, not the charmed look of a reunited lover, that he bent on the flushed, vexed visage of the young girl.

'I will not trouble you long,' he said, in tones whose firm, cold evenness thrilled her

heart with something very like affright; 'nor will I pause to ask you if I am the only one of us twain who has forgotten a promise. But I come of an old-fashioned race, and I have been reared in old-fashioned ideas, and amongst them is the opinion that a young lady's lips and waist are to be held sacred from all masculine touch, save from the man who is about to become her husband. I saw Alban Westbury snatch a kiss from you last evening; it was not hard for him to do, I must confess. I saw Nugent Bate's arm around your waist when you were down on the beach together a while ago. Rupert Delahaye wears to-night the rose-bud that he took from your hair yesterday. To which of these three men are you engaged?'

'You know I am engaged to neither of them. I was engaged to you; but you have no right to play the spy upon me!'

'No right! when the whole happiness of my life was at stake? No right to look on at a game played before three hundred spectators? When rumors reached me three weeks ago of the merry sports at Oceanstone, I determined that I would come down and see for myself. I have been staying for three days at the other hotel, and I have lingered here of evenings in the darkness till I have heard and seen enough.'

'What?' This one word came quick and sharp, for Miss Jenny was aware of more than one frolic that would tell but ill for her behavior, if retailed to her friends at Blennsville.

'It does not matter what I know. I have told you some of the things I have seen; but you may trust me; no unkind word respecting you shall ever pass my lips. But our engagement is at an end, and I leave you free to follow your own devices in the future.'

'Oh, John, what do you mean? You surely are not so foolish as to break our engagement just for such nonsense;' and Miss Jenny, smitten to the heart, by the thought of losing not only John Irving, and his comfortable property, but Mrs. Raymond's handsome fortune in the future as well, burst into a very real and unforced fit of weeping. But her tears were of no effect. Samson had broken the seven green withes of Delilah, and her wiles were powerless to retain him.

'Could you for a moment fancy that I would make you my wife, did I once find out your style of behavior at this place? I have loved you very dearly—Heaven above only knows how dearly; and my heart, as I put you from it, is almost broken; but better that it should ache now than be made desolate

hereafter. Had you ever loved me, Jenny, you could not have played at love-making with these men—libertines, half of them; frivolous pleasure seekers all, who will dance with you, flirt with you, romp with you; but never, never love you as I have done. For I did love you, Jenny, so dearly.'

'Then why are you so cross to me, John?' She turned toward him with a timid smile, breaking through the lustre of her tears. 'You know I love you——'

'Stop!' he said, quickly, holding up his hand, as if to repel her, for she had advanced a step or two toward him. 'Do not profane the name of the most sacred feeling. You love me! Dare you say that, with another man's kisses upon your lips, and the print of still another's arm fresh on the ribbon that girds your waist? No, no, you never loved me—that I know now. Go to your new admirers, pick out the one you like best, and tell him from me that what he has touched he may take, and may he be happy with his wife.'

Without another look at the tearful face, that showed so fair in the moonlight, he turned away, sprang from the piazza, and was lost to sight in the distant shadows.

A passer-by, just at that moment, hummed between his teeth an air to which had been set those old lines on waltzing.

'You have brushed from the grape its soft blue,

From the rose-bud you've shaken the tremulous dew;

What you've touched you may take Pretty trifter, adieu!'

For a moment Miss Wylde remained motionless, as though half-stunned, or lost in thought. Then she shook out her flounces, gathered her shawl around her, and departed. 'After all, it is as well,' she said to herself, on her way up to bed. 'He was horribly countryfied, and now I shall spend next winter with Myra Latour, and marry Nugent Bates.'

And John Irving! Did he too go his way, light-hearted and uncaring, after the words that severed him forever from the woman he loved had been spoken? Does the strong soldier suffer nothing after the surgeon's keen knife has removed the shattered limb, or the gangrened flesh, that else would cause his death? A dull headache, a sore sense of loss, long haunted the true heart that had shaped itself into so grand a shrine for such an unworthy little idol. It is such natures as that of John Irving which alone have the capacity for suffering. The empty-headed and hollow-hearted expose an impervious shell to the stings and arrows of wronged or misplaced affection. The souls that find their aspirations filled by a dance, a flirtation, or a bouquet, are not apt to be troubled by yearning tendernesses or mistaken fondness. The soldier who snatched the silver cup from the banquet table in 'Quentin Durward,' bore his booty away applauded, and in safety; but he that clutched the gem-decked vase of gold saw his prize torn from his grasp, and he perished miserably.

Poetry.

FOR THE B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE.

SUNSET.

Crimson and gold, purple and gray,
The sunset clouds float away—away;
Gilding the tree tops and window-panes,
Breaking in showers of golden rain.
Shadows creeping dimming the light,
Day gliding dreamily into the night;
Crimson and gold, purple and gray,
The sunset clouds float away and away.

Weary and worn and old and gray
Into the sunset away—away.
Down through the long dim vista of years;
Bearing full measure of sorrow and tears,
Bearing full measure of deeds of love.
Waiting reward in the courts above;
Weary and worn and old and gray.
The sunset of life glides away—away.

Crimson and gold, purple and gray
Come back from the sunset away—away,
The golden shaft from a kindly word,
From the misty sunset, softly heard,
Beams of light float back in crowds,
Tinged like the sunset's golden clouds,
O'ershadowing the sorrowful streak of
gray

Taking the memory of pain away.

MRS. IDA BROWN.

Webster City, Iowa.

B. OF L. F. MAGAZINE.

Firemen's Brotherhood, bright golden chain
That binds us together, for our common good;
That looks to our welfare in sunshine and
rain,

That makes us one family, in true Brother-
hood.

We care not for riches, or station, or birth;
A man is a man in his true, honest worth.
Our Benevolence reaches the lowly and poor;
And a Brother deserving is ne'er turned from
our door.

Our principles tend to make pure and bright.
The honor of a life that is ever in danger,
Good deeds will shine forth like a beacon of
light.

Sobriety trusted by friend, foe and stranger.

May each heart be true in our Firemen's
bond,
Each hand be ready to help one another.
Industry, truth, honesty, spread o'er our land.
And we ever be worth to be called a Brother.

MRS. IDA BROWN.

Webster City, Iowa.

VIOLETS.

[From a forthcoming volume of verse by
George B. Bartlett.]

"In love with love."

Upon the dreamy Assabet the brown boat
idly lay,
Beneath a bank with violets gemmed, upon a
sweet June day;
When with the perfect faith and trust of fifty
years ago

We pledged the true, unselfish love which
youth alone can know;
The love that knows no thought of change
through time or loss or death,
Strong as eternity and fate, sweet as the
violet's breath.

And though my ideal wife and I are doomed
to live apart,

I love her better every hour with all my
faithful heart;

Her gentle footsteps every day still echo
through my room

With strains of sweetest music, to dissipate
its gloom;

And all the weary, hopeless work of my poor,
struggling life

Is glorified by thoughts of her, my own, my
faultless wife.

She never frets or worries me with paltry
household care,

Her cheerful spirit never fails to drive away
despair;

Her smiles are always ready to smooth away
my frowns,

Her perfect taste displays itself in plain and
simple gowns;

Her eyes are shining through my soul, like
dewy violets bright;

Her soft brown hair is dearer now that age
has turned it white.

And when each resurrected spring the violets
come again,

Their perfumed breath recalls my love, with
sweet and tender pain.

And those who call me heartless, and a fool-
ish, fickle flirt,

Can little know the nameless spell that keeps
my soul from hurt;

And that all the worthless kisses and vows I
sadly own

Have a deep and tender meaning, for they all
are hers alone.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

In our last issue we drew the attention of our members to the qualities that should be sought for and possessed by their representatives. We wish to make a few more remarks on this most essential part of our subject before we pass to its next division. It frequently happens that as the time approaches for the Convention, members from different Lodges express their intention of visiting some friends or relatives in the neighborhood of where the Convention is about to be held. To elect a delegate simply for the reason that he is in any case about to visit that part of the country, is a mistake that has been too often made, and from which the work of the proceedings receives a great injury. We are satisfied that there are circumstances which fully justify this course: for instance, where it happens to be the member whom the Lodge desires to represent them; this and one or two other reasons, which are not necessary for us to mention here are sufficient for a Lodge to adopt this means.

A delegate, we scarcely think it necessary to state, should not alone pay a strict and close attention to the proceedings, but show a lively interest by taking an active part in every measure that is brought forward. By this means with the assistance of his memorandum, he will be better able to give to his Lodge on his return, a clear and distinct account, of what was transacted during the Convention; the changes, if any have been made, the new officers and what he knows of them; and such information concerning them as cannot with prudence be published in the Magazine, the numerical strength of the Order, its position, and its standing financially and otherwise, the amount of death claims paid, and under what circumstances. All these are things which every Lodge is eager to learn and no delegate should neglect to supply this information. Complaints have been made of certain Delegates who have failed to fulfill their mission in this respect, thereby compelling their Lodges to await the publication of the proceedings, in order to gain possession of a knowledge, which they, the delegates, were in duty bound to furnish,

and it is for this reason that we mention it here.

The disposition of time is worthy of our closest attention, and should receive the serious consideration of every member. This holds good not alone with reference to the subject of which we are treating, but is directly identified with the success of every vocation and business undertaking in life. However, at present we shall speak of it only in its relation to the interests of our Conventions.

Heretofore the time occupied at our Conventions has been from five to six days. Now we are strongly of the opinion, an opinion principally formed by our experience of past Conventions, that this time can be shortened considerably; at least to four days, thereby taking largely from the expenses, not only of the Grand Lodge, but also from every subordinate Lodge of the Brotherhood. Understand us: we do not wish by any means that this reduction of time should in any way interfere or retard the business of the proceedings, or even have a tendency to dwarf a full and free discussion of any measure; on the contrary we are convinced that the adoption of a simple method, a system, such as we shall here suggest will give an impetus to the business and assist largely to facilitate its transaction with harmony. We would submit this: on ascertaining about the amount of work to be done, let the Grand Officers divide that work into four parts, each part will represent one day's work; let this division correspond with a like division of the regular "Order of Business." By this means every delegate at the opening of the Convention will see at a glance the amount of labor set apart for each day, and can thus be better prepared to give that thought and study to measures of importance that require it. If, however, the members see that three days would be sufficient, or that four were not, they can divide accordingly, always setting forth the work that will be transacted for each day.

We speak of these matters for reasons that are obvious, and which we consider entirely

superfluous to explain. However, this one we will mention: that the rapid growth of our Order, its increasing membership and consequently its wide-spread influence, brings with it a proportionate increase of business to be transacted in Convention; this demands of us a prompt action in its dispatch, and a thorough understanding of how it is to be disposed of, in order that we may not, at least, exceed the usual time.

UNITED AGAIN.

Through the power usurped by one of our former Grand Officers, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was precipitated into the great strike of 1877 and as a natural consequence, a hatred for the organization was incurred by many Railroad Officials throughout the land.

As a means of retaliating for the injury sustained, they forced many of our members to withdraw from the Institution, and thus succeeded in causing the downfall of some of our best Lodges.

This was especially the case in the Eastern country, where the Order was almost entirely swept from existence.

Of course this was very unjust on the part of the Railroad Officials, for they were placing the grave responsibilities of the strike and its direful results, where they did not properly belong, for as an organization the Brotherhood had nothing to do with the origin or development of that strike nor any other.

The only manner in which our Brotherhood was identified with the strike, was that it had an officer at its helm, who gave it countenance without power or authority, and thus brought down upon it as much condemnation as though it had plotted and planned to give it life, and then used its power in contributing to its support.

It is a matter of fact that the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen have never yet been directly implicated in a strike. They have never destroyed one dollar's worth of property, nor struck one blow at a railroad company.

On the contrary they have always counseled moderation and in many instances carefully guarded the property of their corporations.

But deep and bitter as was the prejudice entertained against us by many Railroad Officials, the last vestige of it has been obliterated forever.

We have letters from nearly all the lead-

ing Managers, Presidents and Superintendents of Railroads in the United States and Canadas and they speak of us, without exception, in the kindest terms.

We have been furnished with annual passes for our traveling officers over thousands and thousands of miles of road, while many companies, who could not, consistently with their rules, grant annual passes, have generously offered to furnish us with trip passes whenever we have an opportunity to use their respective lines.

The letters we have of them are expressive of the deepest sympathy and warmest friendship for our Order and we feel free to say that we entertain the same cordial feeling toward them, and hope that this unison and harmony of thought and action between us may never be ruffled by any wave of passion or discord.

One of the very highest officials of the Pennsylvania Lines writes us that our organization has his warmest personal sympathy, while another of the same standing politely informs us that his road is always at our disposal and that he will grant us, with pleasure, any favor he can within his official capacity.

Still another, who until quite recently was bitterly opposed to us, has torn down the barrier that separated us so long and so much to our disadvantage, and tendered our Grand Officers a hearty welcome, assuring them that he hoped to see the day when all the men in his employ would be working under the banner of our Order.

Now that we have the friendship and cooperation of our superior officers, let us preserve them forever.

Should any difficulty arise, whereby we would feel ourselves aggrieved, let us go to the heads of our respective departments, and respectfully appeal for a restoration of the lost rights. Let us go like men and we will be treated as such.

The object of our institution is to make men out of the crude material, and when we have succeeded in that, there will be no occasion for strikes, for when we are fully qualified to receive our rights, they will always be accorded us.

It is no small matter to plant benevolence into the heart of a stone, instill the love of sobriety into the putrid mind of debauchery and create industry out of idleness. These are our aims and if the world concedes them to be plausible, we ask that they find an anchoring place in its heart, and that in our humble efforts to carry them out, we will be

beckoned onward and upward by those who have the power to assist us.

We wish to be as charitable to our members and their families as our limited means will permit. In the past two months we have sent the proceeds of our bounty into twelve little homes, to dispel the darkness and gloom that enshrouded them.

Twelve widows have been relieved from the agonies of want and twice that number of little children have been rescued from the vortex of ignorance and vice, and placed within the sphere of morality, respect and honor.

Without our aid, they would have been reared in idleness and ignorance and thus have added to the shame and dishonor of the world. With it, they have been enabled to secure an education and thus learn the great principles of truth, honor and justice.

The little forms that were covered with the scanty garments of poverty, have been made comfortable with warm and decent clothing and their aching, throbbing hearts have been made light and happy in the knowledge that "Papa" was a member in good standing of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen when he was killed, and that they will see that his little children do not suffer for want of assistance or protection. Then again we aim to strike, with all the force of which we are capable, at the horrible vice of intemperance. We are well aware that railroad men, as a class, use stimulants more freely than men of most any other calling, because of the fact that they are continually exposed to the weather, and have been taught to believe, in many instances, that with alcohol in their bodies they could more successfully cope with the wet and the dry; the heat and the cold of the elements. This fallacy we are endeavoring to counteract, and when men have fallen into the habit of soaking themselves with liquor we bring a moral suasion to bear upon them, that will reform them if they are capable of reform. If after repeated efforts we fail to bring about the desired end, the man is expelled from our ranks, because we cannot afford to have our good name tarnished by upholding drunkenness, nor hazard the sobriety of others by having them within its contaminating influence.

We regard temperance as the great moral factor that must be the salvation of mankind and we propose, with that portion of it with which we deal, to enforce a regard for it that will insure sobriety.

The last, but none the less essential, of our principles is Industry. We teach every man

of our calling that it is honorable to do honest labor and that it is dishonorable to live in idleness, or at the expense of the industry of another.

Industry has no time to seek evil companions, foster bad habits, or commit acts of injustice.

Industry never steals nor murders, and never goes to the penitentiary or to the scaffold.

Idleness is the foster-parent of every vice.

Idleness is intemperance, dishonor, crime and death.

Idleness supports every penitentiary and erects every scaffold, for it is the fabric upon which are based all of the vices that curse mankind.

Every member of our Order must be industrious if he wishes to have the respect and esteem of his fellow-members and be classed as a leader in our noble cause.

These are our aims and everywhere they are being hailed with delight as well as recognition.

With the endorsement of the Railroad Officials in the East, we have been enabled to reorganize that portion of our Order, and thus we are UNITED AGAIN from shore to shore and coast to coast.

New Lodges are rapidly being organized and applications for charters are coming in at such a rate as to preclude the possibility of doing all of them justice.

The coming Convention will represent at least one hundred working Lodges and the year following that event, will open to us an era of prosperity seldom equaled and never excelled by any similar organization.

A word now in regard to our Chief Officers and we will close. The credit of bringing about a reconciliation between our superior officers and ourselves is due, in a very great measure, to the efforts of our Grand Master and Grand Instructor. The former with his pure and unselfish devotion to the Order and the latter with his untiring work and matchless abilities.

Frank W. Arnold, our Grand Master, is an honor to our calling and we delight in paying to him a tribute of our esteem and respect. He reflects dignity upon his position, and with the loyalty of a true leader he has discharged every trust with a zeal and fidelity that have enlisted for him the love of all his followers. We can hardly venture to speak in praise of S. M. Stevens our Grand Instructor, for we have not the ability to do him justice. Modest, unassuming, earnest, unselfish and uncompromising in the inter-

est of the Order, he is a living monument of the principles it represents. Everywhere he carries with him the dignity of his exalted manhood and sheds about him the benign influences of his generous soul.

With such leaders, we have a right to anticipate many glowing triumphs for our Order in years to come.

Let every member nerve himself for the contest of the future.

The banner under which we are struggling, will shed the lustre of honor and glory upon all who are enrolled beneath it, and we appeal to every lover of human happiness and progress to contribute by thought, word or deed, according to opportunity, to the welfare of our Brotherhood.

Ladies' Department.

OCCASIONAL THOUGHTS.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 15, 1881.

MESSRS. EDITORS :

You are very kind to extend to us the use of a department in your Magazine, and for one, I shall take the liberty, now and then, to presume upon the space you have placed at our disposal.

For some years I have been a regular reader of your Magazine, but have never contributed a line to its columns, and as I am very much attached to it, I wish to ally myself more closely with it by becoming a contributor to its pages. However humble my efforts may be, I shall be happy in the thought that they will provoke others, of more ability, to make better use of your space.

To begin, I desire to admit that I take a great interest in the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, because it is adapted to the wants of men of its calling. If its principles are adhered to, it will make men more proficient in their work, while at the same time, it has a strong tendency to augment their self-respect and thus raise them to a higher plane of morality and honor. Under its influence the drunkard gives way to the man of temperate habits; idleness is transformed into industry and selfishness into a broad humanitarian charity. How happy I am to think that my husband is a member of the Brotherhood, that safeguard to every human virtue. I need have no fear of the alluring wine cup, so far as he is concerned, because he is taught that "a drunkard is not a safe man in any position in life, while in ours he becomes a terrible danger. Life is entrusted to our care, as well as property; if we destroy either, through a beastly passion, we are guilty before God and man. Let love for your manhood and care for your dear ones keep you from this terrible vice of drink."

In my humble judgment, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is entitled to the earnest encouragement and warm support of every fireman's mother, wife and sister, because they are the ones sought to be benefited. The aims and purposes of the Order, so far as I have had the opportunity to study them, are to provide for the kind treatment of the families of the members, while bountiful provisions are made for them in case of the death of their protectors.

Why should we not be interested in such an institution?

Wives ought to see to it that their husbands attend meetings regularly and pay their dues promptly so as to be kept in good standing and thus aid in sustaining the Order.

My husband never falls behind in his dues and I would not allow him to, if he were so inclined. On the first of each month he hands me his receipt for his month's payment and I file it away in its proper place.

When meeting day comes I have his clothes all neat and tidy and help him to get ready so that he can be there promptly and not delay the meeting with his tardiness. In this way I have learned to love the Brotherhood because of the noble objects it has in view. When once it is thoroughly established, its members will attain an honorable standing among their fellow-men. They will have the utmost regard for their character and standing in society and will be kind and generous in the treatment of their families.

The dawning of that era will gladden every heart that throbs with love and sympathy for the lowly and the down-trodden and we ought to unite our efforts to hasten its coming.

Very Respectfully,

FLORENCE.

Zebras are very stylish, they wear striped stockings up to their necks.—Springfield News.

Our Exchanges.

HONEST WORK REWARDED.

Alfred I. Sewell tells the following true story of the manner in which one of the prominent railroad officials of this country rose, step by step to his present position. It is good reading for ambitious young men:

I want to tell the boys about a friend of mine, whose faithful performance of present duty led him into higher positions than he ever dreamed of filling, and gave him what we would all like to reach—honor and success.

In the years of my experience as a printer in Chicago, more than twenty years ago, our firm did a good deal of printing for the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and because of this I came to know a young man who is the subject of my story.

He came from Massachusetts; he was poor, and had no influential friends to even give him a letter of recommendation. He sought employment on the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, and, after waiting a time, at last secured a position as brakeman on a freight train—salary only \$30 a month. He was faithful in this position, and being both intelligent and industrious, he was soon made a conductor on the train, with wages nearly doubled. He soon attracted the attention of his superior officers, who saw in him an honest, faithful conscientious conductor, one not seeking his own ease or pleasure, but constantly devoted to the interests of the company that employed him, so that not many months elapsed before he was made conductor of a passenger train—a more comfortable position, and one yielding a higher salary. Here I first knew him, a modest, quiet unassuming young man, free from the popular vices, and who tried to be just as faithful and true and devoted to his work as a conductor as though the position had been that of general superintendent. He did not apparently have a very high opinion of his own abilities; there was a total absence of that swagger and strut so often seen in those who come to similar subaltern positions. It seemed as though to properly conduct his train, to secure the comfort of his passengers, and rightly serve the interests of his company, required the full exercise of all the powers God had given him.

One of the sternest and most exacting, and

yet one of the ablest, noblest, and most conscientious men who ever filled a similar position, was then General Superintendent of the road. This man, Col. G. C. Hammand, watched every employee of the road with an eagle eye. He measured every man, knew the ability of each, and seemed intuitively to know the faithful workers from the shirks. Our young conductor did not escape his keen eye. When he least thought of it his chief was measuring and sounding him, and finding out what kind of metal he was made of. But no one ever knew whether he was approved or not, for the chief's look was always cold and stern as ice.

One Friday night Train No. 4 moved slowly out of Chicago, under the care of my young friend, who, only intent on doing his work as well as he knew how, seemed to have no higher ambition than to be a good conductor—salary \$900 a year. About noon, when he stopped at the station, he found a telegram from the head office, ordering him to leave the train in care of —, and take the first train for Chicago.

This was an unusual thing. Wondering what was the matter, conscious that he had tried to do exactly right, and yet remembering how exacting was the General Superintendent, he feared that, unintentionally, he had fallen under his displeasure. Reaching Chicago late Saturday evening, he found Col. Hammond had gone home, and, knowing how strict he was in his observance of the Sabbath, the conductor waited impatiently for the coming Monday morning, when, with a fearful heart, he presented himself at the office of the Superintendent.

'Good morning, Mr. Hammond. I have answered your telegram, and come to see what it means.'

'Good morning,' growled the chief. 'I see you have, sir, I have concluded to take your train away from you.'

The conductor's heart sank lower than ever. What before was only fearful foreboding was now painful truth. He had served the company to the best of his ability; he had kept the affairs of his train in complete order; his reports had been carefully and correctly made; and yet, after all, he had lost his position. He knew not why, and felt that his case was sad indeed. He inwardly resolved that, having missed his calling, he

would quit railroading and try some other service, where faithful work would be appreciated. He dared not hope to reverse the decision of the official, yet, in as calm a voice as he could command, he politely asked the reason of his summary dismissal.

Col. Hammond waited awhile before he answered. Then the muscles relaxed a little, and he said:

'I want an assistant superintendent in my office, and have called you to take the place.'

True worth is always modest, and our thunder-struck conductor could only stammer:

'But I am not competent sir, to fill the position you offer.'

'You can do as I tell you: you can obey orders, and carry out the details of the work laid out by the chief.'

To these duties he brought the same thoroughness and faithfulness that had made him noticeable as a conductor. His elevation did not make him vain nor spoil him. He was plain and modest, and hard-working as before—The salary at first was \$1,800.

After a few years of service under Col. Hammond, and an advance of salary to \$2,500, the plain young man was invited to take the office of General Superintendent of a young road, at a salary of \$4,000. Distrusting his own ability, but determined to do his best; he accepted the call, and succeeded, until the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad realizing how much they had lost in parting with him, invited him to resume his old position, with the tempting offer of \$6,000 a year.

In the meantime Col. Hammond had become Superintendent of the Union Pacific Road, running from Omaha to Ogden, where it connects with the Central Pacific Road. The latter road was owned by four or five millionaires who had built it, one of whom was its General Superintendent. However good a business man, he knew but little about railroading, and under his care the road was anything but prosperous, until the owners and directors resolved upon a radical and sweeping change.

But where could they find a General Superintendent who had the ability and would dare to reorganize the road and put its affairs upon a better basis? They consulted Col. Hammond and other railroad men, and the result was that, most unexpectedly, our modest and hard working conductor received a telegram asking him if he would undertake the duties of General Superintendent of the Central Pacific road, at a salary of \$10,000. He

was satisfied with his appreciation by the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad, who proposed to increase his pay to \$7,000; and, as he preferred to remain in Chicago, he declined the princely offer made by the California road. Then another telegram asked at what salary he would become the Chief of the Central Pacific. Almost hoping to discourage his tempters, he telegraphed, 'Thirteen thousand a year in gold.'

At once came the answer:

'Accepted.'

So, taken in his own trap, he had nothing to do but bid adieu to the city that had served him so well, and turn his face toward the land of gold. My story would be too long if I should try to tell you of the unexpected difficulties he encountered from the old officers of the road, who had determined that they would not be superseded, and that the new superintendent should never enter upon his duties; how they, before his arrival, set the whole press and people of California against him; how, supported by the Directors of the road, he quietly took control, disarmed prejudice, conquered submission, and was successful.

This was nine years ago. He is still general Superintendent of the Central Pacific, one of the most important railroads in the world. With its connections with California, this quiet man now superintends 734 miles of railroad, and over fifty connecting steamboats, besides dictating the tariff of the China, the Australian, and the Panama line of steamships. While other young men preferred present ease and comfort to the interests of their employers, wasting time in billiard halls and theaters, and drinking saloons, Albin N. Towne was at work building up a character as well as reputation, and now fills one of the most important positions in California, and, instead of \$300 a year as brakeman on a freight train, he now draws the comfortable salary of \$20,000 a year in gold.

'Lucky man,' said one.

'Luck' had but very little to do with it; modest worth did it, work did it; faithfulness in the performance of present duties, however humble, did the most.

His untiring faithfulness in the humbler duties not only attracted the notice and won the appreciation of his superiors, but fitted him for the highest positions which, without his seeking, he was called upon to fill.

I have long desired to tell this story of a young man's faithfulness and consequent success, for I consider it a lesson that boys

and young men of the day can study to advantage.

MAN.

EXTRACT FROM AN OLD VOLUME.

The average weight of an adult man is 140 lbs. 9 oz.

The average weight of a skeleton is about 14 lbs.

Number of bones, 240.

The skeleton measures one inch less than the height of the living man.

The average weight of the brain of a man is $3\frac{3}{4}$ lbs; of a woman, 2 lbs. 11 oz.

The brain of a man exceeds twice that of any other animal.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 in.; of a Frenchman, 5 feet 4 inches; and of a Belgian, 5 feet $6\frac{3}{4}$ inches.

The average weight of an Englishman is 150 pounds; of a Frenchman, 136 pounds, and of a Belgian, 140 pounds.

The average number of teeth is 32. A man breathes about 20 times in a minute, or 1,200 times in an hour.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upward of 7 hogs-heads in a day.

A man gives off 4.08 per cent. carbonic gas of the air he respires; respires 10,000 cubic feet of carbonic acid gas in 24 hours; consumes 10,067 cubic feet of oxygen in 24 hours, equal to 125 cubic inches of common air.

A man annually contributes to vegetation 124 pounds of carbon.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute; in manhood; at 60 years, 60. The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males.

The weight of the circulating blood is about 28 pounds.

The heart beats 75 times in a minute; sends nearly 10 pounds of blood through the veins

and arteries each beat; makes four beats while we breathe once.

540 pounds, or one hogshead $1\frac{1}{4}$ pints of blood pass through the heart in one hour.

12,000 pounds, or 24 hogshead 4 gallons, or 10,782 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints pass through the heart in 24 hours.

1,000 ounces of blood pass through the kidneys in one hour.

147,000,000 cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

CAR WHEELS ON CURVES.

Alphonzo—You ask how the outer car wheels keep up with the inner ones, when the train goes around the curve.

The explanation, my dear sir, is very simple. The outer wheels do not keep up with the inner one. As you know the railroads of our country are very crooked. They are made principally of curves. Suppose the first curve outside of a city turns to the right; then as the wheels on the left rail have to travel further than those on the inside they naturally run faster and get ahead, but the next curve turns to the left and then those wheels on the right rail hurry around the curve and catch up with those on the left, and as the curves to the right equal those to the left, the result is that on a long road the wheels keep about even.

Sometimes when the train strikes a straight road after making a long curve, the wheels of one side may be half a mile behind, and if you look out of the rear windows you will see them coming down the track.

You have heard of trains waiting because they are ahead of time. Well, that is when all the curves are in one direction, and they are obliged to stop and allow the wheels on one side to catch up with the train.—*Old City Derrick.*

Literary.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

WILLIAM H. BRICKER.

[Concluded from No. 5.]

In February, 1809, the embargo was removed; but President Jefferson was not so accommodating as to 'resign the presidential chair,' and the Republic soon recovered from its fright at the encroachments of Napoleon's

power. The satire, however, had evinced the presence of a new poet, whose rhetoric was felt and admired even by those who did not entertain his sentiments. 'The Monthly Anthology,' a Boston literary journal owned by a club of gentlemen of culture, questioned the statement that the poem was written by a boy of thirteen. The second edition of 'The Embargo,' afforded another proof of the writer's ability by adding a few of his earlier

compositions, including 'The Spanish Revolution,' 'The Reward of Literary Merit,' 'The Contented Ploughman,' and a translation from the odes of Horace.

About the time 'The Embargo' was first published, Bryant began the study of Latin under the instruction of the Rev. Dr. Thomas Snell of Brookfield. At that time there were few classical schools in New England, and a preparation for college was usually secured by taking private lessons; the clergy being the classical teacher in most of the rural districts. A year later, Greek was added to his studies, under the tuition of the Rev. Moses Hallock of Plainfield. He was so fond of this noble language, that, after two months' study, he had read the entire Greek Testament. (In a letter to the Rev. H. Seymour, of Northampton, Mass., thus speaks of his early Greek studies: "I began with the Greek alphabet, passed to the declensions and conjugations, which I committed to memory, and was put into the Gospel of St. John. In two calendar months from the time of beginning with the powers of the Greek alphabet I had read every book in the New Testament I supposed at the time, that I made pretty good progress, but do not even now know whether that was very extraordinary.") When Bryant had reached his sixteenth year, he was found to possess enough knowledge of Latin and Greek to admit him to the sophomore class in college. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1810, he was sent to William College, at Williamstown, Mass. At the end of his second term, May, 1811, Bryant determined to enter the junior class at Yale College at the beginning of the fall session, and withdrew from Williams with an honorable dismissal. The venerable Dr. Calvin Durfee of Williamstown, who has kindly furnished most of the facts above stated, adds that Bryant 'was always scholarly and gentlemanly, with no eccentricities—no shooting forth of intellectual powers in one direction, to the neglect of other important qualifications or attainments.' At the opening of the next session he was prepared to join the junior class at Yale; but the altered fortunes of his father prevented his carrying out his plan. He remained at home for sometime, pursuing those classical and mathematical studies which he had hoped to take under the instruction of professors. His name has always been an honored one at Williamstown. In 1819 the honorary degree of A. M. was conferred on him by the college; and some years later he was restored to his place in his class, and enrolled as an alumnus. His death is no-

ticed in the obituary records of the college as a graduate belonging to the class of 1813. During these years of study his pen was not idle. Among the verses composed during this period are 'The Genius of Columbia,' and several Fourth of July odes. 'No poet,' says Griswold, 'has described with more fidelity the beauties of the creation, nor sung in nobler song the greatness of the Creator. He is the translator of the silent language of the universe to the world. His poetry is pervaded by a pure and genial philosophy, a solemn and religious tone, that influence the fancy, the understanding, and the heart.' ['Poets and Poetry of America,'] 'All who have read this article, says Professor Nilson,' will agree with what Washington Irving has said to his friend—that this close observation of the phenomena of nature, and the graphic felicity of his details, prevent his descriptions from becoming general and common place.' Mr. Symington in speaking about Mr. Bryant says 'He is an admirable speaker, his commemorative orations are models of fine, generous, appreciative criticism, elegantly expressed in pure and terse idiomatic Saxon. In New York, especially, that

'Good gray head which all men knew' will be sadly missed, for many a day, by those who knew him, either as poet, scholar, politician, traveler, philanthropist, or friend. In the journals of the day he had followed the various campaigns of the first Napoleon down to the battle of Waterloo; the whole careers of Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon; and in his own country commented on the policies of twelve different presidents, and watched the rise and termination of the great conflict between the North and the South which resulted in the abolition of slavery. The well-known early poem 'Thanatopsis,' which established Bryant's reputation, was written before Walter Scott began his series of the 'Waverley' novels. He was past the meridian of life when Macaulay wrote his 'History of England,' and Dickens and Thackeray were mere striplings when his fame as a poet was established. Longfellow and Emerson—gray headed men when he died—gratefully recognized him as a master; and one of them lately publicly acknowledged him as his earliest teacher in the art of verse. 'He was my master in verse,' said Longfellow, 'ten years and more my senior, and throughout my whole life I have had the warmest reverential regard for him. His first little, thin volume of poems, of thirty pages or so, containing his 'Thanatopsis' and other youthful performances, lies on my

study table to-day.' 'Local tradition,' says a writer in the Bryant memorial pamphlet, 'represents him as actually composing the poem (Thanatopsis) while seated on a rock in a lovely ravine known as Flora's Glen, on the outskirts of Williamstown. There is reason to suspect that much of this story is apocryphal, and the fact that the rock is still pointed out to visitors by way of proof weighs but little in the balance of belief. 'The Bryant Homestead Book,' probably our best authority in the matter, tells a different story. 'It was here at Cummington,' runs the record, 'while wandering in the primeval forests, over the floor of which were scattered the gigantic trunks of fallen trees, mouldering for long years, and suggesting an indefinitely remote antiquity, and where silent rivulets crept along through the carpet of dead leaves, the spoil of thousands of summers, that the poem entitled 'Thanatopsis' was composed. The young poet had read the poems of Kirke White, which, edited by Southey, were published about that time, and a small volume of Southey's poems, and some lines of those authors had kindled his imagination, which, going forth over the face of the inhabitants of the globe, sought to bring under one broad and comprehensive view the destinies of the human race in the present life, and the perpetual rising and passing away of generation after generation who are nourished by the fruits of the soil, and find a resting-place in its bosom. 'It is certain,' said Emerson, 'that Mr. Bryant has written some of the very best poetry that we have had in America.' In 1815 he was admitted to the bar, and for ten years practiced with diligence and success. The charming verses on 'Green River,' written at this time, reveal the subjective side of these hours of communion with nature. Says the poet,—

'When breezes are soft, and skies are fair,
I steal an hour from study and care,
And hie me away to the woodland scene,
Where wanders the streams with waters green.'

In lines not very flattering to the court-litigants, from whose business he won his bread, he refers to the happy freedom of his childhood:

Though forced to drudge for the dredges of men,
And scrawl strange words with the barbarous pen,
And mingle among the jostling crowd,
Where the sons of strife are subtle and loud,

I often come to this quiet place
To breathe the airs that ruffle thy face,
And gaze upon thee in silent dream;
For in thy lonely and lovely stream
An image of that calm life appears
That won my heart in my greener years.'

In 1825 he removed to a more congenial sphere, and in association with a friend, established *The New York Review*, to which he contributed many of his best poems. In 1826 he became principal editor of *The Evening Post*, the leading Democratic paper of New York, which he still continues to conduct with a manliness and purity of tone of which the examples among his professional brethren might be increased with advantage. The first collected edition of his poems appeared in 1832. They were soon after republished in Britain, and were regarded as the highest efforts, up to that time, of the American Muse. In 1842 he published *The Fountain*, and other poems. Mr. Bryant visited Europe in 1834, and again in 1844 and 1849, and presented the literary fruits of his travel in a series of 'Letters of a Traveler' and 'Letters from Spain, Egypt, Syria and other Countries,' which rank high in literature of their class. Unpretending yet elegant in manner, they give the facts as they presented themselves to the writer without embellishment of fancy or ornament of style. George William Curtis, too, in his Commemorative Address on the life, character and writings of William Cullen Bryant, delivered before the New York Historical Society, at the Academy of Music, on December 30, 1878, said: 'A patriarch of our literature, and in a permanent sense the oldest of our poets, a scholar familiar with many languages and literatures, finely sensitive to the influence of nature, and familiar with trees and birds and flowers, he was especially fitted, it might be said, of strict literary life.' But he who melodiously marked the solitary way of the water-fowl through the rosy depth of the glowing heaven, and on the lonely New England hills,

'Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,'

saw in the river and valley, in forest and ocean, only the solemn decoration of man's tomb—the serious, musing country boy felt also the magic of human sympathy, the impulse of his country, the political genius of his race, and the poet because distinctively an American, and a public political leader. In the American life of this century, he bore his full part, never quailing, never doubting, giving and taking blows; stern often, re-

served, unsparing, but panoplied ever in an armour which no fabled Homeric hero wove, beyond the art of Vulcan to forge, or the dark waters of the Styx to charm, the impenetrable armour of moral principle. Time, as it passed, chastened the ardour of the partisan, without relaxing the vital interest of the citizen in public affairs. His lofty personality rose above the clamor of selfish ambition, and, in his life, he reconciled, both in fact and to the popular imagination the seeming incompatibility, with constant political activity. So rises the shining dome of Mont Blanc above the clustering forests and the roaring streams, and, on its towering sides the growths of various climates and of different zones, in due order, meet and mingle.' Thus, is Bryant deservedly honored by those who are most capable of appreciating what is pure and high-minded in poetry and life; for he himself was one who, to the last, with humble Christian faith, earnestly strove to act up to that injunction, so beautifully expressed, in the following lines from 'Thanatopsis,' his own youthful yet mature, poem :

'So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan that moves
To the pale realms of shade, where each shall
take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry-slave, at night,
Scour ed to his dungeon, but, sustained and
soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant
dreams.'

Bryant 'was already acknowledged to be the first of American poets, and he himself dates the dawn of trans-Atlantic literature in the year 1821, which was the year of his marriage and of his own Harvard poems. It was in that year that Coper's SPY was published and Irving's SKETCH-BOOK was completed, and Bryant's own first volume was issued; Dana's IDLE MAN was just finished, and Miss Sedgwick had already published HOPE LESLIE. Two years before, Percival's first volume had appeared which Edward Everett had saluted as a harbinger of great achievements and Halleck's and Drake's CROAKERS were already popular. Bryant's ambition, his hopes, his conscious power, secretly solicited him and weaned him more and more from the law.' Bryant was a scholar, and a student of other literatures than his own. He executed numerous translations from the

Greek, Latin, Spanish, German, and Portuguese. Those from the Spanish, Longfellow, long ago, praised as rivaling the originals in beauty. The latest fruit of his genius is his translation of Homer, of which the 'Iliad' appeared in 1870, and the 'Odyssey' in 1871. The work is a monument of industry; and is in some important respects, in the fluency and variety of the rhythm, and in the simplicity, copiousness, and dignity of the expression, deserves a place with the masterpieces of translation. The appearance of the translation of the Iliad is in more senses than one an event in our literary history. Next in importance to the production of great original works is the naturalization in another land and language of the masterpieces of literature. We cannot say that the labor of translation has hitherto been undervalued; but it has rarely, in our tongue, been performed with that abnegation of the translator's personality through which alone the original author can receive justice. The fact that our two most distinguished poets, (Mr. Bryant and Mr. Longfellow) independently undertaking their separate tasks, substantially agree in their method—and that method unquestionably the correct one—confirms us in the hope that the great poets of other lands and ages may receive their fittest English speech through American authors. The distinguishing qualities of Homer's genius, and the deficiencies of his translators, have nowhere been so succinctly stated as by Matthew Arnold. 'Homer is rapid in his movements; Homer is plain in his words and style; Homer is simple in his ideas; Homer is noble in his manner. Cowper renders him ill because he is slow in his movement and elaborate in his style; Pope renders him ill because he is artificial both in his style and his words; Chapman renders him ill because he is fantastic in his ideas; Mr. Newman renders him ill because he is odd in his words and ignoble in his manner.' To these four must be added Lord Derby, whose translation has become unexpectedly popular because it is a real improvement on the work of his predecessors, and who fails of high success chiefly because he has missed those subtle graces, those fortunate strokes of expression, which only a poet can adequately recognize and only a poet can reproduce. Simplicity, nobility, and a plainness which rivals prose without being itself prosaic, are the characteristics of Mr. Bryant's style. A certain intense, nervous force, and a power of rapid movement, are also necessary to the man who would translate Homer. Mr. Bryant is popularly

considered to be chiefly a grave, contemplative poet because his Muse, with a Doric severity, holds his passion and imagination subject. The evidence of the latter qualities is latent rather than expressed, and may easily escape the careless reader. Very few understand that the capacity of true repose presupposes vigor. A single passage from Mr. Bryant's 'Antiquity of Freedom' is all we need to illustrate his force and movement.

'Power at thee has launched
His bolts, and with his lightnings smitten
thee:

They could not quench the life thou hast from
heaven.

Merciless Power has dug thy dangerous deep,
And his swart armorers, by a thousand fires,
Have forged thy chain; yet, while he deems
thee bound,

Thy bolts are shivered and the prison-walls
Fall outward: terribly thou springest forth,
As springs the flame above a burning pile,
And shoutest to the nations, who return
Thy shoutings, while the pale oppressor flies.'

In his translation of the Iliad, therefore, we are not surprised at Mr. Bryant's power of adapting his verse to the changing moods of the original. His skill is all the more remarkable from the apparent absence of effort. In this respect he greatly surpasses Cowper, the only reputable poet who has made a translation in the same measure. We do not mean to institute a comparison between the two works, for the reason that Cowper's Iliad, although it enjoyed a brief popularity, is now practically obsolete; its languid movement and lack of compact, picturesque diction sufficiently account for its failure. Some comparison with the Iliad of Lord Derby, however, is suggested by the recent publication of the latter, and the very respectable success which it has achieved. We quote the commencement of the prayer to Apollo, which is thrice repeated in the First Book. First, Lord Derby:

'Hear me God of the silver bow! whose care
Chrysa surrounds, and Cilla's lovely vale;
Whose sovereign sway o'er Tenedos extends;
O Sminthens, hear!'

Mr. Bryant:

'Hear me, thou bearer of the silver bow,
Who guardest Chrysa, and the holy isle
Of Cilla, and art lord in Tenedos,
O Sminthens!'

It would be very easy to run the parallel further, but we have already indicated the chief points of difference between the two

versions; and perhaps, after all, the simplest way of expressing them would be to say—Mr. Bryant is a poet, and Lord Derby is not. There is nothing in Bryant's translations or poetry that compels attention. It is like the charm of nature that it noiselessly unveils. The cheering sunshine, the fragrance of flowers, the song of birds, the whispering of winds, the blue depths of heaven, are all unheeded by the eager merchant, the breathless lawyer, and the plotting politician; but they are balm and incense and music and conversation to the toil-worn man when he steps forth free from the thrall of his cares. It is to man in his higher and generic humanity that Bryant speaks. His audience will be small while the cheap Johns are shouting in the streets; but his voice will never fall upon the empty air without an auditor. As a brother bard has sung of 'The Dead Master,'

'Who loves and lives with Nature tolerates
Baseness in nothing: high and solemn
thoughts

Are his—clean deeds, and honorable life.

If he be poet, as our Master was,

His song will be a mighty argument,

Heroic in its structure to support

The weight of the worlds forever! All
great things

Are native to it, as the sun to heaven

Such was thy song, O Master: and such
fame

As only kings of thought receive is thine:

Be happy with it in thy larger life

Where Time is not, and the sad word—
Farewell!'

SEE

Symington's Life of Christ.

Hill's Life of Bryant.

Bryant's Memorial Pamphlet.

Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1832.

Chambers' Encyclopedia, Vol. II.

Johnson's Universal Cyclopædia, Vol. I.

PHILADELPHIA, 1881.

Here is the most dog-goned affectionate sample of amatory poetry that we have ever seen:—

When old Carlo sits in Sally's chair,
O, don't I wish that I were there!
When her fairy fingers pat his head,
O, don't I wish 'twas me instead!
When Sally's arms his neck imprison,
O, don't I wish my neck was his'n!
When Sally kisses Carlo's nose,
O, don't I wish that I were those!

Call a book-agent 'Colonel' if you want to please him.

Correspondence.

RESIGNATION OF A MASTER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., May 22, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—

On the 20th of March, Brother S. M. Stevens, our worthy Grand Instructor resigned his position as Master of No. 14, to the great sorrow of all its members.

His reason for doing so is given in his farewell address which I have copied from memory and which is here subjoined for the benefit of the Masters of all our Lodges. As nearly as I can recollect, Brother Stevens spoke as follows:

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS: It is with a full sense and appreciation of the honor and responsibility of my position as Master of this Lodge that I tender my resignation as such. I am fully aware that during my connection with you, I have not responded to all the demands of the office, and feeling that in the future as well as in the past I shall not be in a position to discharge my duties here as they should be discharged, I think it best for you and the order that I should give place to some one whose other cares will not intervene to prevent him from carrying out to the greatest extent the work in which we were engaged. My position as Instructor has necessarily called me away from Indianapolis during most of the time since I became Master of Eureka Lodge. It was of the utmost importance that I should attend to the demands made upon me in all parts of the country, and you will readily see that I could not give my individual or personal attention to more than one interest at a time. But though I have been with you much less frequent than I desired, I am still sufficiently well acquainted with the status of Eureka Lodge to know that a radical change in the matter of the organization is urgently needed. There must be an awakening on the part of every member of this lodge. The meetings must be attended more regularly, and the monthly dues must be more promptly paid, so that the returns can be promptly made to the Grand Lodge. I wish to impress this point so strongly on your minds that you will have a realizing sense of your duties. This lodge has never been, as efficient as it should be. No one in particular, perhaps, is to blame for it, but the lodge must come to the front, and meet the expectation of the Brotherhood else-

where. It will not do to defer the matter any longer. You must go to work, and go to work in earnest too, so that the world can see the fruits of your labor. There are widows and orphans in the balance, and they must not find you wanting. God will hold every one responsible in this solemn covenant into which you have entered with these stricken ones. It is not a slight thing that you set aside from day to day your solemn obligations. There are several thousand eyes looking upon you and wondering at your apathy. You are located in a prominent railroad city, and that fact alone gives this lodge more than ordinary significance. If the eyes which are watching you should find you at last unfaithful to your trusts, should they discover that you, as men and brothers, are making an unworthy record, the disgrace will be yours, but the blow to the whole order will only be the more deplorable. You know that the aim and object of the order is one of the grandest on earth. It seems to that the thought of belonging to such an organization, when you consider its mission, ought to nerve every one of you to go forth to fight manfully, for the cause is holy and the victory should not be doubtful. I have said but little, yet if you understand it aright, you will go back to your respective homes and duties and begin over with renewed vigor and enthusiasm. Let the people know that you exist. Make your power for good felt in the community, and its influence will extend to results of which you may be proud. I want you to think of these things, to talk of them, to act them, and doing so, you will be better and happier men, and the world will be the better and happier for your having done what you could for a great cause. Do what you can. If you will only do that honestly you will have done all that I or any officer or member expect of you. But be sure that you do that much.

I shall still retain my membership in this lodge, and hope that I will never lose it by its failure as an organization. In taking my leave of this lodge as its Master, I wish each and every member in it to understand that my interest in the lodge will be none the less intense and active.

The foregoing address was listened to with the closest attention by our members and at its close the resignation of Brother Stevens was reluctantly accepted and Brother John

A. Tweedie was elected to fill the vacancy for the unexpired term. We are sorry indeed to lose Brother Stevens, for we have learned to love him and to look upon him as a leader whom we could follow without fear of being led astray. But we hope that our loss will be the Brotherhood's gain, and that his successor may follow in the direction he has indicated.

Fraternally yours, Z. E. P.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Messrs. Editors:

In my lonely wanderings upon this terrestrial sphere, it was my good fortune to alight from the train, last evening, in this goodly city, familiar to eastern people and also to many western, for its many busy work shops, its splendid bay, (Narragansett) its numerous hills, its fine residences, Brown's University, "Roger Williams," also for its being the first settlement in the world where *free religious liberty* was ever tolerated; where a person could worship according to the dictates of their own conscience, without fear of molestation, an honor which may be highly prized by its natives. There is one thing I almost forgot to mention in connection with this smallest state in the union, and that is the succulent "Bivalves" that grow on her beautiful shores, and I never come here without making a feast of boiled clams and fried clam cakes, let the said clams be ever so tough. Ah! even now my pen stops at the thought of the feast in waiting for me; but hold! I had almost lost the subject upon which my thoughts rested when I first sat me down to write you. When I reached the platform of the depot and looked across to the other side where a train was standing, whose familiar face should I see but that of Bro. Geo. D. Oliver, who now manipulates the throttle on the Boston & Providence road. Having known and been intimate with him when he was a member of old number 25, it was but natural that I should wish to greet him and inquire into the welfare of "Hand in Hand" Lodge No. 2, which is located here, and knowing him to be Master of the same, you may well know how pleasant was my surprise when he told me there was to be a meeting that evening. You may also be sure that "Wanderer" was there, and it was with feelings of deep interest that I found so young a lodge worked with such perfect harmony. How the Master's position was properly respected; how every one seemed to feel that their own individual presence was necessary for the proper conduction of the work; and just here is one suggestion I wish

to make in regard to our work, either in or out of the lodge room, and that is this: Whoever holds an office, be it at the head or at the foot, let him strive to be perfect in his part; let him perform his duties, whatever they may be, with soul and body, with an interesting energy, with an eye to the manner that will have the best effect. Let everything be committed to memory, learned by heart, and from a tiresome task, it soon becomes a pleasant duty, and teaches you in the ways of our beloved craft, and gives to each one of you a self-dependence you never before felt; and why I write of this is because the above suggested itself after seeing an initiation by No. 2. Rituals were generally dispensed with, as their lessons had been learned, and their teachings had been impressed upon their hearts. Then there was another occurrence of which I took particular notice, and that was the approach of three of the Brothers to the desk of another Brother, who, with meek-face and bright blue eyes, calmly awaited their coming. The one being their financial secretary and treasurer, and the three their trustees, and the examination which those three gave the books, papers, vouchers and the questions they asked of that meek-faced one, and after they were through (the three), the one with the blue eyes looked happy and the three contented, then I knew that "blue eyes" had been examined and had borne the test, and that the three had attended to their business in a thorough manner, and were satisfied that all financial accounts were straight. There was a happy look from all, for every one in the room that all concerned had attended strictly to business and all was safe. Therefore, contentment came and with it harmony and a pleasant feeling of right in a noble cause. The thought came to me then and there, what a blessed work we are engaged in; what noble aims and purposes we are striving for; what a record we are making; how many tried ones who are left without the husband's or father's strong arm to gain the daily sustenance of life, and that husband or father was one of our fraternity and had given his mite conjointly with us for the relief of others, and now that he has gone to the mysterious beyond, we in turn cast our mite for him, and so the good work goes on, and day by day as we become older members of the craft, the benevolent objects become more and more interesting to us and we have it more at heart, as is always the result of striving to do good. Now, as this is my first introduction to your many readers, and as I don't wish to tire them, I may as well close by

saying that this is not the last you will hear from me, for as I wander from place to place, I shall consider it my duty to occasionally contribute to your pages in observation of the scenes, incidents or thoughts as they may occur to you.

Fraternally,
WANDERER.

ENTERPRISE LODGE NO. 75.

Messrs. Editors:

Occasion, not long since, led me to Philadelphia, and while in the good city of Brotherly Love, I improved the opportunity by paying a visit to Enterprise Lodge No. 75, which meets in the Grand Army Hall every other Sunday. There was a full attendance on the day of my visit, and I was told that the meetings were always so, there being seventy-two members in the lodge, and of these, few are ever absent except when on duty or sick. I wish to note *en passant* that not only do the members attend the meetings promptly, but their wives and sisters take an active interest in the order, and do all in their power to further the good work.

Do you know how this lodge manages its business? I will tell you. Its prosperity is easily accounted for. First, the attendance is never suffered to flag. When a member gets sick, his brothers do not merely inquire from time to time how he is getting along, but watchers or nurses are appointed to take care of him, and a weekly benefit is given him. A case in point is that of Bro. Charles Murray who has just recovered from a long spell of typhus fever. His life was saved by the unwearying care and attention of the lodge. The physicians said he could not live, and stood aside for death to enter and claim him for his own. Not so with the brave boys of the Enterprise. They have faced death too often in his most frightful masks to fear him in the treacherous guise of fever, no matter how terrible that fever may be. They went to the bedside of the afflicted brother. They did not propose to give up. It was a fight between them and death, and their sleepless vigilance was rewarded with the slow returning but certain health of their brother. The treasury of the lodge is replenished by an annual fair, at which the receipts run up to \$800 or \$900. This fair is held in some convenient hall or public building, and members and their families see to it that the stands are well supplied with articles for sale. The object of the fair being known, the whole community becomes its patron, and I have no doubt that it could be held in many other cities to like advantage. The hint is merely

offered here, but I suggest its adoption and trial at other places.

Many of the members deserve special commendation for the earnest manner in which they take up the work of the lodge. Brother Harry Walter, who is an old engineer, and a good one, is a large-hearted whole-souled man, whom it did me good to meet. He is the present master of the lodge, and is a worthy successor to Brother Mace, whom I also met. I like to meet with such a lodge as the Enterprise, and with such men as I found its members to be. It gives me confidence in the success of our mission, and makes me feel that I am not "tramping" in vain. While in Philadelphia I met a large number of the boys and I found them of the genuine stamp. Much might justly be said in their praise, and I would like Brothers William J. Wheeler, Frank Dupell, Harry Knepley, Walter Davis, Chas. Murray, and others to know that they are entered with all honor upon my note book. From Brother Mace, at whose house I was entertained during my visit, and from his estimable wife, I received every kind attention, and I cannot close my hurried letter without warmly thanking them for the same. I have spoken thus emphatically of Enterprise Lodge and the brethren, because I believe praise should not be withheld from those to whom it is due, nor should any receive it who do not merit it. This is distinction which I believe all will approve. I have not alluded to Brother Goundie in this communication, because I understand that you have prepared a biographical sketch of him which will appear in the same issue of the Magazine as this. I trust that all our lodges will realize the importance of thorough organization and earnest work, and that I will soon have the pleasure of thinking them the peers of the Enterprise.

Fraternally yours,

TRAMP.

BUFFALO, N. Y., March 18, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

I wish to relate a serious and almost fatal accident that recently befell Brother Sam. Daly, one of No. 12's best members. Brother Daly was firing the mail train from Attica to Hornellsville, and, when near Arkport, a station about four miles west of Hornellsville, he stepped into the gangway to wash, and just at that moment the draw-bar between the engine and tender broke, the engine bounding ahead and leaving the train behind.

Brother Daly of course fell down, and the tender passed over him. But here comes the marvelous part of my narrative. He was caught up by the rigging of the forward truck of the baggage-car and dragged, with his head and face downward between the narrow and

broad gauge rails, (which are about a foot apart), the distance of two hundred feet, passing over two frogs before the air brakes stopped the train.

He sustained a severe fracture of the skull, so severe, in fact, that his brain was exposed to view. In addition to the fracture he received about a dozen very ugly wounds about his face and head. Both his hands were badly bruised, as was also his left foot and leg. It seems miraculous that he passed through under the truck without having been torn to pieces by the rigging, which runs very close to the ground.

But with the superior skill and treatment of Dr. Robinson, and the careful nursing of his wife and others who are waiting on him, he will soon be out with the boys again.

Brother S. M. Stevens visited No. 12 about a week since.

A special meeting was called, which was well attended, and all listened with deep interest to the instructions of Brother Stevens. He is a noble fellow, and well qualified to fill the responsible position he now holds. Just think of the great good he has accomplished during his recent tour through the east, and when you realize the value of his work, you will agree with me that we are proud to know that we have at our head such a true and self sacrificing friend as Samuel M. Stevens.

Two of our members have recently taken unto themselves partners for life. Brother Dan. Gannah to Miss Minnie Sullivan, a very handsome and accomplished young lady of this city, and Brother Joe Hammond to Miss Pease, a Hornellsville lady of high social and intellectual standing.

We need not say anything in favor of Dan. or Joe, because they are too well known, and I could hardly do them justice. We wish them all long life and happiness.

If appearances are not deceiving, a couple more of No. 12's boys will soon make their bridal tour.

That's right, boys—"go thou and do likewise!" We know how it is ourselves.

But the event of the season in this city was the ball of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, held at St. James Hall on Monday evening February 28, it being our sixth annual reception. The floor was covered with white ducking, the windows were draped with lambrequin and laced curtains, and large, heavy curtains were hung at the doors. Parlor furniture was placed all around the hall, and opposite the stage and under the gallery a large and elegant bouquet was placed upon the top of a marble stand, and the fragrance enriched the air in every part of the hall. The participants numbered at least five hundred and the entertainment was a grand success in every respect.

The committee of arrangements consisted of I. H. Crossman, C. W. Piper, R. B. Williams, W. B. Munhall and James Hayes. Our floor director was David S. Dickinson, and he was assisted by I. H. Crossman. The floor was very ably managed by C. W. Piper, Frank Ayres, James Shufelt and T. S. Ellis. The committee on reception consisted of J. W. Jacobs, Wm. H. Leahy, E. T. Jarrad, Wm. Kiddade and George Howell. The committee and others concerned in its management deserve much credit for their zeal and fidelity in doing their duties.

Among the prominent railroad officials present were Ass't. Sup't. Cap't. C. Colligan,

Master Mechanic G. B. Ross, Engine Dispatcher Alfred Eastman and General Foreman Wm. Litz, all of the N. Y. L. E. & W. R. R.

Yours Fraternally,
"YANKEE."

ROOD HOUSE, ILLS., May 15, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

West End Lodge No. 18 was organized in June 1880, with but twelve charter members, and to-day, she numbers thirty-six as good men as will be found anywhere in the Order.

The members are active and painstaking, and you may rest assured that the Brotherhood is well-represented here.

We are glad to see so much interest taken in the Order by the various lodges throughout the country. It indicates prosperity, and with it, we can more readily attain the objects in view.

Individual members can do much to enhance the welfare of the Order if they only will. Every one ought to attend meetings when he has the opportunity and participate in the work of the Lodge.

Remember, brothers, that we are not always healthy and vigorous, and that we have no assurance that death and disease will not overtake us before the morrow. Therefore we should qualify ourselves to receive the benefits of our Order.

If we are earnest members and hard workers in the interest of our Brotherhood, it will be a pleasure for its members to administer to our wants, when in our misfortune we are stricken down in sickness or disability.

If we are only drones they will have but little sympathy for us, and the verdict will be that "he didn't amount to much, anyway, and he can serve us as well dead as living."

Let each and all of us consider the necessity of our existence as an institution and then do our share toward sustaining it. Without hard work and diligent application we cannot reach the goal of our ambition.

People will not seek our editors to subscribe for our Magazine and thus place within our hands the means for sustaining ourselves.

No, we must go to them and enlist their sympathy and solicit their encouragement and support. In this way people will learn to understand our aims and purposes, and understanding them they will only too gladly give us their approval. Then we should all live true to our motto. We should be benevolent, sober and industrious and by our conduct and our actions show to the world that we are men and that we are capable of elevation. I should like to urge the question of instituting laws aggressive of intemperance in our ranks, but my time is limited and I must close. I hope these few words may meet with the approval of those who may chance to read them, and that some slight good may result from them.

Yours Fraternally,
J. B. M

MASON CITY, IOWA, April 30, 1881.

Messrs. Editors B. of L. F.:

Dear Sirs—I am pleased to see quite a number of our lodges pushing themselves into prominence through the columns of our book, and I do not propose to stand idly by and see No. 29 ignored. On the contrary, I have grasped the "weapon of thought" and will give you a brief statement of affairs. We are among the lodges known as fledglings,

and consequently, feel quite proud of a membership of about 23, all in good standing. We make it our boast to embrace as fine a body of men as you can find the world over. We owe nothing which we are not ready to pay at any time a bill is presented. In fact, we usually demand our bills and square up without having bills sent. Of our members, I would say that Bro. Evans has been officiating on the right hand side almost all of the past winter. The advent of a male heir into his family is also a matter of no small importance. Bro. Gerndt is dispatching here at present. Worthy N. M. Dunn is about with his wonted smile and joke:

"Since the Irish got possession
Of the engine three eighteen," etc.

For the balance you can address said Bro. Dunn and have it sung by telegraph, or in any modern style to suit the taste. In conclusion, I will say that we assess the Mason City girls one dollar for the privilege of entertaining any one of our boys on meeting night, unless, of course, such member be sick. We expect this to bring one of three things. A good many dollars, a great deal of sickness, or a well filled lodge rooms. We hope the latter, but fear a good deal of sickness.

Yours fraternally,

A. B.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., May 13, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

According to a promise made, I will give you an article suggested by your editorial in the April number of the Magazine. You say, and say well: "Every member should feel that he wants to belong to a legitimate lodge; that he does not want to be a charity member and that he is not entitled to our benefits, unless his lodge is doing her share toward sustaining them. No lodge has a right to carry delinquent members who can and will not pay." It seems to me that it is of the utmost importance to distinguish between charity and business. I look to see much good come from these societies. There is great advantage in combination. Peace has its victories as well as war, and if you can save money by peaceful combination, it is just as good as so much added to your wages. Life insurance is a means of saving, for we put so much in the fund when we are in health, expecting to receive a certain handsome sum for our families in case of death. Now, because the society is so valuable to you, it ought to be conducted on strictly business principles. A little time of life as a charitable institution, and its days will be over. It ought not in the least to pretend to be anything but a strictly business organization. A little false sentiment on this subject will ruin the strongest of such institutions. Business is business. Of course I would not be understood to cry down benevolence. We all believe it to be a duty and a pleasure to relieve distress, even if it be brought on by insolence and crime. But this ought to be done only to such an extent and in such a way as not to encourage idleness and crime by rewarding it as we do the opposite virtues. Charity ought to be given outside of the lodge, and what is thus bestowed, should be carefully kept apart from all society work. Nor should we regard the dues paid to a lodge as a substitute for alms to the poor. They are "dues." That which we owe. As a full return of advantage is ex-

pected, it is most highly dishonest to withdraw our payments. And, indeed, the very life of the enterprise depends on absolutely demanding payment promptly as a condition of receiving any advantages from the organization.

Yours respectfully,
CHAS. F. HENDERSON.

DEATH OF BRO. B. L. MCKEEVER.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1881.

The dreaded reaper, Death, has entered our ranks and has taken from us one of our most noble and worthy members, Bro. B. L. McKeever, of Potomac Lodge No. 7.

On the 9th day of March, 1881, engine No. 327, with David Powell as engineer, and Bro. McKeever as fireman, left Washington for Baltimore. When within eight miles of Baltimore, the tracks, which had become weakened by the recent heavy rains, gave way, precipitating the engine, tender and part of the train down the embankment. The sudden shock caused the engine and tender to part, the former falling on Bro. McKeever and crushing him almost beyond recognition. The funeral took place the following Friday, and was largely attended by friends and members of the lodge. Bro. McKeever was not quite 22 years of age. He leaves a wife and two small children to mourn his untimely death. He was one of the most faithful workers of our order, and truly possessed all the good qualities that tend to make one of "God's noblest works"—a true man. It has been said that in this busy world, men die and are soon forgotten. Such is not this case, though Bro. McKeever is gone. His memory we shall ever keep green within our hearts, as something too sacred to be forgotten. We firmly believe that He who thought best to remove him from this world, has prepared for him a home beyond the grave, where sorrow is unknown and joy and peace forever reign. We fervently pray that the Almighty Father, who is a protector to the widow and fatherless children, will comfort them in their great affliction.

A MEMBER OF No. 7.

AN OBSERVATION OF A TRAMP.

To the Editors of the B. of L. F. Magazine:

Some time ago the Tramp was called to Little Rock, Arkansas, on business, and while there a case of the practical and glorious charity of our order came under his observation. This case, briefly stated, is as follows: Some time during last fall our late brother, Richard W. Shober, a member of Forrest City Lodge No. 10, of Cleveland, left that city and took a position in the shops of the Iron Mountain road at Little Rock. Later he got a situation as engineer for a saw mill company at Malvern, some forty miles from Little Rock. While at this post, the most dreadful calamity to which human beings are subjected, befell him. He became insane and spent several days wandering about in the woods. The officers of Rose City Lodge No. 45, of Little Rock, were notified by the owners of the mill of Bro. Shober's condition, and they immediately sent a committee to look after him. On finding him they returned with him to Little Rock, where he was kindly cared for until, in answer to a dispatch to the Cleveland Lodge, Master T. H. Sheppard arrived in St. Louis to meet Brothers Stout and Kennedy, who had brought

him to St. Louis. From this point Bro. Shober was taken to his home in Cleveland, where he recently entered his last asylum—the grave. Death came, and—it is a sublime consolation to believe—opened the door of life eternity to him. The troubled shipwrecked mind has found with God a restoration of its former brightness. The practical and glorious charity of which I have spoken is found in the prompt and unselfish manner in which Bro. Shober was cared for during his mournful affliction by the Brothers of Rose City Lodge, who generously voted to defray all the expenses attending the afflicted brother's stay in Little Rock and his subsequent removal to Cleveland. Especial thanks are due Brothers Stout and Kennedy for their kindness in procuring passes from St. Louis to Cleveland, and many other noble and thoughtful acts. This deed on the part of lodge 45 will be remembered by all who hear of it, and especially by those who have the order most at heart. Our mission is not alone by the side of the dead, to extend a helping hand to the bereaved widows and orphans, but it is also to look after the maimed and unfortunate. I am proud to be a member of such a brotherhood, for such it is in deeds as well.

Yours fraternally,

TRAMP.

SAN DIEGO, CAL., May 15, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

What would I not give for the privilege of attending lodge meeting? I wonder if many of the brothers know how it is to be deprived of that source of pleasure, and yet, too many there are who have the privilege but refuse to avail themselves of it.

This an old saying that 'absence conquers grief,' but certainly mine must be an exceptional case. Over a year has elapsed since I had the pleasure of conversing with my brothers, and yet not a meeting day passes by, that I do not long to be with them once more; although at present I am living in a country greatly blessed with everything to make life enjoyable. The perfections of the climate of Southern California need no word of praise from me, for universal attention has been called to it for sometime past, as offering the highest inducements to those who are seeking both health and pleasure.

The brothers who still bear me in remembrance will be glad to know that my home is one of the pleasantest on the coast, and that nothing is lacking to complete one's happiness as far as may be found in this, changing world.

I have to admit, however, that oftentimes my thoughts revert to the many enjoyable hours passed with the members of Old Forty-seven in their pleasant and cheerful rooms; and then a desire to engage once more in the service of our beloved Order takes possession of me, and I feel as if I would willingly exchange this life of ease and luxury for the hardships and exposure which were once my lot, if, by so doing, I could again prove my love and fidelity to that society, which is accomplishing so much good for the hard-working fireman.

But I have hope, however, of soon being able to accomplish something for the Order in this distant corner. The California Southern Railroad Company is making rapid progress with their work, and it is expected that an all-rail connection will be made with the east by the close of this year. In which case

you may expect to see the banner of the B. of L. F. waving in this far-off land, thus adding one more link to the brilliant chain binding in one grand fraternity the constantly swelling lodges of our Order.

We receive our little magazine every month, regularly, and in this way are kept well advised as to the advancement of the order; and it is very pleasant for us to notice the many tributes of respect paid by various exchanges and men in high standing. It certainly reflects very creditably on the excellent management of the present officials, and also on the conduct of the members generally.

The pages of the magazine show a great advancement in point of style and elegance of composition; indicating that intelligence and thoughtful power are on the increase among our writers; partly owing, no doubt to the influence exerted by the exchange of thought and the intercommunication of ideas in lodge meeting. Not enjoying this privilege, I feel that my epistolary efforts cannot compare with their effusions. But doubtless you will bear with me in this attempt to express my deep interest in the welfare of the Order, and my desire to be always recognized as a brother and well-wisher.

Should this great enterprise of the Cal. S. R. R. happen to fall through, as did that of the Texas, and Pacific R. R., which eight years ago disturbed the peaceful tranquility of our pretty little city, I must admit that it would be a great disappointment to us, since it would deprive us of the pleasure of having a lodge established here. And, should this be the case there will be two ardent admirers of the Brotherhood who would lament the frustration of a hope now so eagerly entertained. Still their attachment will be as firm and steadfast as ever.

Perhaps some of the readers of this letter will wonder why the writer is so enthusiastic over this institution of which he prides himself in being a member. A brief answer can be given. Since he was enrolled as a member on the B. of L. F. a period of more than five years, he has witnessed many brother engineers, induced by the instrumentality of some good brother of the Order, to turn from the common path, which men are so prone to tread, and placed in a position to learn the noble principles set forth by the Brotherhood to all who will embrace it. Wonderful transformations have occurred in a very short time, creating as it were the man anew. If no other benefit grew out of it, this of itself would be sufficient to commend the Order to the love and respect of all its members.

It is not necessary for us to expand upon this point as it is so well and thoroughly set forth in articles constantly appearing in the Magazine. I only wish that every brother could appreciate the noble opportunities given him to effect, by the same means, the welfare of his fellow workers. And here permit me to add, that it is with pain and deep regret, I see in the black list, now and then, the name of one of whom I had hoped better things. Certainly such a one has made a great mistake. I trust that this will occur but rarely.

Hoping, dear brothers, that I have not tired you and urging upon you now, while you have the opportunity, to present yourselves regularly at lodge meetings, so that your example may be for good to all; and, expressing myself once more your brother and well-wisher, I remain yours fraternally, J. M. D.

Miscellaneous.

"Price Fighter" McCool, of No. 33, is running on the T. P. R. R.

Bro. C. R. Morrison, of No. 57, has been promoted, and is now running an engine on the Fitchbury R. R.

Brother L. Nichols, of No. 14, will do well to correspond with Chas. N. Zepp, No. 29 Madison Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

Engine Black, formerly member of 61, at Ellis, Kansas, is located at Denison, and is a useful member of Red River Lodge.

Bro. Andrew Finley, of No. 32, has been promoted to the right hand side, and has changed his home from Junction City, Kan., to Wamego.

The members of No. 68 wish to return their sincerest thanks to Bro. E. W. Davis, of No. 3, for the efficient manner in which he assisted them at several of their meetings.

Brother Archie Clark, of Kansas City Lodge No. 74, has returned from the Denver & Rio Grande, and is now doing duty as a fireman on the Hannibal & St. Joe. He is a good man.

Five of No. 18's men have been given charge of road engines, Bros. Stone, Herremann, Presley, Gaffney and Farway. No. 18 is built up of solid men who are all making their mark.

One of the most business-like men our Order claims is Peter Champagne of No. 15. He is Magazine agent of his Lodge, and the members speak in the highest terms of his ability in that capacity.

Andrew Finley, one of 32's wide-awake members is running an engine now. He was promoted a few weeks ago and is making a successful enquirer. His many friends rejoice in his prosperity.

Brother Aaron Platt, formerly of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, is at present on the north division of the Iron Mountain road. He is making a splendid record as a live earnest worker in the good cause.

Any person knowing the whereabouts of John Drake, a former member of Lodge No. 109, will please correspond with his sister, Miss Celia Drake, East Nashville, Tenn. When last heard from he was in Missouri. Any information regarding him will be thankfully received.

A letter from Centralia, Ills., informs us that Brothers Thurlay and O'Conner, of No. 37, recently held a conference in regard to the subject of matrimony, and they came to the conclusion that it was a failure so far as they were concerned. Shortly after, however, Brother Thurlay yielded to the charms of a young lady at Clinton, Ills., where he is running a switch engine. Brother O'Conner says that Brother Thurlay's time was short, but he managed to 'get in on his half hour.'

The marriage of Bro. Frank Gunnell of No. 88 to Miss Della Hammer, was quite a surprise to the boys, as Bro. G. somehow managed to "steal a march" on them. They resolved to grieve and bear it, and wish Mr. and Mrs. Gunnell much joy.

Brother Mellickshick, recording secretary of Washington Lodge No. 13, of Jersey City, N. Y., is entitled to much credit for his services to the brotherhood. He reports his lodge as in excellent condition. The three lodges in Jersey City will soon make their power felt for the good of all.

Bro. Frank Smith of Tippecanoe Lodge No. 36, will please correspond with his Lodge, as the Fin. Sec'y has business of importance to communicate to him.

Address
H. I. HALE,
Care 181 Union St.,
Lafayette, Ind.

Brother L. C. Hill, master of Great Western Lodge No. 24, at Parsons, Kansas, is a man who is destined to take a high position in every respect. He is the kind of man who is an ornament to society, a support on which family and friends may rely, and a valued member of the order.

Good Will Lodge No. 52 reports the promotion of Brothers Wallace, Asbury, Cool, Bricker, Newpher and Ross, to the right hand side, whilst Brothers Ide, Warner and Laing are running in the yard. We are glad to learn of the prosperity of No. 52's members, for they are an earnest body of men and deserve success.

Lone Star Lodge, Marshall, Texas, is no longer alone, another star of noticeable brightness having appeared at Denison. The Lone Star Lodge has a rival in Red River Lodge No. 8, and a worthy one, too. The boys are getting awake to their best interests in Texas, and they are doing admirably.

We know him, said one of the citizens of De Sota. His wit is keen but not unkind, and he has the confidence of everybody here. The brotherhood will never grow less or go to pieces with such men as this to build upon. These remarks refer to Brother J. H. Swift, the intelligent master of Pride of the West No. 6, De Sota, Mo.

The recording secretary of Northwestern Lodge No. 82, Minneapolis, Minn., John D. Weaver, is one of our most intelligent and highly respected members. He gains respect for the order wherever he is known. We want all such men as he is we can get. They are good to offset the black list with. 82, by the way, does not lack for good men.

Brother Bilby, of Lone Star No. 70, formally of Terre Haute, is firing on the Houston, Texas & Central. He narrowly missed the final summons recently at Denison, when his engine ran into a Texas Pacific train. The engine got unmanageable, and when the last moment arrived, Brother B. jumped and so saved his life. But it was a frightful leap.

Those who remember Bro. John Mulverbill, who represented No. 74, of Kansas City, at the Chicago convention, will be pleased to learn of his promotion. He is now running a switch engine in the Hannibal & St. Joe yards of Kansas City. He will keep things moving all right.

Our worthy Bros. J. W. Sawyer, J. W. Graham, C. Sinks, J. W. Schooley, K. Holden, P. K. Sullivan, and G. E. Foote, of No. 61, have been promoted to the right hand side. We unite in extending to them our best wishes for future success. Also our estimable Bro. Clint Ellsworth was able to assume duties after a long illness. We are all glad to see his congenial smile in our midst once more.

We were made happy the other day by a visit from Brother A. U. Jenkinson, of Union Lodge No. 5. Brother Jenkinson is Master of No. 5, and is held in the highest esteem by all who know him. He has been in the Order from its infancy, and has ever been an earnest and dutiful worker in the cause. His company was so agreeable and pleasant, that we hope he will make his calls more frequent in future and stay longer.

P. J. Robinson says, in a letter of recent date: 'You may rest assured that Rose City No. 45 is solid. We have five applications for membership and our treasury is full of money.' This is very flattering news, and we are pleased to hear it, for the members of No. 45 are hard workers in our cause. Brother Robinson has two hundred subscribers for the Magazine, and, like all of 45's agents, when he starts out he makes the fur fly. Rose City is a credit to our Order, and we hope she may always be as prosperous as she is at the present time.

Bro. Arnold P. Green, engineer on the New York and New England railroad, is recording secretary of Hand in Hand No. 2, at Providence, R. I. Brother Green is doing a fine work in assisting to put the organization on a proper basis in New England. He is bright and popular, and does not let an opportunity slip to say an encouraging word for the Order. Under his careful leadership No. 2 will be, if not the largest, one of the largest, lodges by the time of the September convention at Boston. We are proud to remember him. Black lists are not printed by such as he.

Adair Lodge No. 100 has a member by the name of J. Martin. Usually he is of a sombre disposition, but quite recently he appeared among the boys with a most happy smile playing over his countenance. Of course, his friends soon began to question each other, and wink knowingly while he was not looking. But the real cause of Brother Martin's felicity did not come to the surface for some time, and when it did the boys all acknowledged that the conjectures had been wrong. To explain matters more fully, we take pleasure in announcing that 'he is a boy,' and getting along finely. We hope that he may live and grow up to perpetuate the many excellent qualities of his manly father.

One of the hardest working members of the Brotherhood is Brother E. W. Davis, of Jersey City, N. J. He is one of the oldest disciples of the Order, being one of the first members of the old Jersey City Lodge No. 3. He served

well in the army of the North during the war, and since then has done good service as a fireman on the Erie railroad, and on the Boston and Maine. He assisted materially in resurrecting the Jersey City Lodge, which is now in a highly flourishing condition. He is a faithful and energetic worker, and a thorough good man, whose good fortune it is to have a thorough good wife whose earnest sympathies are with him in his commendable work for the cause. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Davis all the success and happiness they so richly deserve.

ANSWER TO QUERRY.

April 22, 1881.

Editor L. F. Magazine:

In answer to Mr. White's query, "how many revolutions per minute will a wheel $4\frac{1}{2}$ feet in diameter make going 15 miles per hour?" I would say that the wheel will make 93.37 revolutions per minute. "TELEMACHUS."

QUERIES.

Messrs. Editors:

I would like to have brief, lucid and comprehensive answers to the following questions:

- 1st. What is a locomotive?
- 2nd. What is the average motive power employed in an ordinary locomotive?

Very respectfully,
S. L.
Cleveland, Ohio.

TO ALL LODGES.

Those Lodges having a surplus of rituals or constitutions and by-laws will confer a great favor on us by returning to the Grand Lodge as many of each as they can spare, in order to avoid the necessity of having new ones printed before the next convention.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and would offer them to our subscribers at the low figures of \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

NOTICE TO HEIRS.

The unknown heirs of Emanuel Straw, of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, Denver, Colorado, who was killed on the Kansas Pacific R. R. December 24, 1879, are hereby notified that the amount of his insurance is in the hands of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order and that payment will be made as soon as their identity is established.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

E. V. DEDS, G. S. & T.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must not fail to tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head.*"

Dead Head Packages are not billed and therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of all our Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies all of which they ought to have and which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitutions and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Keys to decipher Pass Words, etc., Black List Forms, Withdrawal Cards, Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for Dues, etc., Financial Secretaries' Account Books and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities, of both collectors and members, that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 18.—Thomas W. Sheahan of No. 40.
No. 59.—Michael Keating of No. 77.

REINSTATED.

No. 60.—Wm. Stillwell.
No. 88.—M. C. Parr, reinstated in good standing.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 32.—C. L. Anderson to join No. 24.
No. 36.—W. D. Pritchard—final.
No. 77.—Roger O'Hara, withdrawn to join No. 19.
No. 88.—Frank Hutchins, withdrawn to join B. of L. E.
No. 88.—L. Krauss—final.
Through some unaccountable mistake, W. D. Warner, of No. 91, was published as having been expelled. This is not the case, as Bro. Warner has always been a good member of his lodge up to the time of his withdrawal.
No. 87.—John Lohner—final.
No. 95.—E. J. Baker—final.

BLACK LIST.

No. 10.—Chas. Darling expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 14.—Henry Deer, T. McHugh, Chas. Cost expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 33.—S. Shuttleworth expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 46.—J. Eads, J. N. McGinnis, J. Nolan, G. S. Piety and J. Randall expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 57.—C. A. Messer expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 82.—J. W. Cole expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 89.—E. Bursaw, Wm. Fout and E. M. James expelled for non-payment of dues.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES.

GRAND LODGE.

Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,
Los Angeles, Cal.
John Clark.....Grand Conductor,
Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
W. N. Tibbetts.....Grand Outer Guard,
Boston, Mass.
J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,
283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado
J. E. Briggs.....Waterloo, Iowa

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

D. M. Wills.....Urbana, Ills
J. F. Hittle.....Rawlins, Wyoming Territory
Louis Elbertson.....Philadelphia, Pa
Angus Menish.....Stratford, Ont
Robert Ebbage.....Terre Haute, Ind
D. L. Stephens.....Washington, D. C
J. W. Richardson.....Louisville, Ky
Wm. Pembrook.....Salem, Mass
John I. Steele.....Atchinson, Kansas
Emory Green.....West Oakland, Cal
D. Fifield.....San Francisco, Cal.
W. M. Palmer.....Amboy, Ills
Thos. Shivers.....Atlanta, Ga
Wm. J. Armitage.....Denver, Colorado

DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

- C. J. McGee, box 772.....Danville, Ills
 W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Penn.,
 4,906 Paschall street.
 Jos. Schellhorn, box 648.....Little Rock, Ark
 Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado,
 283 Fifteenth street.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Lafayette, Ind
 B. S. Keith.....Clinton, Iowa
 C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek, Mich
 L. L. Parker, jr.....East Cambridge, Mass
 72 Cambridge street.
 F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky
 505 Washington street.
 John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Chicago, Ills.
 John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn
 Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Ter

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. addresses, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 26 Exchange Place, 1st Wednesday and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30.
 Geo. D. Oliver, 7 Meeting street.....Master
 A. P. Greene, 47 Bernon st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
 T. R. Powers, 20 Park st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, at Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Union Hall, 2d floor, Cor. 4th and Grove streets, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
 Fred Green.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
 E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt
4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.; meets in Engineers' Hall, Cor. Temple and Congress streets, 2d and 4th Sunday's in each month at 2 p. m.
 C. B. Pearson, 27 St. Lawrence St.....Master
 F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.....Rec. Sec'y
 Maurice Lynch, 16 St. Lawrence St. Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Johnson, Grand Trunk Dpt., Mag. Agt
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio; meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the Engineers Hall.
 A. N. Jenkinson.....Master
 Theo. Wooley, box 659.....Rec. Sec'y
 A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST, at Desoto, Mo.; meets in K. of P. Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.
 J. N. Swift.....Master
 G. E. Woodruff.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. J. Burke.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Herst.....Mag. Agt
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13½ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
 D. L. Stephen, 180 Sixth st. s. w.....Master
 P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. C. Graham, 467 C st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent
 No. 420 12th st. s. w.

8. RED RIVER, Denison, Texas; meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Main st., every Saturday at 7:30 p. m.
 W. M. Davis, box 273.....Master
 Geo. McNeills, ".....Rec. Sec'y
 C. R. Tait, ".....Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Fitch, ".....Mag. Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
 E. L. Coit, Piqua Shops.....Master
 W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
 (City Water Works.)
 C. F. Collier (582 N. High st).....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Evans, Piqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets alternate Sunday afternoon, at Miller's Hall, cor. Seranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
 Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master
 H. H. Mason, 84 Literary st.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. S. Laughlin, 59 Merchant Ave, Fin. Sec'y
 Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Mag. Agt
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
 J. S. Gorgas.....Master
 J. S. Gorgas.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
 D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
 I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
 James Hayes, 170 Seneca street.....Rec. Sec'y
 Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
 R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Mag. Agt
13. WASHINGTON, Jersey City, N. J.; meets at Kaiser Hall, cor. Johnson avenue and Whitson streets, the 2d Monday at 11 a. m. and the 4th Sunday at 10 a. m. of each month.
 Edwin F. Colbath, 134 Pacific ave.....Master
 Mellick Shick, 126 ".....Rec. Sec
 Chas. A. Clapp, 450 Harman st.....Fin. Sec
 Chas. A. Clapp.....Mag. Agt
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13½ E. Washington street.
 J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Was'ington st.....Master
 Joseph Zahn 194 Bates st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Chas. N. Zepp, 29 Madison ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
15. ST. LAWRENCE, Montreal, Canada; meets every alternate Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Engineers Hall, at Victoria Bridge Hotel.
 Edward Upton, 9 Burgees st.....Master
 Richard Lang, 109 Britania st.....Rec. Sec
 John Ryan, 211 Burgees st.....Fin. Sec
 Peter Champagne, 175 Burgees st.....Mag. Agt
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
 James I. Southard, 332 N. 14th st.....Master
 E. V. Debs.....Rec. Sec'y
 E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. J. Mullen.....Mag. Agt

17. **OLD POST**, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
 C. A. Cripps.....Master
 Chas. Kunz.....Rec. Sec'y
 Byron Robinson.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. **WEST END**, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.
 C. M. Stone.....Master
 L. M. Eldridge.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y
 box 160, Rood House, Ills.
 Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't
 box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. **TRUCKEE**, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
 Thomas Yeargin, box 8.....Master
 L. E. Enos.....do.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. Purcell.....do.....Fin. Sec'y
 Fred. Murray.....do } Magazine Ag'ts
 M. Coyle.....do }
20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
 C. Traver.....Master
 C. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. W. Shields, box 470.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30, in Engineers' Hall.
 Wm. J. Eddy.....Master
 Geo. W. Ragland.....Rec. Sec'y
 John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. J. Eddy.....Magazine Agent
22. **CENTRAL**, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
 A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
 L. E. Beckley, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 L. E. Beckley, do.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. E. Beckley, do.....Magazine Ag't
23. **LOUISVILLE**, at Louisville, Ky. Meets the 1st and 3d Sunday at 2 p. m., and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in every month in Fehr's Hall, on Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay streets.
 J. W. Richardson, 286 Wenzel St.....Master
 Chas. Hahn, 231 Franklin st.....Rec. Sec'y
 F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y
 P. Powers, 82 Story ave.....Mag. Agent
24. **GREAT WESTERN**, Parson, Kan.; meets in Fisher's Hall every Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
 L. C. Hill, box 113.....Master
 F. H. Wiggins, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 Wm. W. Warner, box 113.....Fin. Sec'y
 T. P. Spencer, do.....Mag. Ag't
25. **CONNIE TING LINK**, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
 R. S. Pike.....Master
 J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. D. Russell.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
26. **ALPHA**, Baraboo, Wis.; meets in Engineer's Hall the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m.
 C. F. Smith.....Master
 J. D. Coughlin.....Rec. Sec'y
 Thomas Thompson.....Fin. Sec'y
 George M. Dopp.....Mag. Ag't
27. **HAWKEYE**, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 p. m., at Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
 W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master
 L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. W. Phelps, box 1010.....Fin. Sec'y
 Pat McGuire, box 562.....Magazine Ag't
28. **ELKHORN**, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.
 M. B. Tarkington, box 177.....Master
 H. J. Clark, ".....Rec. Sec'y
 Thomas C. Brown, " 114.....Fin. Sec'y
 John N. Bonner, " 189.....Mag. Ag't
29. **CERRO GORDO**, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
 A. H. Tucker.....Master
 W. B. Keith, box 167.....Rec. Sec'y
 C. W. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. **CEDAR VALLEY**, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets every 1st and 3d Saturdays in each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
 Jno. Graves.....Master
 A. H. Girard, box 795.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. McNeill.....Magazine Ag't
31. **R. R. CENTRE**, at Atchison, Kan. Meets at 314 Commercial street, the 2d and 5th Sundays of each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
 Harry C. Davies, box 157.....Master
 John I. Steel, box 148.....Rec. Sec'y
 A. B. Schaap, box 157.....Fin. Sec'y
 Peter Lahey.....Mag.
 Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. **BORDER**, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.
 C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan.....Master
 C. McCourtie, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. E. Walsh, box 197, Ellis, Kan.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. McKenna, box 77, do.....Mag. Ag't
33. **SUCCESS**, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.
 J. Dipple.....Master
 E. B. Shelby.....Rec. Sec'y
 H. H. Stamper, box 242.....Fin. Sec'y
 Anthony Roth.....Magazine Agent
34. **CLINTON**, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 W. M. Cowles.....Master
 Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. E. Howell.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. T. Post, box 393.....Mag. Ag't
35. **AMBOY**, Amboy, Ill.; meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Wm. H. Dean, box 345.....Master
 Henry Chermerhorn, box 345.....Rec. Sec'y
 Charles R. Rosier, box 420.....Fin. Sec'y
 Henry Williams, box 345.....Mag. Ag't

36. **TIPPECANOE**, Lafayette, Ind.; meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Fourth and Ferry streets, P. O. Block.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove St.....Rec. Sec'y
H. J. Hale, care of 161 Union St.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Mag. Ag't
37. **NEW HOPE**, Centralia, Ill.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Master
F. M. James, doRec. Sec'y
H. G. CornickFin. Sec'y
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't
38. **AVON**, Stratford, Ontario; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
Daniel Ross, box 389.....Master
F. Mingay, box 103.....Rec. Sec'y
F. Mingay, box 103.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. Jeffery, doMagazine Ag't
40. **BLOOMING**, Bloomington, Ill.; meets in Engineers' hall every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
John A. Casey, C. & A. Engine House.....Master
C. W. Young, 913 w. Mulberry st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. B. Miller, C. & A. engine house.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Paulick, 709 w. Chestnut st.....Mag. Ag't
41. **KENTON**, Cincinnati, O.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall.
H. P. Lewis.....Master
57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Thos. N. Eller.....Rec. Sec'y
Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
Thos. N. Eller,Fin. Sec'y
Gardiner Horricks, 400 George st.....Mag. Ag't
C. H. & D. en house, Cincinnati, O.
42. **KENNESAW**, Atlanta, Georgia; meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
H. C. Dunlap do doRec. Sec'y
W. H. Thrash do doFin. Sec'y
J. H. Webb, do doMag. Ag't
43. **ST. JOSEPH**, St. Joseph, Mo.; meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every 2d and 4th Sunday in each month.
Richard Morris.....Master
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Rec. Sec'y
D. C. Pierce.....Fin. Sec'y
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
44. **F. W. ARNOLD**, East St. Louis, Ill.; meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
H. Whitteley, box 284.....Master
S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Rodgers, box 171.....Fin. Sec'y
J. L. Benedict, box 225.....Mag. Ag't
45. **ROSE CITY**, Little Rock, Ark.; meets every Monday at 7:30 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
E. H. Raiford, 911 North street.....Rec. Sec'y
- Frank A. Richardson, box 648.....Fin. Sec'y
P. J. Robison.....Magazine Agent
620 Pulaski street, Little Rock, Ark.
46. **CAPITAL**, Springfield, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
J. Summerhill, 112 E. Moure st.....Master
A. D. Hensley.....Rec. Sec'y
1316 Jackson st., bet. 13th and 14th sts.
Joseph Henry, 421 S. 9th st.....Fin. Sec'y
Louis Smith, Wabash shops.....Mag. Agent
47. **TRIUMPHANT**, Chicago, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 230 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
W. E. Burns, 1325 Michigan ave.....Master
J. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
A. S. Hart, 2330 Wentworth Ave.....Fin. Sec'y
M. Gepper, 1350 State st.....Mag. Ag't
49. **JOHN M. RAYMOND**, Decatur, Ill.; meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
Wm. Felton.....Master
A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y
Andrew Sheridan.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Felton.....Mag. Ag't
50. **GARDEN CITY**, Chicago, Ill.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 4,815 State street.
J. H. Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Master
Henry J. Strong, 4,658 State st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Parker, 4,703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y
W. S. Barrows, 4,532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Ag't
52. **GOOD WILL**, at Logansport, Indiana; meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master
J. W. Stevens doRec. Sec'y
M. W. Jamison doFin. Sec'y
B. B. Ide doMagazine Ag't
54. **ANCHOR**, Moberly, Mo.; meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.
John Mummert, box 137.....Master
Geo. R. Stacy, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. R. Stacy doFin. Sec'y
L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Magazine Agent
55. **BLUFF CITY**, Memphis, Tenn.; meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops.....Master
Michael Cady doRec. Sec'y
Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y
A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops, }
John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
Edward Fuchs, do }
56. **BANNER**, at Stansbury, Mo.; meets at 7:30 o'clock every Sunday evening in Odd Fellow's Hall.
S. M. McGaffey, box 217.....Master
W. E. Patterson, box 177.....Rec. Sec'y
Edward Fitzsimmons.....Fin. Sec'y
E. D. Thompson.....Mag. Ag't
57. **BOSTON**, Boston, Mass.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
Geo. H. Abbott, 50½ Hudson street.....Master
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y
9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
Wm. H. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wm. A. Pembroke, North River
Engine House, Danversport, Mass. Mag. Ag't

58. **SACRAMENTO**, Rocklin, California; meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trott's Hotel.
A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
A. J. Mackay, do.....Rec. Sec'y
A. J. Mackay, do.....Fin. Sec'y
A. H. Curtis, do.....Magazine
A. E. Brown, Sacramento, Cal. } Agents
59. **ROYAL GORGE**, South Pueblo, Colorado; meets in Engineer's Hall every Saturday night.
Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
H. S. Hinman, ".....Rec. Sec'y
John Daley, ".....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Kinney, ".....Mag. Ag't
60. **UNITED**, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in Dover Hall, 2,204 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
Paul Walker.....Master
A. B. Collom, 2,206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Shepherd, 2,510 Aldr st.....Fin. Sec'y
Joseph Shepherd, ".....Mag. Ag't
61. **MINNEHAHA**, St. Paul, Minn.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., at Druids Hall.
C. Montgomery.....Master
St. P. & M. M. shops.
J. H. Sawyer, 47 Colburn st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, Carbondale, Pa.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
John Moyle, box 220.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, Danville, Ills.; meets the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m., at the southeast corner of the Public Square.
C. J. McGee, box 772.....Master
John Mills, do.....Fin. Sec'y
W. C. Goodrich.....Rec. Sec'y
C. J. McGee, box 772.....Magazine Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY**, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
Thomas Burke.....Master
J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
Huron, Dakota Territory.
67. **DOMINION**, Toronto, Can.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
John Scott, 357 W. Adelaide st.....Master
M. C. Rowan, 101 Dennison ave.....Rec. Sec'y
John Johnson, 51 Vanantly st.....Fin. Sec'y
Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel, Corner King and Brock sts.....Mag. Ag't
68. **HUDSON**, Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Enquirer's Hall, cor. Plymouth and Washington street, the second Tuesday at 8 o'clock p. m. and the fourth Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p. m. in each month.
T. H. Lawler, 196 Bay street.....Master
Joseph Meegau, 41 Van Winkel st.....Rec. Sec'y
A. K. Cochrane, 42 Centre st.....Fin. Sec'y
Thomas Cadle, 306 4th street.....Mag. Ag't
69. **HURON**, Fort Gratiot, Mich.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, over Postoffice.
Thomas W. Lord, box 13.....Master
C. Macklow, ".....Rec. Sec'y
C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek, Michigan.....Fin. Sec'y
T. French, box 13.....Magazine Ag't
70. **LONE STAR**, Marshall, Texas; meets in Heard's Hall on the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
C. Greenwood.....Master
T. D. Sharritt.....Rec. Sec'y
Daniel Byrnes.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Selby, lock box 75.....Mag. Ag't
72. **WELCOME**, Camden, N. J.; meets in Sellsfielder's Hall, corner Third and Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
Lewis Elbertson, 423 Henry st.....Master
Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y
ohn Colton, 424 Mickle st.....Fin. Sec'y
Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.....Mag. Ag't
73. **BAY STATE**, Worcester, Mass.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room 3.
M. E. Cobb, 21 Grafton st.....Master
Thomas Loynd, 83 Green st.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. A. Hewitt, 83 Green st.....Fin. Sec'y
Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.....Mag. Ag't
74. **KANSAS CITY**, Kansas City, Mo.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
John Fleming, 1,325 St. Louis ave.....Master
Archie Clark, do.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Clinton, 1408 Joy street.....Fin. Sec'y
A. Murray, 815 west 17th street.....Mag. Ag't
75. **ENTERPRISE**, West Philadelphia, Pa.; meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
Henry Walton, 3,845 Warren st.....Master
Frank Dupell, 3,821 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. J. Wheeler, 4,906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Ag't
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.; meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street.
W. F. Hynes, 283 15th st.....Master
C. R. Campbell, lock box 1,588.....Rec. Sec'y
W. Hockenberger, do.....Fin. Sec'y
W. F. Hynes No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Ag't
79. **CUMBERLAND**, Nashville, Tenn.; meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master
John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Ag't
81. **PINE CITY**, Brainerd, Minn.; meets in Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Laurel and Sixth street, the 1st and 3d Sundays in every month at 2 o'clock p. m.
Frank D. Millsbaugh, box 18.....Master
J. Collins, box 18.....Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Smith, box 18.....Fin. Sec'y
Frank D. Millsbaugh, box 18.....Mag. Agent

82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.; meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. F. Carney.....Master
Care Minn. Eastern Office.
J. D. Weaver.....Rec. Sec'y
1,309 5th street, south.
S. T. Browne, 1,712 7th st., south.....Fin. Sec'y
A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb.; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month at M & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
U. P. Round House.
Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th st
85. FARGO, Fargo, D. T.; meets in room "I" Davis block, on Front st, every Monday at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
John Burns box 1,798.....Master
Arthur Bassett, box 1,798.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. BLACK HILLS, Laramie, W. T.; meets in L. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Master
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Magazine Agent
87. SUMMIT, Rawlins, W. T.; meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham, box 38.....Fin. Sec'y
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. MORNING STAR, Evanston, W. T.; meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Wm. H. Woods.....Master
Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
89. SILVER STATE, Carlin, Nev.; meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Ressegnie, box 41.....Master
D. E. Bassford.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Ressegnie.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. PAY AS YOU GO, West Oakland, Cal.; meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month, corner 7th and Chester streets.
E. T. Green.....Master
A. B. Smith.....Rec. Sec'y
E. L. Pratt, 1768 Eighth street.....Fin. Sec'y
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal.; meets the first Sunday and third Wednesday of each month at King's Hall, Missouri street, bet. 17th and 18th.
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
J. Foster, 193 16th street.....Rec. Sec'y
- F. A. Griggs, 111 19th street.....Fin. Sec'y
John McCreagh, 1612 Jessie st.....Mag. Ag't
92. MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa; meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
T. A. Selg.....Master
Frank Miller, box 1,405.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Selg.....Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, Keokuk, Iowa; meets in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
94. CACTUS, Tucson, Arizona Ty.
J. C. Spahr.....box 224.....Master
Frank Simpson do.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green 208.....Fin. Sec'y
R. Fetterly 224.....Mag. Ag't
95. CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Kellard, 152 N. Sangamon st.....Master
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
157 N. Halstead st.
James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
152 N. Sangamon st.
James Leahy.....Magazine Ag't
74 N. Sangamon street.
96. BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, Hall on Preston street, between Eutaw and Madison streets.
T. F. Bailey, 215 West Biddle street.....Master
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock, Green Mount ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave. near Shirk street, corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. ORANGE GROVE, Los Angeles, Cal.; meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes.....Master
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
Robert Hunt, lock box 72.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Vogelsang, box 72.....Magazine Agent
98. PERSEVERANCE, Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m., at City Hall.
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Young.....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. WABASH, Peru, Ind; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, box 316.....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson, box 316.....Magazine Ag't
100. ADAIR, Bowling Green, Ky.; meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon.....Master
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

Locomotive Firemen's

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No. 7

THE HAUNTED MILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COBWEBS," ETC., ETC.

We had been belated, one autumn evening, and were driving back to Newport, as fast as two spirited horses could whirl our cab along when my companion, who had the reins, jerked, with his whip, over his left shoulder, saying,

'Do you see that mill yonder? It is said to be haunted. And heavens!' he added suddenly, 'there comes a real will-o'-the-wisp, to bear it out.'

The island of Rhode Island as some of my readers may, perhaps, be aware, is one of the few localities, in the United States, where wind-mills are of no unfrequent occurrence. I looked, westward, as my companion spoke, expecting to see only one of the ordinary wind-mills, and rather incredulous, I must confess, as to it, or anything else, being haunted. But what I saw startled me.

It was already quite dusk. The stars were out overhead, and the young moon was also visible, but far down on the horizon, and partially obscured by the autumn mist, that was now rising ominously from the low grounds, in front of us was a bit of shallow water, thickly grown with rushes; beyond this some stunted trees, with two tall poplars rising dark in the distance, and a little to one side, on a piece of slightly elevated ground, a ruined mill, that, with its bare arms, and roof with everything gone but the rafters, looked, like some ghastly skeleton, blackened with age and tempest. The evening breeze, that just rippled the moonlight on the surface of the pool, and stirred the long rushes, rattled with a weird sound, through the ruin, as if a murderer was swinging in chains. To crown all, and intensifying, if that were possible, the spectral character of the scene, a bright light, a veritable will-o'-the-wisp, was

flickering and dancing in the foreground, on the other side of the pool. Though I knew that this light was only a gaseous exhalation its appearance at that moment, and with its surroundings, gave me, I confess, a start.

My companion had pulled up for a moment that I might see the better.

'It makes one's blood run cold,' he said, as he gave his horses their heads again. 'And well it may,' he added after a moment, 'for a fearful tragedy was enacted in yonder mill, fifty years, or nearly, ago. I have often passed the place after night; but it never has looked so weird as now. You have, perhaps, heard the tale. What? No! Then I will tell it, as we bowl along.

'Not quite two generations ago, there stood, behind those two tall poplar trees, a fair and handsome house, the property of a gentleman of fortune, who lived there with an only child a daughter. Helen Hayward, as all who knew her, united in saying, was one of the most beautiful girls of her day. I have seen a miniature of her by Malbone, in a white dress of the style of the first Empire, with a blue fillet in her hair; and it fully bears out this verdict of her contemporaries. It was one of those sweet, heavenly faces that make even the worst and most cynical of us men believe in woman's goodness and self-devotion: dark, luminous, soft eyes; a low, broad forehead; rich, chestnut hair; a sensitive, delicate mouth; and an expression lovelier than all the rest, because instinct with spirituality and a high, heroic soul. It was the face of a woman,' he added with emphasis, 'for whom a man would willingly die.

'Well,' he went on, after awhile, 'it was the old story. She met and she loved. The object of her affections was a young naval lieutenant, with whom she had become acquainted at a ball given by him and his brother officers, while their ship was lying in the harbor; for Newport was then as now, quite a

resort for men-of-war. He was as handsome in his way, as she was in hers; the very beau ideal of a manly hero. His family, too, was one of the best in America. His father had been a general in the war of Independence, and his mother was descended from a long line of patrician land-holders in Virginia. But, alas! he was poor, and poverty, in the eyes of Mr. Hayward, was the one sin that could never be forgiven, at least in a suitor for his daughter. The old man was known to be eccentric, and of violent passions, and was I suppose, a miser, loving money for money's sake. He had formed it appears, the most ambitious schemes for his child as a consequence of her beauty. She was to wed a millionaire, and millionaires in those days were scarce, and very much greater men than they are now; she was to queen it in New York and Philadelphia society: she was to leave this dull island, even the United States, and be presented at European courts and astonish princes and monarchs, as women far less lovely had astonished them before. When, therefore, he discovered that she was in love with a penniless officer, his wrath knew no bounds. He peremptorily forbade the suitor his house, and ordered his daughter to decline all invitations, lest she should see Lieutenant Cavendish at some ball, or other entertainment. But what was his rage at the end of a week to hear that Helen was in the habit of meeting her lover had met him, indeed, every evening, and was intending to meet him again that very night! The place selected for their interviews was a wind-mill, about a quarter of a mile from the house. It was the girl's own maid that had betrayed the lovers. Her mistress was accustomed to take her as a companion, leaving her to watch near by, while she met the Lieutenant under the shadow of the old tower.

'Meets him!' cried the father, white with rage. 'As I live, they shall never meet again, or but once. I will first see for myself that she meets him, and then—'

'The maid, when she heard these words, and saw that face, the face almost of a maniac, so terrible was its hate, trembled for the result of her treachery, and would have drawn back. But the furious old man would not permit this. He sternly bade her keep silent at the peril of her life. 'Go with your mistress as usual this evening,' he said. 'And mark! if I see any hesitation, I shall know you have lied to me, and you shall never see to-morrow or have a chance to lie to me again,' and she knew he would keep his word.

'In the dust of the evening, I often think it

must have been just such a weird one as this, the old man, watching from behind the curtain of his bed-room, to which he had retired, as he said, for the night, on pretense of not feeling well, beheld two figures steal from the house in the direction of the mill, and descending the stairs he dogged them, from a distance concealing himself behind the fences and irregularities of the ground and a few stunted trees that then, as now, sparsely dotted the landscape. When near the mill, one of the figures parted from the other, and disappeared on the further side of the tower, while the maid remained, as if to keep watch, sheltering herself behind a low bush.

'The angry father brushed past her without a word, but with a warning look, in hot pursuit of his child. The door of the mill had been left purposely open by the lover, who was waiting inside. To see his daughter as he did see her, clasped in the arms of the man he hated set the blood of Mr. Hayward on fire, and darting up the steps he sprang at the pair as if he were a wild beast springing on its prey. The poor girl heard the approaching feet, looked around and recognized her father with a shriek, just as his insane grip was laid on her, and she was whirled to the other side of the narrow apartment, where she staggered up against the wall, for the moment stunned and breathless. This was done so quickly that Lieutenant Cavendish had not time to interpose. Then Mr. Hayward faced the young officer, his face working and white with passion.

'How dare you? Traitor! Villian! Thief!' The words came hissing out, red-hot with rage, and he shook his clenched hand at the other.

'The lover drew himself up haughtily, and all the blood left his face. But even in that moment of insult he remembered that the speaker was Helen's father. Before he could reply, however, the girl recovered her feet and rushed back to her lover's side. With one arm resting on his shoulder, and the other held out deprecatingly to keep her parent off, she cried,

'It is I, not he that is to blame. Father, oh! father!'

'The last words came quick and gasping, for the old man now more insane than ever with hatred and rage, laid his hands this time on the young man himself: in fact attempted to seize him by the throat. But Lieutenant Cavendish was twice as powerful as his assailant, and easily flung him off with one hand, while he encircled Helen's waist with the other, stepping back at the same time as if to get out of the old man's reach.

'I am no traitor, or villain,' said the young officer, proudly. Nor is your daughter to blame. She was just bidding me a last farewell.'

'Yest yes! she cried, eagerly. 'I told him I would never marry any one without your consent. I will wait for him for years, I said—and God knows I will—but I will never go against your commands.'

'Was it at my command you met him here?' sneered the old man. 'Ha! ha! You thought to make a fool of me, did you?'

'Not so,' cried Helen. 'Oh! father, be just.'

'He took no notice of her piteous appeal, but advanced again on her lover.

'Unhand her, sir,' he said, savagely, 'or, as God lives—'

'The sentence was cut short by a wild shriek from his daughter, for Mr. Hayward, as he spoke, drew a small pistol from the breast pocket of his coat. Then flinging her arms around her lover, and looking over her shoulder with scared face, Helen cried,

'Oh! father, don't, don't—'

'Let me go, cried the lover in the same breath, trying to extricate himself. 'He is mad, he will kill you.' And he took the two, poor, little hands, that were clasped so tightly about his neck and would have parted them. 'Leave him, or your death be on your own head,' cried the father stepping close up to the pair.

'His daughter, gazed at him imploringly, as the deer sometimes looks when the hunter's knife is at its throat; but she never let go her hold of her lover, being, for that one supreme instant, stronger than even he.

'For it was only for an instant that this lasted. The whole scene came and went like the rush of a whirlwind. The maid, hearing the shriek, the angry voices, the shuffling of feet, had overcome her terrors, and had hurried to the door of the mill. Just as she reached it, however, the climax came. Her foot was on the last step, when she saw Lieutenant Cavendish retreating, and quite close to her, while the infuriated father was following, with pistol raised and pointed. Helen was still clinging to her lover, interposing her body between him and her parent; and the lover was struggling to throw her off, so as to meet alone the vengeance of the father, or, if possible, to disarm him. At that moment Mr. Hayward fired. The maid saw the flash, it was almost directly in her face, and stopped with a scream. The lover staggered back, and had nearly fallen, for the poor girl had suddenly sunk, a dead weight around his neck, the blood gushing over her white dress from a bullet in her heart.

'Possibly, if the daughter had been less self-devoted; if she had not resolved to die rather than let her lover die, and unconsciously impeded his efforts; possibly, I say, in such an event, Lieutenant Cavendish might have disarmed the father. But God only knows! It was one of those awful tragedies, that recall the old Greek idea of fate, a tragedy that advances irresistibly to its culmination, compelling events into its vortex, and engulfing all its actors,

'For, as you may suppose, the life even of the innocent survivor, was a ruined one. As for Mr. Hayward, he had always, as I have said, been eccentric, and from that fatal hour he went raving mad: he had been mad, one would charitably hope, from the beginning of that dread evening. He did not long survive. After his death the mansion remained tenanted, for nobody would buy or even lease it; and in the end it was torn down. If you pass by those two tall poplars, that once flanked the gateway, you will find, just beyond, a grass-grown hollow, that marks the locality of the cellar and you will see here and there a few fragments of brick-work, the last remnants of the fire-place and chimney.

'Lieutenant Cavendish never married. He died in the prime of life. It was his custom, whenever off duty to come to Newport, and wander about the old mill, and visit again and again the grave where his lost Helen lay. There are some of the old inhabitants who still remember him, a tall soldierly man, gray before his time, and with a look as if he lived in this world without being of it. He was always, however seeking service. It seemed as if he could find forgetfulness and peace only in action. He fell at last, a victim to that scourge of the West Indies, yellow fever, caught in nursing his crew, like another St. Corroмео, when most of them were down with it, when he commanded a corvette in the Gulf.

'The old mill, ever since, has had the reputation of being haunted. The story is that shrieks are heard there, on dark autumn and winter evenings; that the sound of shuffling feet is borne afar on the night wind, till the belated traveler shivers with superstitious dread; and that a white figure, its dress spotted with blood, goes round and round the tower, in the dim moonlight, wringing her hands piteously, and crying as if in entreaty, and sobbing and wailing. Many of those who live in the neighborhood aver that they have seen this figure, and heard these sounds; and few can be persuaded to approach this place after sundown.

'Certain it is that the old mill began to fall into decay from the very hour of the tragedy. Nobody would send corn there to be ground; the miller became insolvent; the edifice, deserted and left to the wind and rain, gradually fell into the condition in which you see it. One would have thought that it would have tumbled down in some gale, long before this, for these events happened, as I have already told you, nearly fifty years ago. But the curious thing about it is, that, after having

reached its present state of dilapidation, the progress of decay seems to have been interrupted, as if it was destined by a higher power, to remain a lasting monument of crime.'

By this time the lamps of Newport were close ahead, and it was with a sensation of relief that we rattled down Broad street, and soon after reached my friend's hospitable villa, its warm lights welcoming us as we drove up the carriage sweep to the great hall door.

Poetry.

THE LAND FOR THE PEOPLE.

*"The land for the people, and no compromise."
Motto of Land League.*

[Read at one of the regular meetings of the El Moro Branch of the Irish Land League.]

"The land for the people,"
From rostrum and steeple,
Ring out through the nation this gladsoime refrain;

Proudly from South to North,
Send the glad tidings forth :
The land is the toilers, with fruit crop and grain;

Sadly through famine years—
Starving sighs, groans and tears—
Were the only complaints which the famishing made;
Light had not broke forth then
Brightly o'er minds of men,
And thousands were exiled or slowly decayed;

The people then as before,
Patiently burdens bore—
Seeming content with the privilege to live;
Rack, Rents, Coercion Laws,
Eviction writs and famine gnaws—
Were the only attentions their tyrants would give.

But, lo! a few years ago,
But from thy hills, Mayo,
Rose the brave shout that, "The land is for all."

Davitt first voiced it there,
Right in the robber's lair,
And now the whole Nation re-echoes the call.

Davitt's voice, midst dire distress—
Like John's in the wilderness—
Announced to the world a new era of Light—
Light where Darkness reigned
Light to a people chained,

Light to illumine the pathway to Right.

What tho' thick prison walls,
Your foremost Apostle thralls,
The Truth of his teachings they cannot impeach;
True to your leaders stand,
Hold to your Father's Land,
Close up the ranks, Boys, with "nowhere a beach."

What tho' Coercion acts,
Buckshot and Bishops tracks,
Are aimed at the League, if you stand by it now—
The land shall be free for aye,
Mankind for you shall pray,
And laurel wreaths of victory shall glisten on each brow.

THOMAS P. O'ROUKE.

Of No. 63.

THE TWO GLASSES.

There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On the rich man's table, rim to rim,
One was ruddy and red as blood,
And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:
"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight.

Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;

I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste

That has made his future a barren waste.
 Far greater than king am I,
 Or than any army beneath the sky.
 I have made the arm of the driver frail,
 And sent the train from the iron rail;
 I have made good ships go down at sea,
 And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me;
 For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
 Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you
 fall,
 For your might and power are over all.'
 "Ho! ho! pale brother," said the wine,
 "Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast
 Of a king dethroned or a murdered host;
 But I can tell of a heart once sad
 By my crystal drops made light and glad;
 Of thirsts I have quenched, of brows I've
 laved,
 Of hands I have cooled and souls I have
 saved;
 I have leaped through the valley, dashed
 down the mountain,
 Flowed in the river and played in the
 fountain,
 Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the
 sky,
 And everywhere gladdened the landscape
 and eye;
 I have eased the hot forehead of fever and
 pain,
 I have made the parched meadows grow fer-
 tile with grain.
 I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill,
 That ground out the flour and turned at my
 will.
 I can tell of manhood, debased by you,
 That I lifted and crowned anew.
 I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid;
 I gladden the heart of man and maid!
 I set the chained wine-captive free,
 And all the better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other,
 The glass of wine and its paler brother,
 As they sat together filled to the brim,
 On the rich man's table, rim to rim.

JOHN.

Whistle sounding loud and clear,
 Laughter that I love to hear,
 Marbles rattling far and near:
 Must be John!

Out at elbow, out at knee,
 Hat-brim tattered wofully;
 Turn him round and let me see
 If it's John.

Dimples in a ruddy cheek,
 Eyes that sparkle so they speak,
 Turned-up nose, reverse of meek;
 Yes, 'tis John!

Yet this morning, clean and sweet,
 Speckless collar, hat complete,
 Trousers mended, down the street
 Whistled John.

"What's the matter with you, lad?
 Where's the hat-brim that you had?
 Whence came all these rents so sad?
 Answer, John!"

"Marbles." And he kicks his toe.
 "Breches will wear out, you know;
 "Knuckle-down is all the go,"
 Falters John.

THE ROSE.

Though they whisper, he and May,
 I can hear each word they say;
 For I rest—

Clinging to the ball-room's queen,
 'Mid the lace and silken sheen,
 At her breast.

"Give but that rose of thine,
 I will build for it a shrine
 Near my heart."

From my bed she draws me out,
 For a moment seems in doubt—
 Then we part.

In his waistcoat crushed I lie—
 'Mid cigars and purse I die;
 E'er the day

Am forgotten, and, e'er night,
 Trophy of a conquest light,
 Thrown away.

—F. H. B. in *Albany Argus*.

THE INNER MAN.

You have not changed, my Geraldine.
 Your voice is just as sweet and low,
 You are as fairy-like in mein
 As four-and-twenty months ago,
 Since Hymen tied the fatal knot
 I've basked within your glance's beam;
 Your beauty has not dimmed a jot,
 You realize a poet's dream.

A poet craves for boundless love
 And beauty of the first degree;
 I'd do with less than that, my dove—
 I'm much more moderate than he.
 The gleam from dark-fringed eyelids sent,
 The witchery of tone and look
 I would forego to some extent,
 My Geraldine—if you could cook.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

THE BLACK ROLL.

The black list for May contained twenty-three names of men who have not the manhood to discharge the commonest, while at the same time, the most sacred of duties. Can it be possible that there are many such in this Order? If there is a remnant of honor left in what remains, we appeal to it in the name of the Brotherhood living, in the name of the Brotherhood dead, in the name of the martyr souls who have perished at their posts, in the name of the wife whose husband is in his grave, of the children who are fatherless, in the name of self-respect, of truth and charity, in the name of all these, we ask these men to be true to their comrades, to themselves, and to their God. We want them to be men in deed as well as in name. We want them to step to the front and stand by their principles and the solemn oath by which they have sworn before God and heaven to do their duty. We urge upon all such the necessity of giving serious attention to this warning. They may think it cruel to have their names sent out before the world stigmatized with dishonor; but it is not cruelty. We only want them to be true to their Brotherhood and themselves, and if they care nothing for this, it becomes our imperative necessity for the good of the order to brand every one of them with a mark; to tell men who are honest and true to shun them; to let the world know that they are unworthy of confidence. What can they expect more than this, seeing that they do not respect themselves? We shall continue to publish this list, and we call upon every devoted and noble member of our grand Brotherhood to search it from month to month, to note the names of these men, and to remember that they are his enemies no less than ours. We shall do more than publish this list. The interest at stake in thousands of precious homes demands that we further expose these wretches who prove that they care nothing for benevolent acts and solemn obligations. We must discriminate in favor of the deserving. To do this, it is impossible to sanction evil-doers and vio-

lators of the trust reposed in them. "He that is not for Me is against Me," so said the Savior of man, and so may we all say. We must stand or fall together. If there is no reliance to be placed in a man's word, and if he persistently betrays your confidence, what remains? You must part company from him. Not only this, it is incumbent upon you to warn your friends of the kind of man he is, less they, too, suffer at his hands. This is what we publish the Black List for. We want the Brotherhood to know whom to trust and whom to shun. We all know that no man is condemned without a hearing in our organization. No persecution is tolerated or ever will be tolerated. When a man is named on this list, therefore, you are to understand that he has had the advantage of a fair trial and the benefit of every reasonable doubt of his guilt. There are great true souls in the order, sincere conscientious men, and we love them. We mean to stand by these men; we mean to be true to them, and we want every recreant and irreclaimable rogue to feel that his place is outside the sympathy and support of the B. of L. F. We are a band of brothers organized to mutually aid each other and see that no one suffers when it is possible to give relief. If anything difficult or impossible were asked of a member, we could excuse him for not performing it, but nothing hard, nothing unmanly, nothing that is disagreeable or impossible is asked. The membership is made easy, and it is because of this that we cannot forever excuse men who, day after day, go on violating the rules they have sworn to respect. We mean to continue the publication of this list, as already said, and if it should become plain that it is our duty to further expose their infamy and cringing, abject and lying pretence of membership and manhood, we shall do so in words whose import will not be mistaken.

Out in Leadville when one is introduced to a stranger the polite thing is to ask, 'What was your name before you came here?' The next question, according to the rules of etiquette, is, "How did you manage to escape?" —Oil City Derrick.

Ladies' Department.

CHICAGO, ILL., June 15, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

For some time past I have been reading, with interest, the Ladies' Department of your valued Magazine. Its productions are able and instructive, while they add to the general popularity of the book.

I do not pretend that my feeble efforts shall compare with the many elegant contributions that have already appeared, but only offer them in order that I may have the satisfaction of knowing that I have done what little I am capable of doing in the interest of the Magazine as well as the enterprising Order it represents. I am not a fireman's wife, mother or sister, but am none the less interested in their welfare. Residing, as I do, in the immediate vicinity of the hall and meeting place of Triumphant Lodge No. 47, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, I have every opportunity to see its members and study their nature. Besides, being a regular reader of the Magazine, I have learned something of the aims and purposes of the society, and I take this, my first, opportunity to say that they should, in my humble judgment, be universally endorsed.

It seems to me that a marvelous change has been wrought among the locomotive firemen of this country since this organization has begun its work in the great philanthropic field of humanity.

I well remember the time when these bonds of brotherhood had not yet been drawn, and the general condition of those who are now its supporters. Disunited and careless of each others interest, they were selfish and without ambition. Having no standard of manhood to attain, many of them were immoral in the extreme.

Their Sundays were spent in the round house or in the grog-shop, whilst their general appearance was slovenly—their faces bearing the imprint of debauchery.

But what a magic change has taken place! The saloon has given way to the lodge room, and the card table to the altar of brotherhood and love.

The apparent outcast and vagrant has been transformed into the man of gentle nature, correct habits and tidy appearance—one of the many I see congregating at the Railroad Chapel the second and fourth Sundays in

each month to attend a meeting of the lodge that teaches them the great principles of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, which have been the means of lifting them to a higher social standard than they could have attained without them.

Only a few years ago they were a disgrace—a foul blot upon humanity, but now they are an honor to their calling and their kind. May the splendid work of the brotherhood go on undisturbed. May each of its members strive with all the force of his ability to promote its welfare. May the membership rapidly increase until its influence is wide-spread and powerful and has permeated every fibre of our magnanimous railway system.

May the black lists that now pollute the columns of the Magazine, grow less and less, until eventually they will become totally obliterated. No member can afford to have his name in that list, and I hope the day may come when they will all look at it in the light in which I see it.

Though only a woman and of feeble power and limited ability, I shall always do my utmost to seek this gallant brotherhood, because it serves to edify and elevate the lowly and oppressed and to aid and strengthen the weak and helpless.

Your sincere friend,

RACHAEL.

SPRING BONNETS.

'And how much is this sweet thing?' says Mrs. Gushington, taking up a crown of fancy straw, with a bush full of ripe currants twined about it, and a rose dangling over one shoulder. 'This,' answers the milliner, staring vaguely into the crown as if she expected to see the Delphic oracles engraved there, 'this is \$25; no, it can't possibly be as low as that: well, it's a mistake at that price, it cost \$30, but you can have it at the figure I named. Did you ever see anything so becoming? Makes you look ten years younger, my dear madame.'

Mrs. Gushington inspected the back of her head with a hand-glass. It does look young; decidedly youthful. Then she turns blandly to the large mirror and sees a face that is fat, fair, and forty, enshrined by a circle of fancy straw and a wreath of rubby currants.

'Doesn't—it—seem—rather—small?' she asks hesitatingly.

'It is small,' answers the milliner. 'How could it be fashionable if it were anything else? Perhaps you would like a last winter's scoop or a sun hat? Mrs. Col. Brown wants this sent up to-day to match her new ruby silk. I shall charge her \$35 for it.

That settles it. The bonnet is bought and sent home, and when Mrs. Gushington walks out, those who see the back of the bonnet think she is a miss of sixteen, and those who see its face know she will not miss sixty. So in either event it does her an injustice, but it is a case in which ignorance is bliss.

'Trim my bonnet the prettiest on the left side,' says a youthful matron in a whisper to her milliner, and the modiste smiles and brings all her skill to bear in a culminating bow or arrangement of flowers at that point. She knows that it is to be worn Sunday, and that is the 'congregation side.'

The new bonnet will have a great deal to answer for through its human representative the woman who goes to church with one on has no idea of being a stumbling block in the way of Heaven, but the bonnet is larger and more important than the church, the steeple, and all the people. 'Line upon line and precept upon precept,' says the minister.

'Feather upon feather and flower upon flower,' says the bonnet.

'Come out of darkness into the light,' says the minister.

'Am I not lovely in this half light?' says the bonnet.

'Hallelujah,' chants the choir.

'Hardly-knew-you!' responds a sweet-faced singer, as she peers under her friend's new bonnet. The dainty scoops that frame arch Puritan faces and sweet, kissable lips are the wickedest bonnets of all; seventy years old without, and seventeen within, what trouble they give to gallant young men who *will* peep under their brims to see if it is their great-grandmother, in which case they plunge madly down a side street, or on the Hebe of their youthful dreams,

Tying her bonnet under her chin,

She tied a young man's heart within.

It is forever a pity to cover up sleek young heads and sun-bright hair with coal-scuttle bonnets. A field daisy with a pair of strings should suffice.

As clay in the hands of the potter, is the average woman in the hands of her milliner; she may have a small, meek, flower face, with a pensive pink color, and the autocrat of bonnets places a leghorn combination on her head, which has a cardinal lining, three old-gold feathers, and a bunch of popples and ties,

a yard long and nine inches wide; overtopped by this structure, the little woman is lost to sight; she is all bonnet, and gold, and crimson shadows; she is the antithesis of Mrs. Gushington, but the same milliner created them both.

And grave, somber Mrs. Amity, who spends her life prowling about the purlieus of wickedness, rescuing poor children from the slums, is provided with a new hat that tips down over one ear, and flares back off the face, and has a rakish, jaunty, dissipated air totally at variance with the good woman's disposition, and of a carnal nature that gets her into all sorts of difficulties, which she lays to the total depravity of human nature instead of bonnets.—*Exchange.*

RECIPES.

TO REMOVE ACID STAINS from clothing: When acid has been dropped on articles of clothin., use liquid ammonia to kill the acid, and then apply chloroform to restore the color.

GINGER SNAPS.—Six teaspoonfuls of lard, four of water, one of soda and one of ginger; put in a tea-cup; fill the cup with molasses; add sufficient flour to roll out thin and bake quickly.

ALMOND CAKE.—A cupful of butter, three of flour, two of sugar, half a cupful of milk, a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and half a tea spoonful of soda. Flour with almond, and put almonds on top.

TAFFEE.—Quarter of a pound of butter; when melted put in one pound of brown sugar; boil and stir fifteen minutes; put in a teaspoonful of ground ginger and then boil and stir again. Pour in buttered tins.

RYE CAKES.—Four eggs and a pint of milk, a teaspoonful each of molasses and cream of tartar, and half a teaspoonful of saleratus. Stir in rye-meal enough to make a thick batter. Beat the yolks and the whites of the eggs separately.

OLD FASHIONED MOLASSES CANDY.—One quart of best New Orleans molasses, piece of butter half the size of an egg. When it will snap in water it is sufficiently done; stir in a little soda to whiten it; pour into buttered dishes, and when cool pull until white.

TO SOFTEN WATER.—Hard waters are rendered very soft and pure, rivaling distilled water, by merely boiling in a two-ounce phial, say in a kettleful of water. The carbonate of lime and any impurities will be found adhering to the phial. The water boils very much quicker at the same time.

Our Exchanges.

CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN'S PRAIRIE RIDE.

While *en route* to the White Mountains last summer, we made a short stay in Boston. Among the various objects of interest visited was Mount Auburn, the famous burial-place of that city and the oldest garden cemetery in the United States.

As we were slowly riding through one of the beautiful avenues of the grand necropolis we came upon the grave of Charlotte Cushman, who in her day was one of the greatest of living actresses. She was a pure, noble woman, distinguished alike for her intellectual greatness and goodness of heart.

At the time of our visit to Mount Auburn no monument had been placed in the Cushman lot. The last resting place of this queen of tragedy was simply covered with long, dark, shining sprays of myrtle. But there is soon to be erected over her grave an obelisk of Hallowell granite, an exact reproduction of Cleopatra's Needle, as it stood at Heliopolis.

One of our party was the superintendent of a Western railroad, who, before his promotion to that responsible office, had been a locomotive engineer. He was greatly interested in visiting Charlotte Cushman's grave; and, after we had returned to our hotel in the city, he gave us the following personal reminiscence of this remarkable woman:

'When I was running a locomotive on the Chicago & Great Eastern Railroad, I received an order one day to have my engine, the 'Hercules, ready to take a special train of two cars, containing Charlotte Cushman, her baggage and attendant, from Logansport to Chicago.

'The great tragedienne had lost connection, and was very anxious to go in the shortest possible time by a special train. It was a cold rough afternoon, a bad day for railroading on the prairies in any event, but particularly so for a 'special' that had to 'make time,' with the fierce winds howling and beating over them as I believe they never do anywhere else where railroad tracks are laid, except off Lake Michigan, but I had my imperative orders to put the trains through with this our fastest engine, so that Miss Cushman might be in season to fill her engagement that night in Chicago.

'The train had arrived at Logansport ten

minutes behind time, and we started out with the least delay possible. I had carefully inspected my engine, and for my fireman I selected the very best man to 'make steam' that could be found in the railroad corps at that city. But in spite of these precautions, about four o'clock in the gray November afternoon we came to a dead halt out on the open prairie. I jumped down from my cab with oil can in one hand, but the mighty gusts of wind that swept against me made me glad to crawl back into the shelter of my cab.

'Presently, one of the brakemen, with his cap tied on his head with a stout scarf, came forward to tell me that Miss Cushman desired to see the engineer in the passenger car. I sent back word that I could not leave my engine, that I would do the best I could with our train, and nothing could be said even by the distinguished passenger which would make the least gain in our headway.

'The brakeman took himself off; and I was not at all pleased, I must confess, when Jake, my fireman, who was at the moment looking out of the cab window down the track in our rear, shouted above the gale:

'There is the lady herself coming now to the engine. With her skirts and things, she'll be surely blown across the prairie!'

'Sure enough, there she was, looking as if she were the spirit of the wind. At first she walked resolutely and majestically forward, the wind-storm seemed to make no impression on her stout, erect figure. Soon, however, the queenly form succumbed to the sweeping wind, and she began to cling to the sides of the cars.

'After we had dragged her up into the cab, and she was sheltered from the gusts, she stormed about the delay, it appeared to me, to subdue all or any of the elements. She tried high tragedy on me and my good engine 'Hercules,' until she saw it hadn't the least effect.

'Rest assured, madame,' I said to her, entirely unmoved by her excited and rather vehement manner, 'that I shall do everything that can be done to get this 'special' into Chicago at the required time. After 'Hercules' has had time to breathe a little, I think he will pull us along in good shape; but I imagine he will find working ahead of old Boreas, in his present temper, to be a harder matter than any of the immortal labors his great namesake undertook.'

'The great actress, somewhat appeased now, smiled graciously doubtless over the fact that a man of my calling should know anything at all of mythology and its heroes. She now changed her tact and demeanor. The agreeable beamed from her countenance; and the low, soft tones of the woman's voice appealed to me in their honeyed, moving persuasiveness. I began to feel the wondrous power of her personal magnetism. My fireman gazed at her in round-eyed amazement. She had put new life into me; and it seemed as if the 'Hercules' drew strength from my touch, for the steam gauge ran up to almost blowing-off figures.

'I told my distinguished passenger that if she would now return to her car I would try to see what progress I could make. She begged me to permit her to ride on the locomotive, at least a few miles, but I was inexorable in my refusal (for I had become a little nervous over the state of the crown sheet of my engine, for some reason; besides one of the rules of the line was that no woman should ride on our locomotives), she had no alternative but to return.

'We helped her down the steps of the cab; and, as she refused to let us accompany her to the rear of the train, she started back alone. I thought the merciless wind would surely take the resolute woman off her feet, and drive her past the train; but we soon saw her grasping the step-guards of her car with a will, and she was pulled upon the platform.

'We started. I clapped on all steam. The 'Hercules' nobly answered to the open throttle, and presently we were making fair headway against the remorseless gale. As my engine was now regularly laboring along, I glanced back to the train, and saw Miss Cushman standing at the forward end of the car nearest us, (which was half baggage and half smoking car), watching us intently through the top window of the door.

'She nodded and smiled whenever I looked that way, still remaining at her post as we shot along with increasing speed. Her great, speaking eyes were agleam with excitement; and there was a look of suppressed power in her face that I never saw on any other human countenance. I felt that she could, if she so pleased, have carried us along by the force of her own will.

'We reached Chicago at 7:30 p. m. After descending from her car, instead of immediately entering her carriage that stood waiting for her, she came, transformed now into the gracious, elegant lady, to the engine, thanking me heartily for my efforts in her behalf,

told me she should expect me to attend the theater that night to see how she played after her 'adventure,' and asking me to give the street and number of my boarding-house, (which I noticed she made no written note of), shook my grimy hand as cordially as if it had been dressed in immaculate kid, and bade me good-bye.

'Half an hour afterward, when I was hurriedly eating my supper, a messenger from the theater called, with a note for me in Miss Cushman's own hand, containing an order that I would hereafter be admitted free to any theater where she might be playing an engagement.

'You may be sure I went to hear her that night, in the crowded theater, where, in one of the best seats near the stage, I was honored by a glance and nod of recognition from the great woman who the throng was loudly applauding.

'I saw her at different places afterward, and she never failed to greet me cordially, calling me by name and referring pleasantly to that trip across the prairie and to the brave 'labor' of the old 'Hercules.'—Mrs. Annie E. Preston, in *Christian Register*.

LONG-LEGGED NUMBER TEN.

THE MONSTER LOCOMOTIVE THAT BEGAN WORK RECENTLY.

There sped into the Pennsylvania railroad yard yesterday a monster locomotive, upon which the eyes of railroad men and machinists everywhere may be said to be fastened. She is technically known as the 'new class K engine,' the public will know her as No. 10, and already in the slang of the railroad yard she has gained the pet name of 'long-legged loco.' This latter title comes from the big driving wheels she rides upon, which stand six feet and six inches above the rails, or higher than any ordinary man wearing a silk hat. Five feet and eight inches in the height of the drivers of an ordinary anthracite engine. But it is only in the matter of her long four legs that the new monster is deficient. Herr Krupp the famous Prussian cannon maker, has forged two pairs of drivers for her making their centres of wrought iron and shrinking onto them ponderous steel tires. These did not come in time, and No. 10 bows along now on equally tall wheels of cast iron—not pot metal, but a fibrous cast iron, framed in the best of steel tires cast on so that the seams are not perceptible. The Krupp wheels will be put under her as soon as they come.

No. 10 was made in the Altoona, Penn.,

shops, and is intended as an improvement upon the latest designs of fast and powerful passenger engines, wherein the highest aim sought is a locomotive that can be relied on to pull the heaviest trains over all grades, against stiff winds and with the least possible liability toward hot boxes or low steam, on the quickest schedule time. There is no intention to shorten the schedule time between here and Philadelphia, for instance, but an engine is wanted that can be relied on never to fail to make the time. The latter patterns of class K engines come near doing this, yet the ordinary causes effect them more or less. The other day one of those engines started from Philadelphia 12 minutes late and made Jersey City on time, but the very next day, when she was 12 minutes late, with almost exactly the same train behind her, she had to face a gale like that of last Sunday, and though she worked her machinery harder she only made up one minute. The railroad mechanics say that it is impossible always to determine what causes a hot box, but that it stands to reason that a light axle will heat sooner than a heavier. Therefore No. 10 has heavy axles, and because big wheels will travel faster with less movement of machinery, her wheels are big.

No. 10 has immense power. She has 18-inch cylinders and a maximum steam pressure of 140 pounds. She has a greater fire surface by nearly 50 square feet than the next best locomotives, and the big fire box is gained in a peculiar manner. Instead of hanging inside the side frame, the boiler rests on the frame and the springs are beneath it. The width of the frame is thus gained for the fire box and the boiler's steaming capacity is materially increased. To meet this and get the added force of steam freely in and out of the cylinder, large and massive valves, that give a great area of steam port are one of the especial features of the new engine. This force in turn, is too great for the engineer to reverse the machine by the ordinary lever. It would require an expenditure of strength that would tire him out in an ordinary run.

Therefore, there has been added a steam reversing gear worked by a lever placed just beneath the air brakes lever in front of the engineer's seat. A baby could move it, and any one could quickly learn how to use it.

To the lay observer there is little that is new about the new engine except its immense size, height and plainness. It is without doubt the plainest running engine out of New York. Locomotive builders are gradual-

ly arriving at the simplicity of the English engine, and No. 10 is simply a long, tall black thing, with the boiler so high in the air that the smoke stack had to be cut off short in order to let it under the ordinary bridges and such old style tunnels as those at Trenton. Where there is ornamentation in other engines this has simplicity. The cab is a square box and the steam dome has lost all the old time lines of beauty, and is nothing more than a kettle bottom up. The parallel rods that connect the driving wheels are not only plain steel rods, but all the wedge-like keys and pins that really were intended to take up the lost motion, but that looked like gratuitous ornaments, are gone, and the rods are now like the first ones ever built on an engine—plain steel rods with solid eyes and having a composition of metal bushing. The tender is nothing but a black box, on which the painter has put only a single parallelogram of thin gullt lines. But there is no economy elsewhere. The machine weighs a ton more than other passenger motors, and this ton is made up solely by making the parts that bear the strain as heavy as possible. The monster is 57 feet long, and the top of the smokestack is $11\frac{1}{2}$ feet from the rail. With her boiler full of water and fire in the box the engine weighs 92,600 pounds, and the tender starting out with coal and water, weighs 73,000 pounds.

Engineer Covert who is in charge, of the engine pulled the throttle open in Philadelphia at 7:35 yesterday morning, and though delayed eight minutes in Trenton, put her through to Jersey city on the schedule time—1 hour and 40 minutes.

'She goes as easy as a bird,' he said, adding as he dismounted, 'and she rides like a rocking chair.'

Yesterday afternoon Covert held the monster's lever ahead of the fast 4 o'clock express to Philadelphia. The ferry boats delayed him four minutes, but the operator who saw the flash of the train as it thundered by South Elizabeth reported her less than one minute late. There were trifling delays and this one minute was yet against her at Trenton. Seven miles from Philadelphia there was an obstruction, and she was held three minutes. Covert rode into West Philadelphia late just three minutes, having had to make the 90 miles in just 113 minutes, with three stops, entailing in stoppage, loss of headway, and the regaining of headway, between 15 and 20 minutes.

A 'stop' is reckoned a loss of two minutes, and a 'slow-up' is put at one minute and a

half. The railroad officials say that not long ago Engineer Osmund, driving an ordinary anthracite engine ahead of a delayed section of the fast line west, came from Philadelphia to Jersey City in 93 minutes, having made five stops and four slow-ups, so that he lost 16 minutes and made the 99 miles in 77 minutes. The best time yet made by the new long-legged engine was done on her experimental trip last week between Huntington and Altoona, a 34 mile stretch, every foot of which is up-grade. She made one mile in 57 seconds and another mile in 58 seconds; but the fact of most value to the railroad men who watched her was that everything ran cool.

Supt. McCrea of the New York division is going to keep the new engine on the fast 4 o'clock train out and the fast morning train in from Philadelphia, studying her behavior on those lines, because it is agreed that if she keeps cool boxes, combats strong gales, pulls those extra heavy trains, and is not troubled with low steam, there is no passenger work on the road that she will not do satisfactorily.

WHAT TIME IS IT?

The Scioto Gazette, of Chillicothe, O., is not satisfied with the present system of measuring time, and makes this suggestion for reform to the railroad managers in this country:

"The railroad managers of the country are the live, active men of the day, and are not as a rule those who carry a deadweight because their fathers did. Yet, in their time cards, they all carry an encumbrance that positively confuses the uninitiated. Not one man in fifty can take an ordinary time-card, and in the multiplicity of a.m.'s and p.m.'s dittoing as they do from both the top and bottom of the card, figure out the time from New York to St. Louis or Chicago without becoming confused and uncertain, and from New York to San Francisco it becomes a positive impossibility with many more. Not only this, but the railroad companies pay thousands of dollars every year for the setting-up of these letters by printers, and for the card-board and paper on which they are printed, besides making their time-cards large and cumbersome.

"It was within the power of the companies to get rid of these letters. They now furnish the standard time to the whole country. There is no more reason why there should be two 12 o'clocks in one day, than there is why there should be two twelve-mile posts on a twenty four mile railroad. Practically, the

day commences at midnight, consists of twenty-four hours, and ends the next night at midnight. By acknowledging that fact and dividing the day into hours and minutes numbered consecutively up to twenty-four hours the record of time would be greatly simplified. Thus: Instead of saying 12:15 a. m., we would give the time as fifteen minutes, written, .15, showing that it was the fifteenth minute of the day. Instead of saying 12:30 a. m., .30, or in the same manner for any number of minutes up to 1 o'clock, which hour would be written 1.00, instead of 1.00 a. m. The same rule would be followed up, omitting the a. m. and p. m. up to 12:59. What we call 1 o'clock p. m., under the new system we would call thirteen o'clock or thirteenth hour; 1:30 p. m. would be 13:30; 2 o'clock p. m., 14:00, and so on up to twenty-four.

"The system might sound a little odd at first, but the ear would soon become accustomed to it, and it has the positive convenience that any figure which may be written can designate but one time of the day, and that is certain as soon as you can see and hear them, without searching or inquiring whether it means a. m. or p. m. The only disadvantage it has is that all the watches and clocks are adjusted and figured for the twelve-hour system, but with a person not absolutely stupid at figures, it would be no trouble to make the calculations mentally, or watch and clock dials could have the additional figure marked on an inner circle to those already on the dial. But it would be but a little while until all the numbers would be definitely fixed in the mind, and to say eighteen o'clock would convey a certain meaning to the mind just as much as when we now say six o'clock p. m.

"As we said before, the railroad managers of the country have the matter of time in their own hands. They fix it for the country, can introduce this system, and greatly simplify their time-tables, besides reducing their cost of printing them, and give them in more compact form. We have suggested such a change to a number of our railroad friends, and, while they all appear to wonder that time-cards cannot be readily understood by the public, they quickly concede that the system above described would be simpler and not liable to be misunderstood, and that the adoption of it by one of the great through lines of the country would bring it into general use at once. The companies, too, could count upon the active co-operation of all the printers in making the public familiar with the change; for those a. m.'s and p. m.'s cause

no end of swearing every time a time-card is set up in every office in the land.'

ORIGIN OF EXPRESSIONS.

Consistency's a jewel—The origin of the quotation has been erroneously attributed to Shakespeare. It was originally used in an old Scotch ballad, entitled, "Jolly Robin Rough-head." The following is the verse in which the quotation occurs:

Tush! tush! My lassie, such thoughts resign;
Comparisons are cruel,
Fine pictures suit in frames as fine,
Consistency's a jewel.
For thee and me coarse clothes are best,
Rude folks in homely raiment drest,
Wife Joan and Goodman Robins.

Whom the gods would destroy they first make mad—a very ancient Greek proverb. It occurs in a note of a fragment of Euripides, but it is probably of much earlier date than the Attic dramatist. It is oftenest met with translated in Latin, and may be found among the classic quotations in Webster's Dictionary. In confirmation of its great antiquity it may be observed that the passage, both in Latin and Greek, reads, not *gods*, but *God* or *Jupiter*, referring it, perhaps, to the period of a purer worship, when the Egyptian sages inculcated doctrine of the Divine Unity, and the Athenians raised altars to the unknown God.

Bankrupt—Few words have so remarkable a history as this. The money changers of Italy had, it is said, benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange in former times. At these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them fell back in the world or became insolvent, his bench was broken, and the name of broken bench, or *banko rotto* was given to him. When the word was first adopted into English, it was nearer the Italian than it is now, being *bankerout* instead of bankrupt.

Bust—This word Visconti traces to the place Bustum, for burning dead bodies, which was soon transferred to the numberless images there set up.

Blackmail—In ancient times the farmers of the north of England and south of Scotland were compelled to pay a certain rate of money corn, cattle or other things, to certain men who were allied to the robbers to be by them protected from pillage, which was called blackmail. 'Black' denoted the low coin in which it was paid; or, in the moral sense, the illegality of the payment. Rent received in silver, and for a legal purpose was called white money and white rent. In the United States this word has come into general use as

a term applied to persons who extort money from others by threats of accusation or exposure of some alleged offense.

Uncle Sam—The name originated from Samuel Wilson, a beef inspector at Troy, N. Y., during the revolutionary war. He was very popular with the men in his employ, and was always called Uncle Sam. The boxes of provisions were shipped to a contractor named Elbert Anderson, and were marked 'E. A., U. S.' A joking workman was asked what these letters stood for, to which he replied that he did not know, unless it was Elbert Anderson and Uncle Sam. The joke took, and afterward packages marked U. S. were said to belong to Uncle Sam.

Selah—Derived from the Hebrew word *selah*, to repose, to be silent. It is, however, a word of doubtful meaning, occurring very frequently in the Psalms; by some supposed to signify silence, or a pause in the musical performance of the song; by others, to indicate special attention to the subject

A CAT THAT HATCHES CHICKENS.

A cat owned by Thomas Leonard, a South Brooklyn mason, and which is now sitting upon a nest of eggs, on Thursday afternoon hatched out two chickens, making the twenty-first brood that she has hatched. The cat is a brindle, and is about three years old. She had one litter of kittens before she began to hatch chickens, but since she has usurped the place of a hen she has refused the company of all other cats. About two years ago the cat, which is christened Tibby, found a warm resting place in the nest of a setting hen, when the hen had gone to hunt food, and became so fond of it that it refused to surrender it. There was a fight when the hen returned, and the cat was the victor, the hen retiring from the contest with one eye scratched out. The cat warmed the eggs every day faithfully, leaving the nest only for a meal, and soon hatched out the chickens.

From all of the twenty broods, numbering about fifty chickens, the cat has raised about twenty-one. The maternal care the animal exhibited for the chickens was a constant surprise. She followed with her eyes the movements of every chick, and when it strayed too far she stepped softly after it, picked it up by the back of the neck, and returned it to the company of the others. In her frolics she turned upon her back, took a chicken between her paws, and played with it. As soon as one brood of chickens was born, she seemed restless until a new nest of

eggs was provided for her. At the same time she kept an eye upon her last brood, which she warmed beneath her fur at night in the same nest with the eggs.

The chickens recognized the cat as their mother, and when she left the cage in which she was kept, they ran chirping after her. The cat defended them against another cat and especially against a hen. Her grown-up chickens Tibby never fails to recognize, and the memory of their feline mother did not seem to desert the pullets. She played with one of her chickens until it was three or four months old, and always seemed to welcome it when it came where she was kept.

In the hatching process she seems morose until she hears the first peep or hears the first throb of life in the shell. Then she draws the quickened egg to a point in the nest where she can both warm and see it, and if the chick, in picking its way through the shell, needs any assistance, she helps break its covering with her teeth. She has now two chicks a day old and two that are about three weeks old. She hugs them about her in her nest, and if one hops out she steps after it, bears it down with her foot, grasps its neck carefully between her teeth, and carries it back. The cat has been the source of considerable income to Leonard. It is now on exhibition in a museum.—*New York Sun*.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

The death of Lord Beaconsfield removes from Great Britain the most pyrotechnic statesman it has known during this century. Among all his European contemporaries, there was not one enjoyed what might be termed the pageantry of politics more than he, nor one who was his equal in making this contribute to his personal aggrandizement. At times the glitter of his statesmanship so dazzled his countrymen that his personal popularity was unbounded, and the subtle flattery of which he was a master endeared him to the heart of the Queen. His career has been long and eventful, and latterly a most important one. Since the death of the late Earl Derby—the father of the present Earl—he has been head of the conservative party of the kingdom and there has not been a chief in recent years who was a more absolute master of his party than he. At one time he led it, merely as a stroke of policy, into the enactment of a law greatly liberalizing the franchise, when the real sentiment of those who constituted the back-bone of the party was strongly against such a law. The salient

feature of his administration was a 'strong' foreign policy; yet the results to the country were a large expenditure of money with little compensating advantage. His 'peace with honor!' which he brought from Vienna was, in the opinion of his friends, the crowning as it was the latest notable, achievement of his life. Yet when he dissolved parliament for the general elections, it did not serve to keep him in possession of power. Full of energy and resources he surmounted in his career the most formidable of obstacles, and from a comparatively humble position raised himself to one of the proudest in England. He was a most remarkable man, and has been a conspicuous figure on the world's stage for nearly a score of years.—*Detroit Free Press*.

"HE SOT RIGHT DAR."

'Yes, sah. Kurnel Bonso Smith am dead—dead as a herrin,' sah. He died in his chear, an' I was de first pusson who knowed it.'

'Quite an old man wasn't he?'

'Yes, sah. He didn't know nuffin' 'bout his age, but I reckon he war' purty clus up to 80. De ole man had got so feeble dat dey had to cut his meat an' mash his 'taters fur him. He had been lookin' fur de summons for a long time past, an' yit, when de gates of Heaben opened an' de music came floatin' out it was hard to relize dat de kurnel had jined de purceshun.'

'And you found him dead?'

'Jist me, sah, an' no one else. You see he libbed wid his darter, an' she gin him de warmest co'ner to sit in, and de best winder to look out of. I pass dat same winder three or four times a day, an' de Kurnel allus gin me a nod. When I went by dar yesterday de old man sot in his place, an' dar was a smile on his face. I went in to shake hands with him. He war' all alone. As I walked in I called out kinder cheery like: 'Wall, Kurnel, how goes de battle to-day?' but he didn't answer.

'Deed, sah, his battle was ended fo' de Lawd but he had sot right dar wid a smile on his face an' died as softly as de sun goes down.'

'And he was smilin'?''

'Smilin' like a pleased chile, sah, Death had come to him like a sweet dream. When he heard de gates of Heaben open perhaps he war a leetle afraid, but when de angels marched out an' played soft an' low an' sweet on deir harps it brought peacet to his heart an' a smile to his face, and when de golden gates closed agin' de Kurnel war on de fur side.'—*Detroit Free Press*.

LOCOMOTIVE BELL-RINGING BY STEAM.

Railroad men are just now greatly interested in a novel appliance to locomotives, whereby the heretofore laborious task of ringing the bell at crossings and while approaching towns and villages, which has devolved upon the fireman, to the manifest neglect, in many instances, of his other duties, will be automatically performed by steam power, easily regulated and controlled. The not unfrequent loss of life hereabouts, as well as through the Western country, where grade crossings are, as a rule unprotected, has set railroad men to thinking, as in a majority of cases verdicts against the road employing the careless firemen have been recovered. It seems strange that so simple an application of steam, of which there is always a surplus in locomotive boilers, should not have ere this been made. The device consists merely of a small cylinder containing a revolving piston, connected directly with the bell-yoke by means of a shaft. The motion is regulated by a valve and cut-off, so adjusted that by a slight movement, it is thrown 'off the centre,' and instantly set in motion. The bell then rings continuously until checked by a similar slight movement. It is in constant readiness

for use, steam being 'on' continually after the firing of the engine, and is thus instantaneously available in cases where it is desirable to give warning. The device is easily applied to locomotives of whatever make. There are districts in the West, through which for miles the firemen are required by law to ring their bells continuously, and, at the same time, are required to keep their fires up to the required standard.—*Boston Herald.*

OUR DYING COMMERCE.

Twenty-four years ago our exports and imports in American ships were double what they are to-day. During the last five years Britain has built 1,800,000 tons of iron ships. Since 1856 we have built in that time 100,000 tons. British tonnage in our ports has increased 7,000,000 tons. In 1850 foreigners had thirty-three per cent. of our commerce; in 1880 they have eighty-two per cent. We pay \$100,000,000 every year to foreign ship owners for transportation, all of which cash goes out of this country. Every year we have fewer ships, and the foreigners take an increased percentage of our traffic. We are now sitting up nights with our dying commerce. How long will it be before we are called to attend the wake?

Correspondence.

CUPID'S YOKES.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., June 17, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

On the 19th of May, occurred at St. Patrick's church, in this city, at 8 o'clock p. m., the wedding of Brother Alex. J. Mullen, of Vigo Lodge No. 16, to Miss Gussie Keunke, a most popular and excellent young lady, Father Logan officiating. Both have resided in this city a number of years, and are universally esteemed by all who know them. The church was filled to its utmost capacity by eager friends who wished to see the happy couple launched in the matrimonial sea.

After the ceremony, the happy throng repaired to the Turner Hall, where a reception was tendered by the contracting parties. The evening's entertainment consisted of eating, drinking, dancing and speech-making.

The music was splendid, the supper elegant and the guests the most joyful we ever saw.

The Occidental Literary Club, of which

Brother Mullen is a member, marched to its hall in a body, with the Ringgold band at the head, while the city officials and Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen were fully represented. The presents were many and costly—in fact, the finest we ever saw. Silver ware was there in abundance; parlor furniture was also there in profusion.

A very practical gift was that of Vigo Lodge No. 16, of the B. of L. F. It consisted of a beautiful china table set, comprising about 140 pieces.

Among the guests were many from abroad, who came a long distance to witness the ceremony and participate in the festivities.

Everything passed away pleasantly, and altogether, it was an occasion that will live in the annals of our memories forever.

Brother Mullen is deputy city clerk, of Terre Haute, and Magazine agent of our lodge

He is an enterprising young gentleman, of warm heart and excellent qualities, and will

no doubt, make a name for himself in time to come.

We wish Brother Mullen and his worthy wife a long voyage and a smooth sea, and that at last they may cast anchor in that haven of rest, where the weary are comforted and where suffering is not known.

We wish them an unbroken succession of joys, and troubles none but "little ones."

Yours truly,
OCCIDENTAL.

WOE BE UNTO YE HYPOCRITS.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 20, 1881.

Benevolence, sobriety and industry are essential attributes of the character of every member of our order. What profound sublimity of thought rests in these words? what enchanting influence the word brotherhood must thus exercise over the minds of the profane? Yet how few possess these precious jewels? how few of the fraternity act within the sphere of their comprehension? How many members of our order have, since their first appearance in their lodge room, bestowed that attention and study upon their lodge which they unequivocally sowed to pursue? How many have, in their daily walks of life, acted upon and borne out the principles of the order? How many have relieved the wants of the widows and orphans? How many have assisted a needy and distressed brother? How many have loaned a helping hand and whispered good counsel in the ear of a falling brother? For the sake of truth, let us confess that the number is few. Are ye not hypocrites? Are ye not, in the sense of the scripture, like unto the graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them? Are ye not brothers of our order by name, but not in deed? Reflect upon your obligations, remember the lessons that have been taught you as members of a band of brothers, that your actions, your words, your deeds alone, will elevate you over the profane. Without a daily practice of any and all of these divine principles, ye are like the graves which appear not, and the men that walk over them are not aware of them. If the sole object of our order is to initiate candidates, and pass their fees into our treasurers, then our brotherhood is a humbug, our profession a fraud, and the sooner our order disbands the better. Oft, upon questioning brothers as to whether they would be present at the meeting to-night, their response somewhat dampened my expectations when I heard the reply: "Why, is there any work on hand?" As if our meet-

ings consisted only of the ritual exhibited in so many shows and side-shows! The opinion such brothers have of, and the interpretation they give to our noble order, is certainly not of an excellent nature. They are void of the true intents and meaning of the order, which may, in a measure, be attributed to the carelessness and inefficiency of the principal officer, in not impressing upon the minds of the brother the true tenets of our profession as a brotherhood. In this omission lies the root of the existing inactivity and languishing conditions of many lodges. Our order as a beneficial institution for Locomotive Firemen has no superior upon earth; but it has many, very many *unworthy* members; and without enlarging upon the subject, their number is numerically in the ascendant. To illustrate the matter, how many brothers are there who will subscribe for the Magazine and never pay for them? They are numerous enough to crush our agents who have spent time and money for naught. How many brothers are there who will never pay their dues or render a reasonable excuse for their delinquency? Their number is so large that their names would annually fill a good-sized volume. For the benefit of this latter class of brothers, the delinquents, I will here quote a few prophetic words: "A man may be so mean that lightning will not strike him, and so malignant as to attempt to bite his own ears, but he is a bright and shining light, when compared to the members of a lodge who will neither pay their dues nor render a reasonable excuse for their delinquency." God, in his mercy, may forgive a man for murder, but how can he forgive a man who is so contemptible as to refuse to pay a debt of honor?" Great heavens, is it true that such men have been admitted into our order, and that they are suffered to exist as brothers? Men who have neither benevolence or charity, who are so destitute of every moral virtue that all the vices to which flesh is heir to have extinguished the last spark of their better nature in their heart. Woe unto ye hypocrites! repent, for the day of judgment draweth nigh, and ye knoweth not what minute ye may be called. Remember the duties you owe to yourself and your fellow workmen; remember that you are ever to search after and walk in the path of that great light, the guiding star of your existence—the light that shines brightest the more you walk in it, "truth!" eternal truth, that you may receive, in your future existence, the reward of a well-spent life—eternal happiness and bliss.

Yours fraternally, J. S.

DEATH OF S. V. SHERBURNE.

Messrs. Editors:

On the 6th of June occurred at Terre Haute a railroad accident that cost the life of one of the oldest and most highly esteemed engineers on the Vandalia line.

Passenger train No. 1, from St. Louis, had arrived at Terre Haute and stopped as usual for the crossing of the T. H. & S. E. Road. She then pulled over the crossing in order to reach the depot, when a switch engine of the latter, in attempting to get across, struck the engine of the Vandalia train between the driving wheels and threw her from the track, turning her over on her side.

Brother Henry Lahey, the fireman, saw the approaching engine in time to jump and save his life, but Squire V. Sherburne, the engineer, who was on the opposite side, and not apprised of the danger, remained at his post and went down with his engine.

He was caught between the machinery and the earth, and a deep hole had to be dug in order to extricate him from the wreck. He was taken home as speedily as possible, where the best medical aid was rendered without avail. After suffering the most intense agony, caused by the scalds and fractures he had sustained, death came to his relief on Thursday evening, the 9th inst., at four o'clock.

Squire Sherburne had lived a true and noble life, and died the death of a hero. Not a word of complaint or moan of anguish escaped his pale and withering lips. On Sunday, the 11th inst., at 4:30 o'clock in the evening, the funeral took place, and he was followed to his final rest by a large concourse of relatives and friends. The Independent Order of Foresters and Knights of Honor, of which he was a member, attended in a body.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which his son Elmer is a member, also took part in the funeral cortege.

Among the floral ornaments, was an elegant "pillow of flowers," composed chiefly of white lilies, and inscribed "At Rest." This was a tribute to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen to their departed friend.

Thus has another grand soul taken its flight and another name been added to the scroll of martyrdom.

To the stricken household, we offer our warmest sympathy, and to our Brother Elmer, our guidance and support, in this, the supreme hour of his affliction.

In the death of Squire Sherburne, mankind has lost a friend whose vacancy can never be

supplied. His many noble traits of character, however, will live forever, and our consolation will come in seeking their emulation.

Fraternally,

A SYMPATHIZER.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., June 15th, 1881.

LOUISVILLE, KY., May 1st, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

I write you this communication to give you some information concerning Brotherhood affairs in this neighborhood. The boys all seem to be enjoying themselves hugely. For instance, if you walk up to one of them and ask, "Have you been to Lodge to-day?" He will say "No." "Why?" "Well, I had to go see my cousin, or sister, or I met some friends and could not get away." Others say they didn't get their work done in time to get there before they opened the lodge. "Why did you not go when you *did* get done?" "Because it has been so long since I've been there that I didn't know how to get in, and besides my clothes are shabby and I am not wanted anyway." That is your own fault. I don't wonder that you're not wanted. You throw the entire burden upon the shoulders of those who are faithful and willing workers. Whereas, if each member did what he could however little that may be, the presence of each one would be greatly desired. Now, Brother, let it not be said of you that you are shirking your duties, and perhaps keeping some Brother and his family out of his sick benefits by your non-appearance. Just remember if you were to get sick you would expect your benefits from the lodge just the same as those who have maintained it both with labor and money. And, furthermore, Brother, don't you know that our Grand Secretary and Treasurer gets the blame when all claims are not promptly paid? So there you see an innocent party is subject to unkind remarks for what he cannot help, and what is your duty. I am speaking from experience and what I know to be true. I have heard wives condemn the Brotherhood because they failed to receive sick benefits when they were needed. Some of our Brothers, I fear, attempt to run too many engines to run either successfully. I have run an engine for 25 years, and find that to run one successfully, will give you all the work you can attend to. Therefore, let us run that engine which insures us the best result. Something else I wish to mention, and that is, please do not assemble on street corners or in the round house and speak unkindly of each other; on the contrary, speak well of your fellow workmen, and if you cannot do that, then say

nothing. Railroad men, of all others, need the support and confidence of each other. Trusting that all who read this will be benefited, I close by asking of you to come to the mark and do your duty. Don't let shabby clothes keep you away from meetings; we don't look at your clothes, we look at your hearts and interest in our Order. If you have the principles of an honest man, you shall have a hearty welcome.

Yours Fraternally,
PAT POWERS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA., May 1st, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

Knowing the deep interest we feel one for the other, I herein shall briefly sum up the present state of affairs of No. 60. I would say that since we have received so much assistance from our lady friends, our treasury has been bountifully replenished. I find in many instances that the wives, sisters and mothers of a great many Brothers are more attentive to the interests of the order than are the Brothers themselves. *Strange!* I cannot understand this. I am sure that the Lodge room is a pleasant place, and has in its order of business a great amount of interest. When sitting in the room one can see depicted in the face of every Brother, that look of brotherly love which they do not wear outside. I am happy to state that our boys are becoming more prompt in their attendance at every meeting, and it cheers us to see faces at the meetings that have scarcely been with us since they took that obligation that binds us together as brothers.

We are receiving new members occasionally and feel proud to think that old No. 60 is once more the same as she was in the beginning, viz: "Square with the world." And now a word about the package party. The ladies met at Bro. Collom's house, had a general talk about the matter, and it was decided to give a package party. The committee were Mrs. A. B. Collom, Jos. Shepherd, Joseph Rheiner, Chas. Miller, W. R. Roberts, Wm. Karcher, John L. Bodey, Jacob Anderson, Paul Walker, and others who have escaped my memory. They gave one of the finest package parties ever held, and with astounding success, the proceeds amounting to \$118. How is that? After having received such encouragement, the boys should certainly begin anew; they should turn their attention to the cause and live up to the splendid motto. Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry. I learn through the Magazine that we are getting many new lodges. Good! I sincerely hope

that in time to come there will not be a fireman who does not belong to the noble Order.

I saw in the March issue of our book Bros. Anderson and Shepherd spoken of in high terms of praise. They deserve it all, but at the same time we would have you know that all the boys of No. 60 deserve great credit for their efforts. We do not like all the honors conferred upon one or two, when we are every one of us doing our best.

No more to-day. Wishing all the members of the B. of L. F. God speed, I will close.

Yours in B., S. and I.,
R. W. STREBOR.

ST. PAUL, MINN., May 11th, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

I take pleasure in penning a few lines for publication in our little book. What I have to say is not of very great importance, yet it may prove interesting to those who have the welfare of our order at heart and appreciate an encouraging word in its behalf.

Minnehaha Lodge No. 61, of which I have the honor to be a member, is the subject upon which I want to write, for I have not seen a word in the Magazine concerning her for a long time.

First of all, I desire to say that she has 77 members in good standing, and that they all take the greatest interest in the Order. Our worthy Master, Brother Chas. Montgomery, and our Recording Secretary, Brother J. H. Sawyer, are hard and earnest workers in the cause, and the Lodge is well taken care of under their administration. Our other officers are equally efficient in the discharge of their duties, and, all in all, we have not the slightest reason for complaint.

Quite recently Brothers P. K. Sullivan, J. H. Sawyer and J. W. Graham were transferred to the right side, on the St. Paul division of the C. St. P. M. & O. R. R.

They are all first class men in their profession, and we are willing 'to put them up' against any three young runners in the land.

Brother Sullivan is especially proficient in his business, for they say that when he gets them 'a going' he runs the tires off his wheels. Give it to them P. K!

Brothers Layton, Foot and Parker are dispatching, and right well do they acquit themselves. They are young yet and a gallant passenger engine is waiting for each of them in the 'sweet bye and bye.' Hoping that you will not 'give me away,' I remain

Yours Truly
"DOWN IN THE CORNER."

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 15th, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

It is with some hesitation that I for the first time take occasion to write a small contribution for your valuable journal. The subject I have chosen is 'The dissatisfaction of the human mind.' You may consider this a peculiar subject but I shall do as well as I can and you must be lenient in your criticisms, for I have been sadly denied the advantages of schooling, and write this only as an evidence of my love for our Brotherhood and its book. I shall begin by citing myself as an evidence of mental dissatisfaction. I was born on a farm in one of our Southern States, living with my parents until I reached about the age of seventeen, when I became dissatisfied, and, with the consent of my parents, left home to learn a trade. I tried several trades, and invariably became more dissatisfied than I had ever been before. After some time I began firing and remained at that for four years, then I came to the conclusion that I had the worst situation in the lot. Then it entered my mind that if I had an engine I would certainly experience perfect and complete contentment. Well, I was promoted about four years ago, and came in possession of the coveted engine, and the result is that I am just as dissatisfied as when I left my home at the age of seventeen. I see in our daily transaction of business with men along the road, some are inclined to think they are not treated as well as others, and some can not be pleased at all. Why, I know of men and women who are displeased with natures own works with regards to themselves. Some because they are not handsome; others because their feet are too large; others again because they lack wealth.

Just think of our most fascinating women being so dissatisfied with their appearance that they resort to all modes of artificials. They even go so far as to renovate the form which nature has given them.

Here is another instance, where the wife of one of our United States ministers was not satisfied without a husband, and after she got one she was dissatisfied because she could not get rid of him.

Another case that has come under my observation is the experience of Mrs. Dan Rice. She, in a conversation with a friend of mine, revealed the fact that she is as dissatisfied now, and even more so, than she has ever been before. So it is with the human mind. You all remember how ex-President Grant, after having served two terms, felt that he would be better satisfied if he could procure a

third term. Since this seems to be an inborn defect of the human mind, let us make the best of it and let each one strive *not* to inflict his discontent upon his fellow creatures.

Truly yours,

F. T. B.

FARGO, D. T., May 19th, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

I noticed in a late issue of the Magazine that the impression prevailed that No. 85 was frozen solid, since no news had been received from her for so long a time.

This is a mistake, and we "arise to deny the soft impeachment."

It is true that we have been out on the road most of our time this winter 'bucking snow,' and that we have had but little time to attend to Lodge affairs, but, nevertheless, we are always 'flexible,' and ready for action, whenever the Brotherhood needs our humble services.

We are not as plentiful here as they are in many other places, but the quality of our material cannot be excelled.

Brother John Burns, our Master, for instance, is a man of whom the Order may well boast.

He has the sterling qualities of true manhood, and both his hand and heart are in the noble cause.

Fargo Lodge No 85 is well cared for under his management, and her showing will compare favorably, when the time comes, with most other Lodges of her size and opportunity in the organization.

Next in order is Brother Arthur Bassett, than whom a better Brotherhood man never lived. He looks after the business of the Lodge with as much zeal and fidelity as though his personal welfare depended upon the faithful discharge of his duties. Arthur has the full confidence and esteem of all our members, and no one need fear that he will betray them, for he stood by them through 'the times that tried men's souls,' and did as much, if not more than any other man to plant old Fargo's flag where it now floats. There are many others I could mention who are working hard to advance the interests of the Order, but your space, as well as my time, are limited, and I must deny myself the pleasurable duty, for the present at least.

Before closing, I would say that C. D. Herbert, who was totally disabled some time ago, and who reaped the benefits of our insurance, has gone into business.

He has bought out an eating house, and will undoubtedly do well.

He is a deserving young man, and our

members will do all they can to secure a good patronage for him. Brother Herbert was also made the recipient, by his wife, of a 'bouncing boy,' a few days ago, and now his happiness is complete. He has the warmest congratulations of all our members.

Several of our boys have been promoted to the right side and are now throttle disturbers. We wish them all success.

Yours Fraternally,
"EXODUSTER."

MONTREAL, May 25th, 1881.

Mr. Editor:

Permit me to make your acquaintance. I will begin by introducing myself as "Jack Tare," late chief officer on board the barque 'Martin,' at present navigating a high pressure on the ——— R. R. Mr. Editor, I must say I felt a little out of place when I first took hold of the shovel, after being pickled for seventeen years in salt water, though now I am in good running order.

I wish here to make a few remarks regarding that noble society, the B. of L. F. I am surprised that there is a single fireman to be found who is not a member of it. I certainly think if every fireman was made acquainted with its noble objects, they would at once avail themselves of its benefits. Some firemen are prevented from becoming members for fear of displeasing their employers. Of course there is a duty we owe to our employers, but remember the duty we owe to our families. Every man owes it to his family to provide for them, not only while he lives, but he should also make some provision for them in case of his death.

Long live the grand and glorious B. of L. F., and I hope that No. 15 will not be found wanting in the good work to alleviate suffering humanity.

Fraternally
JACK TARE.

CENTRALIA, ILL., May 15, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:—

I wish to say a few words to the boys and our subscribers, in regard to our Brotherhood and our Motto, Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, and the best way to do this is to speak from experience and observation. But little more than a year ago, through the efforts of one or two of the firemen running into Centralia, a Lodge of the B. of L. F. was organized at that point, and I am happy to say that the men who worked so persistently to get the lodge started, have just cause to feel proud of their work, for it has brought forth fruit that is good. The men are becoming better acquainted, and are not hasty in forming and expressing opinions of each other. The Order teaches, well the great lesson of sobriety

by rejecting such men as use intoxicating drinks. I find that the Brothers are becoming more diligent and charitable, as also better citizens. They are making of themselves a class, into whose hands the public can with safety entrust lives and property, for the fireman becomes the engineer, and I am proud to know that such a large per centage of our members are engineers. A few more words and I am done. I regret that we have two or three grapes in our bunch that have become spoiled by the use of the "Devil's best Friend," and they had better be on their guard, for I am in favor of rejecting every member who may be the ruin of the whole body. Brothers, read the report of the last convention and study it well, for it contains a temperance lesson. We ought to be proud of the Grand Officers, but this remember, that though our head light may be burning bright, if our reflector is sooty, the light will be dim, and cannot be seen far. May God bless our Order, and restore to life the dead or dying branches, is the wish of

SEMAJ M. KNARF.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., May 21, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

As we very seldom have the pleasure of reading anything regarding Rose City Lodge in the pages of our welcome little visitor, the Magazine, I shall make my first attempt to say something in her behalf. We are adding members to our ranks at almost every meeting, and I think I am justified in saying that we are one of the best lodges the order can boast of. The cause of this can be briefly stated. In the first place, we are very careful to admit none, excepting men who are recommended for their integrity and earnest intention of living up to our laws. If this plan would be more carefully observed by all the divisions, they could spare themselves much trouble that is continually arising from this source. Secondly, we have elected dignified and faithful men to preside over us. There is not one of our officers who does not take pride in discharging his duties to the best of his ability. Our Magazine agent, Bro. P. J. Robinson, is making every effort to follow in the foot steps of Bro. Lindenberger, who received the first prize for securing the greatest number of subscribers for 1880.

Bros. F. A. Richardson and Fred. H. Blinn are well known to the boys, as they attend to their respective departments in a highly satisfactory manner. It is a matter of general regret that the latter will be compelled to resign the office of Rec. Sec'y, in consequence of a change on the road.

Bro. Robert Wiley, of No. 55, who was running a switch engine in this locality, has been confined to his room with the rheumatism. As soon as he recovers sufficiently to be moved, he will try the healing waters of the Arkansas Hot Springs.

Fraternally yours,
JEP. STOUT.

Scientific.

Aniline is produced from nitro-benzine, a fluid having the odor of bitter almonds.

An alcoholic liquid, containing a small quantity of a ferment, and in presence of air, yields vinegar. Vinegar consists chiefly of water and acetic acid.

Wrought-iron is nearly pure iron, but still contains a very small portion of carbon. It is obtained generally from cast-iron by burning out its carbon in a reverberatory furnace.

Organic matter buried in the earth undergoes a slow performance of destructive distillation. The varieties of mineral, coal and petroleum, or rock oil, are doubtless the products of such a process.

Phosphorus, in small portions, is found in some minerals, and is a most important element in organic bodies. It is obtained from bones. It is a waxy-looking solid, shining in the dark, and having a strong attraction for oxygen.

Electricity and magnetism are forces. The first shows its power by drawing a pith ball toward an electrified body, or by producing other motions. The second shows itself a force by lighting a piece of iron brought near to the poles of a magnet.

Tin is not an abundant element in nature, and yet it is one of the metals longest known to man. The mineral called *tinstone* (stannic oxide) is the chief source of the metal. Mixed with powdered coal and a little lime, the ore is spread upon the hearth of a reverberatory furnace. The carbon takes the oxygen from the ore, and the melted metal is run off into iron molds.

ELECTROPHONE.

LONDON, May 7, 1881.—The Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph sends the following account of the latest scientific sensation: "A remarkable interesting experiment has just been made at Calais and Dover, between which places a conversation has been kept up *viva voce* by means of a new kind of telephone which has been patented under the name of the electrophone.

Not only were the words whispered into the apparatus at Calais distinctly heard at Dover, and, of course, vice versa, but the listener at one end was perfectly well able to distinguish

by the mere tones of the voice the person who was speaking at the other end. The scientific specialists present were astonished at the difficulty successfully overcome in the enormous condensation procured by the metallic covering which protects the cable and in the induction caused by the simultaneous passage of telegraphic dispatches along other wires of the cable.

It should be observed that, while the human voice was being transmitted through one of the wires, the other wires were being employed for the transmission of telegraphic messages. Moreover, the experiments were conducted between the hours of 10 and 4, that is, in the busiest part of the day, while the wires are in universal requisition.

The voice of the speaker was distinctly heard as soon as the wires were joined to the apparatus, and conversations were carried on without interruption in the presence of Sir James Carmichael, chairman of the Submarine Telegraph Company, Mr. Sabine, Mr. De-Pointes and other competent specialists. Experiments with the same apparatus were then continued with the same result, and, in the midst of the confusion produced by the simultaneous working of several machines at the London terminal station, the voice of the speaker was heard as plainly as though he had been in the same room. There can be no longer any doubt that it is perfectly practicable to converse across, or rather under, the sea by means of any submarine cable, and the success of the experiment opens up vistas of the possibilities of rapid communication that a few years ago would have belonged to the realms of dreamland alone. The inventor maintains that it is just as easy to talk across the Atlantic as from one room to another, and he has succeeded so well in the first practical illustration of his apparatus that one is scarcely justified in doubting his assertion that he has found out a system by which words spoken from the other side of the ocean can be fixed on their arrival here and treasured up for further use."

A man who 'walked out on his ear' out of a store said he 'came out on the Erie route.'

Every Detroit tailor who builds himself a house puts a lightning-rod on it to give electricity fits.

Miscellaneous.

A. H. Tucker reports No. 29 in a flourishing condition.

The many friends of Brother John Lewis, of No. 15, rejoice in his promotion to the right side.

R. S. Pike, of No. 25, is the proud father of a ten pound boy. Brother E. Gardner has been likewise blessed.

Three more competent firemen have become engineers. Brothers Maddock, Schram and Sass, of No. 25.

We are directed to request Patrick McNamara, of Morning Star Lodge No. 88, to correspond with his Lodge without delay.

The boys of No. 10 have a pretty good joke on Bros. Coughlin and Shepherd. We know what it is, but do not think it would be doing the fair thing to give it away.

James Hall, of Blooming Lodge No. 40, is requested to correspond with his Financial Secretary at once. Business of importance demands his immediate attention.

No. 54 is coming to the front of the ranks. Brother Geo. Hirshman was recently united in marriage to a young lady of Warrenton, Mo. We all send congratulations.

Brother Robt. Sims, of No. 98, is hereby requested to correspond with the Financial Secretary of his Lodge Address, E. P. Hastings, Box 189, Terrace, Utah Territory.

Enterprise No. 75 'takes the cake.' She has eighty-eight members in good standing, and promises that her delegate will represent one hundred at the coming convention.

The members of Washington Lodge No. 15 return thanks to Brother George Louis for a fine ballot-box, and Brother Edwin Colbath for a set of elegant gavels presented to the Lodge.

The former joined issues with Miss Alice Williams of San Francisco, and the latter with Miss Fannie Seabold, of Los Angeles, two excellent young ladies whom we take pleasure in welcoming to our fold.

Congratulations are in order for Brother Lynch, of 54, who was recently elected City Marshal of Moberly, Mo., by an overwhelming majority. He has served one term and the good people showed their appreciation of his services by re-electing him.

Thomas Conant, of No. 70, was recently married to Miss Annie Cox, of Palestine, Texas. Tom and his worthy bride have many friends, and they all unite in wishing them a long life, with much happiness.

T. P. O'Rourke, of No. 63, is taking a trip to New Mexico, to see how he likes the country, as he has some desire to settle there. Brother O'Rourke is one of our live members, and success will attend him wherever he casts his lot.

H. C. Pray, of No. 18, is now running a switch engine at Booth while Brothers Champion and Burger are dispatching engines at the same place. The boys merit their reward and we hope that success may ever attend them.

J. E. Donevon, of 'Old Erie No. 2,' the founder of our system of insurance, will probably be a visitor at our coming convention. The boys all remember him and will be glad to extend to him the courtesies of the Order.

Adair Lodge No. 100 informs us of the promotion of Brother Patrick Cain to the right side. We are of the opinion that Brother Cain, is eminently deserving of the position, and that he will make a good record as an engineer.

Peter Nelson, of No. 88, has given the boys 'the slip.' He was married quite recently to Miss Osborne, of Evanston, a lady of excellent qualities. The Magazine joins with the members of No. 88 in wishing them a long life and much joy.

Miss Ida Borris has formed a partnership, accepting one of our boys as the senior member. Brother M. N. Crane, of Boone, Iowa, has assumed all responsibilities, and so far as we can look ahead their career will be a prosperous one.

Brother M. Kaue, of No. 47, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony, to Miss Murphy, sister of Brother T. P. Murphy, a prominent member of Triumphant. The affair was pleasantly celebrated by the many friends of the worthy couple, who sincerely wish them health and happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Kane will at once commence house-keeping in the city of Chicago.

We thank Brother J. H. Selby, of No. 70, for the elegant gold pen and holder, and ivory paper knife, received as a gift at his hands. We shall endeavor to use them both in the highest interest of the Order, of which he is such a worthy member.

G. B. Stearns and A. H. Howard, of Cactus No. 94, 'the lone star of Arizona,' have been promoted to the right side, Brother Stearns as hostler at Deming and Brother Howard also as hostler at Tucson. All the boys wish them prosperity in their new departure.

A. D. Hensley, J. Summerhill and J. Muldoon, have our thanks for their earnest work in the interest of the Order. They have within a short time relieved No. 46 of a burdensome debt and placed her in the front ranks of our Order. Keep her going boys!

A correspondent wants to know if Brother John Broderick, the old hero of our Brotherhood, will be at the coming convention. Of course he will. He has only missed one since the existence of the Order, and it will be late in the season when he misses another.

F. D. Simpson and F. M. Wiley, of No. 94, became tired of running along life's track alone and accordingly took unto themselves a 'for better or for worse.' We hope it will be for better, as they are true and noble fellows, and are deserving of success and happiness.

Deer Park No. 1 was left by Brother Stevens in the charge of such men as Charles Barkman, M. Coxson, and several other loyal workers. Under their administration she is bound to prosper, and we venture the assertion that she will rank with the best of them before many days.

The boys of No. 12 are very happy to see Bro. Daley comfortably situated, he having been appointed engine dispatcher at Attica. Bro. Daley, it will be remembered, was very seriously injured recently, by falling between his engine and the tender. Sammy has a great many friends who rejoice in his welfare.

We take pleasure in recording the marriage of Brother John E. Crusey, of No. 38, to Mrs. Mary Cannady, of Fort Wayne; Indiana. The ceremony took place on May 12th, at the residence of the bride, who is widely and favorably known in that vicinity. We wish Brother Crusey and his worthy bride a long life, filled with happiness to the end.

S. M. Stevens is again on the war path. He is in the extreme East, toiling in the great vineyard of our Brotherhood. On the 9th instant he reorganized Deer Park No. 1 at Port

Jervis, N. Y., the illustrious spot where our Order was born. She went down in 1878, owing to some internal difficulty, but has come into the arena to stay this time, and we gladly welcome her into our ranks again.

We are pained to announce the death of Brother Henry Fitch, the enterprising Magazine Agent of Red River Lodge No. 8, at Denison, Texas. He was going out on his usual run on the 1st of June, when his engine went through a bridge, a distance of nearly fifty feet, killing him almost instantly. The members of No. 8 have our sincere sympathy in their sad and sudden bereavement. Bro. Fitch, although a new member, was active and painstaking, and his loss will be universally felt.

The engineer's wife threw down her sewing and impatiently hastened into the back yard to settle a noisy dispute among the children. She selected Jack as the offender, and uncoupling her slipper with a quick movement, she ran Master Jack on a siding, and began to mark him 'Bad Order,' without regarding his signal and piteous howls. By this time, Bob, the guilty one, having run onto the secure turn-table of the back fence, so that he could run off in either direction, screamed out, 'Let up mother; shut her off, I tell you! You've cut out the wrong car, an' you'll run by the right one if you ain't lively!' The mother coupled up and tried to make a flying switch on the culprit, but he got out on the main line, blocked the section against her, and was running wild for the first siding long before the switch engine could get out of the yard.

ANSWER TO QUERY.

Messrs. Editors:

In glancing over a recent issue of your Magazine, I noticed the following query: 'How would you keep an engine from getting too full of water if her tank valve and lazy-cock could not be closed, and she were running at the rate of thirty miles per hour?' In a subsequent issue, 'O. C.' endeavors to answer by recommending the use of the blow-off and cylinder cocks. The former would not be practical, for with the engine working and the blow-off cock open, she would soon lose her steam. My theory is that the heater-cocks should be opened and applied in full force. It seems to me that this method would effectively check the flow of water from the tank to the pumps. If I am wrong I would like to be corrected. Yours Respectfully,

N. P. R.

LOUISVILLE, KY., June 16, 1881.

NOTICE TO LODGES.

We are completely out of January numbers of Volume Five of our Magazine, and have but a few remaining copies of February, March and May. We would respectfully ask our Lodges to return to us as soon as possible as many of the foregoing numbers as they have on hand and will not use. Each and every copy will be thankfully accepted.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and would offer them to our subscribers at the low figures of \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must not fail to tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head.*"

Dead Head Packages are not billed and therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

NOTICE TO HEIRS.

The unknown heirs of Emanuel Stran, of Rocky Mountain Lodge No. 77, Denver, Colorado, who was killed on the Kansas Pacific R. R. December 24, 1879, are hereby notified that the amount of his insurance is in the hands of the Grand Secretary and Treasurer of the Order and that payment will be made as soon as their identity is established.

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.

E. V. DEDS, G. S. & T.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of all our Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies all of which they ought to have and which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitutions and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Keys to decipher Pass Words, etc., Black List Forms, Withdrawal Cards, Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for dues, etc., Financial Secretaries' Account Books and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities, of both collectors and members, that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

REINSTATED.

No. 23.—M. O'Hearn, reinstated in good standing.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 36.—J. D. White from No. 36.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 12.—John Calhahan—final.

No. 40.—Thomas Hayes and Walter McGarrahan, to join No. 44.

No. 46.—J. W. Brant, A. A. Scott, and G. W. Johnson—final.

No. 58.—Wm. Weadick.

No. 60.—Wm. Karcher—final.

No. 73.—L. W. Stoddard, to join elsewhere.

No. 74.—Geo. McGarrahan, to join No. 77.

No. 75.—E. Harvey—final.

BLACK LIST.

No. 7.—William H. Mothershead expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 9. Wm. Butterworth and Thomas Dell expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 16.—Zora Biletr expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 20.—D. Hartigan and John Kelly expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 23.—S. R. Coons and E. Owens expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 28.—James E. Ferguson expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 40.—Jesse Langer and Wm. Warner expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 46.—Henry Johnson, Charles Payne, Henry Neff and John Ryder, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 47.—Philip Burns, expelled for contempt of Lodge.

No. 67.—Geo. Cuthbertson, Jas. Dunn, Ed. Deverall expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 70.—G. G. Newell, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 75.—Jas. H. Lewis expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 90.—J. B. Clark expelled for unbecoming conduct. W. Matthews expelled for non-payment of dues.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

TORONTO, ONT., June 1st, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Dominion Lodge No. 67, of the B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The step sister of our Worthy Master, John Scott, presented our Lodge with a beautiful framed motto, entitled "The Lord's Prayer," therefore, be it

Resolved, That we accept this splendid gift with feelings of profound gratitude.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be tendered to the generous doner, and these resolutions be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN JOHNSON, }
CHAS. POPE, } Committee.
ROBT. REED, }

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., June 1st, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Rose City Lodge, No. 45, held at their hall May 9th, the following resolutions of thanks were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That our heartfelt thanks be extended to Mrs. N. Moody for kind attention to Bro. R. Shober, of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, while in Little Rock. And be it further

Resolved, That we extend our sincere thanks to Bro. P. M. Kennedy, of Anchor Lodge, No. 54, for his goodness in assisting to take Bro. Shober to St. Louis while in a helpless condition. And be it further

Resolved, That our thanks be extended to Mr. E. L. Dudley, Assistant General Superintendent, and Mr. A. E. Buchanan, Division Superintendent, for granting and procuring passes for Bro. Shober from Little Rock to Cleveland, Ohio. And be it further

Resolved, That Mrs. Moody and Bro. P. M. Kennedy be presented with a copy of the above resolutions, and a copy be sent to B. of L. F. Magazine for publication.

JEP. STOUT, }
B. F. BASS, } Committee.
F. A. RICHARDSON, }

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 17th, 1881.

At a regular meeting of United Lodge, No. 60, B. of L. F., held in their hall April 17, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been made the recipient of a large sum of money from a grand entertainment and package party, given at Liberty Council Hall, March 23, 1881, by our lady friends. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the officers and members of United Lodge, No. 60, do respectfully extend our most sincere thanks to Mrs. Collom, Rheiner, Miller, Shepherd and Roberts, and our lady friends in general, for the high tribute they have paid us.

Resolved, That in receiving such a grand testimonial of the high esteem in which they hold our benevolent and charitable organization, we hope that they may never have cause to regret or retract the steps they have so nobly taken in so good a cause.

Resolved, That we will do our utmost to prove ourselves worthy of their kindness by

working with untiring zeal for the cause in which they have so nobly assisted us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be printed in the B. of L. F. Magazine, and that they be spread upon the minutes of the Lodge.

JOHN L. BODEY, }
WM. R. ROBERTS, } Committee.
A. B. COLLOM, }

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom, to remove from her home on earth to that on high, the mother of our worthy brother, J. A. Summers. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, extend to our afflicted brother, and also his brother and sisters, their sincere and heartfelt sympathy in their hour of tribulation.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent for publication to the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, and that a copy thereof be presented to our Brother and his family.

F. W. GENGENBAUGH, }
F. PADDOCK, } Committee.
T. H. SHEPPARD, }

PHILADELPHIA, PA., March 20, 1881.

At a regular meeting of United Lodge, No. 60, held March 20, 1881, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted.

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from our midst, by consumption, our esteemed brother, Robert Reppard, thus reminding us of the uncertainty of life, and the necessity of being prepared for death, and

WHEREAS, This Lodge has lost one of its best members, the Order one of its most earnest supporters, his family a loving husband and father. Therefore, be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased brother, our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction, and we commend them to Him, who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That, as a mark of respect for our deceased brother, our charter be draped in mourning for the space of sixty days, and that a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the family of our deceased Brother, and published in the Firemen's Magazine.

A. B. COLLOM, }
WM. R. ROBERTS, } Committee.
JOS. FETTERS, }

PHILADELPHIA, PA., April 2d, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., held March 27th, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom, to remove from her home on earth to that on high, the infant daughter of our worthy Brother, David Herbert, therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., tender our afflicted Brother and his wife, our sincere sympathy in this, their hour of sorrow, and for consolation we commend them to Him who is, the giver of all good, and we trust that they may meet the departed one in that home where sorrow is never known and where friends are never parted.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be given to our afflicted brother, also entered upon the minutes of the Lodge, and published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

H. WALTAR,
C. C. MURRAY, } Committee.
F. DUPELL.

ROCKLIN, CAL., April 15th, 1881.

The first death in Sacramento Lodge, No. 58, was that of Wm. R. Stockton, who died in the C. P. R. R. Hospital, in Sacramento, on the 18th of March last, aged 23 years, 3 months and 9 days. Bro. Stockton was one of the charter members of our Lodge, and his death was a surprise and a sorrow to a large number of friends and acquaintances. He had been married only a little over three months, and the blow falls with added severity upon the young wife, whose cup of bliss was so soon turned to one of bitter sorrow.

As soon as news of Bro. Stockton's death reached Rocklin, Bros. Curtis and Mackay went to Sacramento, and with Bro. Stanton, made the necessary arrangements for the funeral, which took place on Sunday, March 20th, according to the rites of the order. The floral offerings were profuse and beautiful, and the remains were followed to their last resting place by a large concourse of mourners and friends. Bro. Emory Green, Master of Lodge No. 90, at Oakland, and others were present.

The following resolutions were adopted at the last regular meeting of the Lodge, held April 3d:

WHEREAS, An All-wise Providence has taken from our number one of our most worthy and esteemed brothers, Wm. R. Stockton, one of the charter members of this Lodge, loved and respected by a large circle of acquaintances for his many good qualities, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Stockton, a loving wife and affectionate sister have been deprived of a fond husband and brother, his employers of a steady and faithful servant, and this Lodge of a good and efficient member. Be it hereby

Resolved, That the deep and heartfelt sympathy of Sacramento Lodge, No. 58, B. of L. F., be hereby extended to the wife and sister of our deceased brother in this their dark hour of sorrow, and to his many friends to whom he had become endeared by a long acquaintance; and be it further

Resolved, That the charter of our Lodge be draped in mourning, and that the members of the Lodge wear a badge of the same for thirty days; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be spread upon the minutes of this meeting, a copy presented to Mrs. Carrie M. Stockton, widow of our deceased brother, and one to Mrs. Amie Custer, his sister, and that a copy be sent to the Magazine for publication.

A. J. MACKAY,
J. C. DAY,
R. B. KERSEY, } Committee.
A. H. CURTIS,
JAS. WATSON,

At a regular meeting of Forest City Lodge, No. 10, B. of L. F., held in their hall in Cleveland, Ohio, the following preamble and resolutions, expressing sorrow at the death of our late brother, Richard W. Shober, were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has been the will of Almighty God to take from our midst our beloved brother, R. W. Shober, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Bro. Shober, the B. of L. F. has lost one of its most tried and true members; his family, a kind and affectionate husband and son; his friends, a congenial companion. Therefore, be it

Resolved, While we bow in humble submission to the will of the Almighty, whose Providence is based upon infinite wisdom, guided by the holy power of love, we deeply sympathize with his grief-stricken wife and sorrowing parents, in their irreparable loss, and tender to them our willing assistance in their present sorrow, and a kind regard for their future happiness and welfare; and be it further

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent to the Magazine for publication, and a copy thereof be sent to the bereaved widow and parents.

F. W. GENGENBAUGH, } Committee.
F. PADDOCK,
T. H. SHEPPARD,

PHILADELPHIA, April 24th, 1881.

At a regular stated meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75; B. of L. F., held at their hall, corner Thirty-ninth and Market streets, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, An Allwise Providence has seen fit to remove from the scenes of life, Brother George Pyott, a member of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, therefore be it

Resolved, That we as a Lodge, deeply feel the loss of one who had endeared himself to all who knew him, by his devotion to right, duty and God.

Resolved, That we sincerely sympathize with the family and sorrowing friends who have been called upon to part from one whose prospects for the future were so bright and cheerful, and we trust that they will be enabled to feel that he has exchanged his earthly career for a better and a happier one, where partings are unknown.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our late Brother and placed upon the minutes and published in the Magazine.

W. J. WHEELER,
E. A. MACE,
C. C. MURRAY. } Committee.

SOUTH ST. LOUIS, Mo., April 19th, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Industrial Lodge No. 21, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It was the will of Almighty God to call away the beloved wives our esteemed members, Bros. W. J. Edy and Fred Buck, and, whereas, they are suffering severely from this great affliction, therefore be it

Resolved, That the officers and members do extend their heartfelt sympathy to our Bros. in this their hour of tribulation and commend them to seek consolation in Him, who thought best to take from Bros. Edy and Buck their loving wives.

Resolved, That we also extend our sympathy to the grief stricken families of the deceased, praying God in all his divine love, to enable them to bear their sad bereavement

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the husbands and families of the deceased, and the same be recorded on the minutes of this meeting, and a copy sent to the Editor of the B. of L. F. Magazine for publication.

A. PLATT,
G. LODA,
F. OBENHOUSE. } Committee.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES,

GRAND LODGE.

Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Secretary and Treasurer,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,
Los Angeles, Cal.
John Clark.....Grand Conductor,
Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
W. N. Tibbets.....Grand Outer Guard,
Boston, Mass.
J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,
283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado
J. E. Briggs.....Waterloo, Iowa

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

D. M. Wills.....Urbana, Ills
J. F. Hittle.....Rawlins, Wyoming Territory
Louis Elbertson.....Philadelphia, Pa
Angus Menish.....Stratford, Ont
Robert Ebbage.....Terre Haute, Ind
D. L. Stephens.....Washington, D. C
J. W. Richardson.....Louisville, Ky
Wm. Pembroke.....Salem, Mass
John I. Steele.....Atchinson, Kansas
Emory Green.....West Oakland, Cal
D. Fifield.....San Francisco, Cal.
W. M. Palmer.....Amboy, Ills
Thos. Shivers.....Atlanta, Ga
Wm. J. Armitage.....Denver, Colorado

DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

C. J. McGee, box 772.....Danville, Ills
W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Penn.,
4,906 Paschall street.
Jos. Schellhorn, box 648.....Little Rock, Ark
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado,
283 Fifteenth street.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union st.....Lafayette, Ind
B. S. Keith.....Clinton, Iowa
C. R. Raymond, drawer 240, Battle Creek, Mich
L. L. Parker, Jr.....East Cambridge, Mass
72 Cambridge street.
F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky
505 Washington street.
John Walsh, 354 Swan street.....Chicago, Ills.
John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn
Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Ter

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

Subordinate lodges will inform the Grand Secretary and Treasurer without delay, of any and all changes that are made in their officers and their P. O. addresses, and also any changes that are made in the location of halls and the time of meeting, so that the following list can at all times be relied on as being strictly correct:

1. DEER PARK, Port Jervis, N. Y.
Charles Barkman, box 21.....Master
Frank L. Smith, box 361.....Rec. Sec'y
Martin Coxson, box 361.....Fin. Sec'y
Charles Barkman, box 21.....Mag. Agt
2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I.; meets in Engineers Hall, 26 Exchange Place, 1st Wednesday and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30.
Geo. D. Oliver, 7 Meeting street.....Master
A. P. Greene, 47 Bernon st.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
T. R. Powers, 20 Park st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, at Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Union Hall, 2d floor, Cor. 4th and Grove streets, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
Fred Green.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt
4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.; meets in Engineers' Hall, Cor. Temple and Congress streets, 2d and 4th Sunday's in each month at 2 p. m.
C. B. Pearson, 27 St. Lawrence St.....Master
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.....Rec. Sec'y
Maurice Lynch, 16 St. Lawrence St.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Johnson, Grand Trunk Dpt., Mag. Agt
5. UNION, at Galion, Ohio; meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the Engineers Hall.
A. N. Jenkinson.....Master
Theo. Wooley, box 669.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST, at Desoto, Mo.; meets in K. of P. Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.
J. N. Swift.....Master
G. E. Woodruff.....Rec. Sec'y
C. J. Burke.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Herst.....Mag. Agt
7. POTOMAC, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master
P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y
J. C. Graham, 467 C st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent
No. 420 12th st. s. w.
8. RED RIVER, Denison, Texas; meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Main st., every Saturday at 7:30 p. m.
W. M. Davis, box 273.....Master
Geo. McNellis, ".....Rec. Sec'y
C. R. Tait, ".....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Fitch, ".....Mag. Agent
9. FRANKLIN, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
E. L. Coit, Piqua Shops.....Master
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
- C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Evans, Piqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. FOREST CITY, at Cleveland, O. Meets alternate Sunday afternoons, at Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master
H. H. Mason, 84 Literary st.....Rec. Sec'y
M. S. Laughlin, 59 Merchant Ave, Fin. Sec'y
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Mag. Agt
11. EXCELSIOR, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas.....Master
J. S. Gorgas.....Rec. Sec'y
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. BUFFALO, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 258 Michigan street.
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
James Hayes, 170 Seneca street.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Mag. Agt
13. WASHINGTON, Jersey City, N. J.; meets at Kaiser Hall, cor. Johnson avenue and Whitson streets, the 2d Monday at 11 a. m. and the 4th Sunday at 10 a. m. of each month.
Edwin F. Colbath, 134 Pacific ave.....Master
Mellick Shick, 126 ".....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. A. Clapp, 450 Harman st.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. A. Clapp, ".....Mag. Agt
14. EUREKA, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Washington street.
J. A. Tweedie, 233 E. Was'ington st.....Master
Joseph Zahm 194 Bates st.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. N. Zepp, 23 Madison ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
15. ST. LAWRENCE, Montreal, Canada; meets every alternate Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Engineers Hall, at Victoria Bridge Hotel.
Edward Upton, 9 Burgees st.....Master
Richard Lang, 109 Britania st.....Rec. Sec'y
John Ryan, 211 Burgees st.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Champagne, 175 Burgees st.....Mag. Agt
16. VIGO, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
James I. Southard, 328 N. 14th st.....Master
E. V. Debs.....Rec. Sec'y
E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y
A. J. Mullen.....Mag. Agt
17. OLD POST, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
C. A. Cripps.....Master
Chas. Kunz.....Rec. Sec'y
Byron Robinson.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, at Mexico, Mo. Meets every Tuesday evening at Odd Fellows Hall at 7:30 p. m.
C. M. Stone.....Master
L. M. Eldridge.....Rec. Sec.

- J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y
box 160, Rood House, Ills.
Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't
box 321, Mexico, Mo.
19. TRUCKEE, at Wadsworth, Nevada.
Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday
at 2:30 p. m.
Thomas Yeargin, box 8.....Master
L. E. Enos doRec. Sec'y
Geo. Abbey doFin. Sec'y
Fred. Murray do } Magazine Ag'ts
M. Coyle do }
20. STUART, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and
3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's
Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division
streets.
C. Traver.....Master
C. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Shields, box 470.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, at South St. Louis, Mo.
Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Sun-
day at 2 o'clock p. m.
Wm. J. Edy.....Master
Geo. W. Regland.....Rec. Sec'y
John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent
22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every
Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
L. E. Beckley, doRec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, doFin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, doMagazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets
the 1st and 3d Sunday at 2 p. m., and 2d
and 4th Mondays at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in
every month in Fehr's Hall, on Jeffer-
son street, between Shelby and Clay
streets.
J. W. Richardson, 286 Wenzel St.....Master
Chas. F. Hahn, 468 Wash'g't'n Ave Rec. Sec'y
F. B. Alley, 506 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y
P. Powers, 82 Story ave.....Mag. Agent
24. GREAT WESTERN, Parson, Kan.; meets
in Flaher's Hall the 1st and 3d Sundays
in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
L. C. Hill, box 113.....Master
F. F. Wiggins, ".....Rec. Sec'y
J. Fanning, ".....Fin. Sec'y
T. P. Spencer, ".....Mag. Agt
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Iowa.
Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month
in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
R. S. Pike.....Master
J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Russell.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
26. ALPHA, Baraboo, Wis.; meets in Engi-
neer's Hall the 2d and 4th Sundays of
each month at 2 o'clock p. m.
C. F. Smith.....Master
J. D. Coughlin.....Rec. Sec'y
Thomas Thompson.....Fin. Sec'y
George M. Dopp, box 660.....Mag. Agt
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Meets alternate Sundays at 2 p. m., at
Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Phelps, box 1010.....Fin. Sec'y
Pat McGuire, box 562.....Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets
every Wednesday evening.
M. B. Tarkington, box 177.....Master
H. J. Clark, ".....Rec. Sec.
Thomas C. Brown, " 114.....Fin. Sec'y
John N. Bonner, " 189.....Mag. Ag't
29. CERRO GORDO, at Mason City, Iowa.
Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d
Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
A. H. Tucker.....Master
W. B. Keith, box 167.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa.
Meets the 1st and 3d Saturdays in each
month, in Good Templars' Hall.
Jno. Graves.....Master
A. H. Girard, box 785.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Briggs.....Fin. Sec'y
J. McNeill.....Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kan. Meets
at 814 Commercial street, the 2d and 4th
Sundays of each month at 2:30 o'clock
p. m.
Harry C. Davies, box 157.....Master
John I. Steel, box 146.....Rec. Sec'y
A. B. Schaap, box 167.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Lahey.....Mag.
Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. BORDER, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at
their hall the first and last Sundays of
each month.
C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan. Master
C. McCourtie do do Rec. Sec'y
W. E. Walsh, box 197, Ellis, Kan. Fin. Sec'y
J. McKenna, box 77, do Mag. Ag't
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every
Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P.
Hall on Elm street.
J. Dipple.....Master
E. B. Shelby.....Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Stamper, box 242.....Fin. Sec'y
Anthony Roth.....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st
and 3d Sundays of each month.
W. M. Cowles.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. Howell.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. T. Post, box 383.....Mag. Agt
35. AMBOY, Amboy, Ill.; meets in Engi-
neer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each
month.
Wm. H. Dean, box 345.....Master
Henry Schermerhorn, box 345.....Rec. Sec'y
Charles R. Rosler, box 420.....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Williams, box 345.....Mag. Ag't
36. TIPPECANOE, Lafayette, Ind.; meets
every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of
L. F. Hall, corner Fourth and Ferry
streets, P. O. Block.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove St.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Beemer, 99 Columbia st.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Mag. Ag't
37. NEW HOPE, Centralia, Ill.; meets 1st
and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of
L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Master
F. M. James, doRec. Sec'y
H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't

38. AVON, Stratford, Ontario; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
 Daniel Ross, box 389.....Master
 F. Mingay, box 103.....Rec. Sec'y
 F. Mingay, box 103.....Fin. Sec'y
 Geo. Jeffery, do.....Magazine Ag't
40. BLOOMING, Bloomington, Ill.; meets in Engineers' hall every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
 John A. Casey, C. & A. Engine House.....Master
 C. W. Young, 1102 N. Oak st.....Rec. Sec'y
 J. B. Miller, C. & A. engine house.....Fin. Sec'y
 Chas. Paulick, 709 w. Chestnut st.....Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, Cincinnati, O.; meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall
 H. P. Lewis.....Master
 57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 Thos. N. Eller.....Rec. Sec'y
 Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
 Thos. N. Eller, ".....Fin. Sec'y
 Gardiner Horricks, 400 George st.....Mag. Ag't
42. KENNESAW, Atlanta, Georgia; meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
 H. C. Dunlap do do.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. H. Thrash do do.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. H. Webb, do do.....Mag. Ag't
43. ST. JOSEPH, St. Joseph, Mo.; meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every 2d and 4th Sunday in each month.
 Richard Morris.....Master
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Rec. Sec'y
 D. C. Pierce.....Fin. Sec'y
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
 Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
 K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
44. F. W. ARNOLD, East St. Louis, Ills. meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
 H. Whittlesey, box 284.....Master
 S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Thos. Rodgers, box 171.....Fin. Sec'y
 J. L. Benedick, box 25.....Mag. Agent
45. ROSE CITY, Little Rock, Ark.; meets every Monday at 7:30 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
 E. H. Ralford, 911 North street.....Rec. Sec'y
 Frank A. Richardson, box 648.....Fin. Sec'y
 P. J. Robison.....Magazine Agent
 620 Pulaski street.
46. CAPITAL, Springfield, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
 J. Summerhill, 1,112 E. Moure st.....Master
 A. D. Hensley.....Rec. Sec'y
 1316 Jackson st. bet. 13th and 14th sts.
 Joseph Henry, 421 S. 9th st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Louis Smith, Wabash shops.....Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, Chicago, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
 W. E. Burns, 1,325 Michigan ave.....Master
 J. Mylett, 1,412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
 A. S. Hart, 2,330 Wentworth Ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 M. Gepper, 1,350 State st.....Mag. Ag't
49. JOHN M. RAYMOND, Decatur, Ills.; meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
 Wm. Felton.....Master
 A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y
 Andrew Sheridan.....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Felton.....Mag. Ag't
50. GARDEN CITY, Chicago, Ills.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 4815 State street.
 J. H. Walsh, 359, 47th street.....Master
 Henry J. Strong, 4,653 State st.....Rec. Sec'y
 W. R. Parker, 4,703 State st.....Fin. Sec'y
 W. S. Barrows, 4,532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Ag't
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana; meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
 Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master
 J. W. Stevens do.....Rec. Sec'y
 M. W. Jamison do.....Fin. Sec'y
 B. B. Ide do.....Magazine Ag't
54. ANCHOR, Moberly, Mo.; meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templar's Hall.
 L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Master
 Geo. B. Stacy, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
 Geo. R. Stacy do.....Fin. Sec'y
 L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, Memphis, Tenn.; meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 298 2d street.
 Patrick Ryan, L. & N. shops.....Master
 Michael Cady do.....Rec. Sec'y
 Jacob Fursey, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y
 A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops,
 John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
 Edward Fuchs, do }
56. BANNER, at Stansberry, Mo.; meets at 7:30 o'clock every Sunday evening in Odd Fellow's Hall.
 S. M. McGaffey, box 217.....Master
 W. E. Patterson, box 177.....Rec. Sec'y
 Edward Fitzsimmons.....Fin. Sec'y
 E. D. Thompson.....Mag. Ag't
57. BOSTON, Boston, Mass.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
 Geo. H. Abbott, 50½ Hudson street.....Master
 Everett Elias.....Rec. Sec'y
 9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
 Wm. H. Greene.....Fin. Sec'y
 14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
 Wm. A. Pembroke, North River
 Engine House, Danversport, Mass. Mag. Ag't
58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California; meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trot's Hotel.
 A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Rec. Sec'y
 A. J. Mackay, do.....Fin. Sec.
 A. H. Curtis, do.....Magazine
 A. E. Brown, Sacramento, Calm. } Agents
59. ROYAL GORGE, South Pueblo, Colorado; meets in Engineer's Hall every Saturday night.
 Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
 H. S. Hinman ".....Rec. Sec'y
 John Daley, ".....Fin. Sec'y
 Wm. Kinney, ".....Mag. Ag't
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in Dover Hall, 2,204 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
 Paul walker.....Master
 A. B. Collom, 2,206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, 2,510 Alder st.....Fin. Sec'y
 Joseph Shepherd, ".....Mag. Ag't

61. **MINNEHAHA**, St. Paul, Minn.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., at Druids Hall.
C. Montgomery.....Master
St. P. & M. M. shops.
J. H. Sawyer, 47 Colburn st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Magazine Agent
62. **VANBERGEN**, Carbondale, Pa.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
John Moyles, box 229.....Magazine Agent
63. **HERCULES**, Danville, Ills.; meets every alternate Sunday afternoon and every alternate Friday evening, southwest corner of Public Square, in B. of L. E. Hall.
C. J. McGee, box 772.....Master
John Mills, do.....Fin. Sec'y
W. C. Goodrich.....Rec. Sec'y
C. J. McGee, box 772.....Magazine Agent
65. **FORT RIDGELY**, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
Thomas Burke.....Master
J. J. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
Huron, Dakota Territory.
66. **CHALLENGE**, Belleville, Ont.; meets in Marble Hall, cor of Front and Mill sts., the 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2 o'clock p. m.
T. Collins, G. T. R. Shops.....Master
Wm. Buckley, ".....Rec. Sec'y
E. Adams, ".....Fin. Sec'y
John Muir, ".....Mag. Agt
67. **DOMINION**, Toronto, Can.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
John Scott, 357 W. Adelaide st.....Master
M. C. Rowan, 101 Denison ave.....Rec. Sec'y
John Johnson, 51 Vananly st.....Fin. Sec'y
Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel, Corner King and Brock sts.....Mag. Agt
68. **HUDSON**, Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Engineer's Hall, cor. Plymouth and Washington streets, the second Tuesday at 8 o'clock p. m. and the fourth Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p. m. in each month.
T. H. Lawler, 196 Bay street.....Master
Joseph Meegan, 41 Van Winkel st.....Rec. Sec'y
H. K. Cochrane.....Fin. Sec'y
42 Center st., Newark, N. J.
Thomas Cadle, 306 4th street.....Mag. Agt
70. **LONE STAR**, Marshall, Texas; meets in Heard's Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.
C. Greenwood.....Master
T. D. Sharritt.....Rec. Sec'y
Daniel Byrnes, lock box 65.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Selby, lock box 75.....Mag. Agt
71. **SUSQUEHANNA**, at Oneonta, N. Y. Meets in the Grand Army Hall the 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
Chas F. Bingham, box 638.....Master
John J. Madden, ".....Rec. Sec'y
D. V. Rorick, ".....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Smith, ".....Mag. Agt
72. **WELCOME**, Camden, N. J.; meets in Sellsfelder's Hall, corner Third and Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
Lewis Elbertson, 315 Hamilton st.....Master
Wm. Cowls, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y
John Colton, 424 Mickle st.....Fin. Sec'y
Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.....Mag. Agt
73. **BAY STATE**, Worcester, Mass.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room 3.
M. E. Cobb, 21 Grafton st.....Master
Thomas Loynd, 83 Green st.....Rec. Sec'y
John C. Urdike, 628 Main st.....Fin. Sec'y
Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.....Mag. Agt
74. **KANSAS CITY**, Kansas City, Mo.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
John Fleming, 1325 St. Louis ave.....Master
Archie Clark, do.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Clinton, 1408 Joy street.....Fin. Sec'y
A. Murray, 815 west 17th street.....Mag. Agt
75. **ENTERPRISE**, West Philadelphia, Pa.; meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
Henry Walton, 3845 Warren st.....Master
Frank Dupell, 3821 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. J. Wheeler, 4906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Agt
77. **ROCKY MOUNTAIN**, at Denver, Col.; meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Hall's ay street.
W. F. Hynes, 283 15th st.....Master
C. R. Campbell, lock box 1588.....Rec. Sec'y
W. Hockenberger, do.....Fin. Sec'y
W. F. Hynes No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Agt
79. **CUMBERLAND**, Nashville, Tenn.; meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master
John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Agt
80. **CHARTER OAK**, Hartford, Conn; meets at 119 Pearl street, the 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
W. F. Fisher.....Master and Mag. Agt
European House, Willimantic, Conn.
G. Warriner.....Rec. Sec'y
119 Pearl st., Hartford, Conn.
F. W. Griswold, Rockville, Conn.....Fin. Sec'y
81. **PINE CITY**, Brainerd, Minn; meets in Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Laurel and Sixth street, the 1st and 3d Sundays in every month at 2 o'clock p. m.
Frank D. Millsbaugh, box 18.....Master
J. Collins, box 18.....Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Smith, box 18.....Fin. Sec'y
Frank D. Millsbaugh, box 18.....Mag. Agent

82. **NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.;** meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. F. Canney.....Master
Care Minn. Eastern Office.
J. D. Weaver, 1309 5th street, south, Rec. Sec'y
S. T. Browne, 1200 W'shton Ave S., Fin. Sec'y
A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. **MISSOURI RIVER, at Omaha, Neb.;** meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month at M. & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
U. P. Round House.
Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th st
85. **FARGO, Fargo, D. T.;** meets in room "I" Davis block, on Front st, every Monday at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
John Burns box 1,798.....Master
Arthur Bassett, box 1,798.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. **BLACK HILLS, Laramie, W. T.;** meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Master
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT, Rawlins, W. T.;** meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham, box 38.....Fin. Sec'y
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR, Evanston, W. T.;** meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Wm. H. Woods.....Master
Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE, Carlin, Nev.;** meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Resseignie, box 41.....Master
D. E. Bassford.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Resseignie.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO, West Oakland, Cal.;** meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month, corner 7th and Chester streets.
Ed. Harlow.....Master
James Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y
E. L. Pratt, 1752 Eighth street.....Fin. Sec'y
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE, at San Francisco, Cal.;** meets the first Sunday and third Wednesday of each month at King's Hall, Missouri street, bet. 17th and 18th.
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
J. Foster, 183 16th street.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Griggs, 111 19th street.....Fin. Sec'y
John McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL, at Marshalltown, Iowa.;** meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
T. A. Selg.....Master
Frank Miller, box 1,408.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Miller ".....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Selg.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY, Keokuk, Iowa.;** meets in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
94. **CACTUS, Tucson, Arizona Ty.;** meets the 1st and 3d Monday evenings in each month, at 7:30 o'clock.
J. C. Spahr.....box 224.....Master
Frank Simpson do.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green 208.....Fin. Sec'y
R. Fetterly 224.....Mag. Ag't
95. **CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.;** meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Kellard, 152 N. Sangamon st.....Master
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
157 N. Halstead st.
James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
152 N. Sangamon st.
James Leahy.....Magazine Ag't
74 N. Sangamon street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY, at Baltimore, Md.;** meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, Hall on Preston street, between Eutaw and Madison streets.
T. F. Bailey, 215 West Biddle street.....Master
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock, Green Mount ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave, near Shirk street, corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. **ORANGE GROVE, Los Angeles, Cal.;** meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes.....Master
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
Robert Hunt, lock box 72.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Vogelsang, box 72.....Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE, Terrace, Utah Territory.;** meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m., at City Hall.
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
E. P. Hastings, box 189.....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH, Peru, Ind.;** meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, box 316.....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson, box 316.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR, Bowling Green, Ky.;** meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F. Hall, on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon.....Master
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

THE

Locomotive Firemen's

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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SEPTEMBER, 1881.

No. 9

THE TRAGEDY OF MASON'S ISLAND.

In the Potomac River, opposite the National Capital, and close to the Virginia shore, lies a small island of some twenty acres in extent, and which takes the name of 'Mason' from its former owner. It is also known as Analoetan Island,

Since the war it has been a place of considerable resort for pleasure parties, the mansion and a large pavilion erected at a little distance from it affording ample room and accommodations for picnics, excursions and the like.

During the continuance of the great struggle between the North and the South, the island (then united to the sacred soil of the Old Dominion by a narrow causeway, but which has since been partially destroyed), was occupied by the Government, but the dwelling remained vacant—at least it was tenantless in 1861, and up to the time when the Army of the Potomac embarked for the Peninsula. There was a deserted appearance about the place when I first knew it, reminding me of various stories of horror over which I had shuddered in my youthful days; but little did I think at that time a deed as dark and terrible as any of which I had read was destined to be perpetrated within its precincts—a deed, too, of which I should be a witness.

The fearful scene of nearly twenty years ago has been freshly called to my mind by a notice, recently published in one of the leading papers of the day, of the death of the principal actor in the tragedy; and this event having absolved me from the promise exacted at the time, I propose to make the fact public, in the hope that, by disposing of my secret, I may, at least, to some extent, relieve myself of the burden it has for so long a time inflicted upon me.

After the first battle of Bull Run the regi-

ment of which I was a member did garrison and guard duty upon the Virginia side of the Potomac, directly opposite the cities of Washington and Georgetown.

I was at that time a sergeant, and, as it happened, was frequently in charge of the guard, stationed at the upper end of the island, where it was joined to the causeway where it was joined to the causeway already mentioned.

The post was an important one on account of its being immediately at the landing of the rope ferry, which did duty until the steamboat Tallaca furnished a more convenient means for transportation to and from the city, and the detail never comprised less than a dozen men.

The ferry house close by was used for guard quarters, as well as for the accommodation of boat hands, who were civilians.

The Mason House, as all old Washingtonians and all who were members of the Potomac army will know, stood, as it yet stands, but a short distance from the causeway, from which it is, or was, secured from view by a vigorous growth of shade and ornamental trees, and its appearance is, I presume, pretty much the same now that it was on a certain memorable night in the first year of the war.

Shortly after crossing into Virginia I had taken occasion to explore the mansion, and a queer old house it seemed to me.

The rooms upon and above the ground floor were cut up into curious little nooks and corners, with cupboards and dark recesses scattered about in the most unexpected localities. The basement, or more properly, cellar, was divided by heavy walls of solid masonry into numerous dungeon like compartments, lighted from without through heavily barred openings, the tops of which were scarcely above the level of the grounds surrounding the building, Communication

between the cells and with the outer world was cut off by oaken doors of massive construction and enormous strength, supplied with locks and bolts, but which from long disuse had grown rusty and immovable.

Those claiming to be well posted in the history of the place maintained that in former years the cellar had been used for wine and coal vaults and other general purposes, but to me it presented very much the appearance of a prison.

As already stated, I was frequently stationed at the ferry landing (alternating between that post and the Aqueduct Bridge), and it nearly as often happened that the officer of the guard would chance to be Lieutenant G——, of another regiment in the brigade from which the detail to guard was made up, headquarters being located at or near Hall's Hill, my own regimental headquarters near Fort Corcoran. The Lieutenant was generally accompanied on his rounds by a youth of apparently not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, and whom he introduced whenever an introduction became necessary as his brother. No two persons could be more unlike. The Lieutenant was a well developed and stalwart specimen of manhood, with a blonde complexion, light brown hair, and roughish twinkling eyes, which were always upon the lookout for something to laugh at, beside which he had a frank, hearty manner of meeting folks that was continually making new acquaintances and winning him new friends.

His companion, on the contrary, was quite small for one of his apparent age, even, with dark curly hair shading features perfectly regular, yet inclined to thinness, of the brunette order; and such eyes! No one ever succeeded in getting near enough to them, save the Lieutenant himself, to determine their color, but the judgement generally rendered was that they were rich, dark brown. There was a shy, retiring disposition manifested by their owner that prevented any advances toward an intimate acquaintance being attempted, and hence it came about that we knew as little of the Lieutenant's brother in October as we had in the early part of the August preceeding, when he first made his appearance in our midst.

The battle of Ball's Bluff was fought upon the 20th or 21st of October, and during the night succeeding that event the greatest excitement prevailed. All the troops that could be spared from the fortifications were ordered up in the direction of Chain Bridge, and those upon guard, myself included, were

forced to remain on duty for more than forty-eight hours.

About midnight, or shortly after, Lieutenant G——, came to me at the ferry landing, stating that he had been ordered out with his regiment, and was to start at once, and requested me to so inform his brother when he should arrive next morning from the city, whither he had gone the day previous on business. He also suggested that his brother should recross to Washington and there remain at their 'old stopping place' until the return of the troops. Receiving my promise to see his wishes carried out, he departed.

The next day I was much occupied by the throngs of troops, citizens and teams crossing the ferry, and it was not until evening that I remembered my pledge to the Lieutenant; and then, when I came to think of the matter, soon satisfied myself that his brother had not come over. To make sure I interrogated the man at the wharf, and who examined the passes in my absence, and he corroborated my belief.

Supposing that the youth had entered Virginia, if at all, by way of the Aqueduct or Long Bridge, I gave the subject no further thought.

The next evening Lieutenant G's regiment, returned to camp, and he immediately sought me out (I was still on duty at the ferry); and upon learning that his brother was yet in the city, immediately crossed over.

In about two hours he returned in a high state of excitement, with the information that his brother had left for camp the morning previous, and had not since been seen by any of his acquaintances.

He questioned myself and the men closely and then went to the post on the Aqueduct, thence to Long Bridge, and about 3 a. m. returned to me, looking so haggard and broken down that I scarcely recognized him.

About 9 a. m. I was relieved from duty, and through the agency of the Lieutenant, secured a pass to the city for forty-eight hours.

We immediately crossed by way of the Aqueduct, and beginning in Georgetown, entered upon a most exhausting search for the missing one. We visited every known place of resort, inquired at the provost marshal's office, of the guards stationed throughout the two cities, of every soldier we met, and of citizens most likely to have observed the young man, but no trace could we obtain of him after he had left the hotel where he had temporarily put up.

On our way back we began at the Arsenal and followed along the wharves, making in-

quiries at every step; but without avail, until we had nearly reached the foot of Twenty-sixth street. We had just passed the Naval Observatory when we encountered a contraband, who, in answer to our questioning informed us that the evening before he had seen a small boat containing three men and a boy put off from the grounds south of the observatory toward the Virginia shore. His description of the boy tallied exactly with that of the missing party.

Our informant was evidently concealing something, and to make him tell us all he knew, the Lieutenant threatened to put him under arrest and take him to the Provost-Marshal as a suspicious character. Thereupon he admitted having occasionally done a little business on the sly by taking over whiskey and other good things in his boat; that the evening previous, when it was quite dark, two men had come to him and offered five dollars to use his boat an hour. This he refused unless he could go with it. Then they offered ten, and as the boat was an old one at best, he let them have it, himself taking it down opposite the Observatory, where he found the two who had hired it with the two others indicated. Neither the men or boat had returned.

One of the men lit his pipe before starting, and by the light of the match he was enabled to gather the description which he had given us of the Lieutenant's brother, as we were now convinced the boy was. But why was he in such company?

After these details we hastened to the ferry and embarked without delay. When about half way across I caught a gleam of light, which seemed to come from the basement of the old Mason House, and called my companions attention to it. At first he thought it might be a lantern, but as we had many successive glimpses of it through gaps in the foliage of the trees we soon convinced ourselves that my first conclusion was right.

Upon landing, I proposed that we investigate the matter. My familiarity with the habits of those whose duties took them into that neighborhood, added to the fact that there were stringent orders against trespassing upon the property, led me to believe that all was not as it should be.

At first the Lieutenant demurred, but finally acceding to my wish, we passed down the carriage drive underneath the overhanging trees, and, making our way up to the building with the utmost caution, found that the light came from a window on the side nearest the river, and which opened into one

of the largest of the dungeon-like apartments in the cellar.

From the interior came the murmur of voices. Falling upon our hands and knees, we crept up until we could look through the cracks partially covering the window, and gazed within.

Had it not been for my hand placed hastily and I fear rather heavily over my companion's mouth, he would have cried aloud, and I must confess that it required all of my self-control to keep from uttering an exclamation of horror at what we saw.

In the further corner of the dungeon, partially reclining upon a pile of army blankets, lay the one for whom all Washington had been searched through and through. His hands were bound fast, and a short piece of wood, wrapped with canvas, was firmly held between his distended jaws by stout cords, which prevented any successful attempt at outcry.

There was a wild piercing look in his eyes coupled with a settled expression of horror, which it seems to me must have moved the heart of even the most relentless savage. His face was as pale as the face of a corpse, and there were marks of violence upon it, giving fearful evidence of the most brutal treatment.

In front of him, at about the center of the cell, around a box, upon which burned two tallow dips, were seated four men, or beings having the forms of men, playing cards. A black bottle stood near at hand, from which each in turn helped himself. I heard the click of the lock as the Lieutenant cocked his revolver, and was just in time to prevent him from shooting the miscreants, or one of them at least. My next step was to withdraw him, almost by main force, from the scene.

When we had retired a short distance from the building a hurried consultation was held, and it was decided that an effort should be made to capture the gang.

I went to the guard house and easily procured the services of the men off duty, and led them back to the mansion, posting a sentinel wherever there was a necessity for so doing, in order to prevent an escape.

The Lieutenant, with the remainder of our force passed around to the rear, where there was an outside entrance to the cellar, prepared to arrest any who might attempt to flee by that route; or, if necessary to break in the door and gain admission to the interior, I stationed myself at the window, and when satisfied every arrangement had been made, called out:

'You are surrounded; yield yourselves prisoners or you will be fired upon.

In an instant the lights were extinguished, and the next instant I heard a deep groan and a gurgling cry of mortal agony.

There was a rush toward the back of the house, succeeded by a few heavy blows, a short, sharp struggle, groans, curses, a thud, a fall, and when I reached the Lieutenant he was bending over the prostrate body of one of the villains, clutching his throat with what would have proved a death grip had I not interposed.

All four of the rascals were now fastened securely (one of them had been bayoneted through the body in trying to escape, and died in a few minutes), and our next thought was of their victim.

Groping my way inside, I struck a match and relit one of the candles. As I did so, the Lieutenant, who was close beside me, gave one bound to the side of his brother, who was lying back upon the blankets, and took him in his arms. Then he became senseless. I hastened to his side and unlocked his arms. Then he became senseless. I hastened to his side and unlocked his arms from his slender form, and as I did so saw for the first time what appeared to be an ugly knife-wound in the youth's left breast.

Hastily tearing open the garments to discover the extent of the injury, I made another discovery, which sent a thrill through every fibre of my being. The Lieutenant's supposed brother was a woman. But the cruel, deadly knife had too well done its work. She was dead.

Gathering the bloody clothing over the pulseless heart, I carefully laid the unfortunate creature down, and, calling in one of the men to help, we bore the unfortunate Lieutenant outside, where he soon revived.

'Lulu! Lulu! Oh, God!' he moaned. 'Dead, dead!' He seemed for a moment completely overcome by his great grief, and with no more strength than a child.

Suddenly he aroused and sprang to his feet with the leap of a panther. Walking to the side of one of the villains, lying prostrate and helpless upon the earth, he brought the heel of his boot down in his face, crushing the features out of all semblance of humanity. Before I could intervene, he had reached the second, who, turning his head just in time, received the iron-shod heel upon the cheek, which was laid open to the bone by the glancing blow. Then giving way to another fit of weeping, the Lieutenant entered the cellar, I followed close behind. He took the

dead form in his arms, removed the cruel gag, kissed the swollen lips, the ashen cheek, the dark curly hair, and, spurning my proffered assistance bore her out beneath the stars and laid her tenderly down upon the grass, not far removed from her murderers. Then he threw himself down by her side and wept as strong men seldom do.

After some little time I went to him, laid a hand upon his shoulder, saying: 'Lieutenant, what are we to do with these men?' He sprang to his feet at the sound of my voice like one suddenly awakened from sleep.

'Yes, it is time for vengeance,' he grated out between his set teeth; 'I am ready.'

'But what do you intend doing?' I queried. 'Shall I turn the prisoners over to the guard?'

'No, no,' he hastily responded. 'This night's work must remain a secret with ourselves, and call upon the men and instruct them that not a word be whispered of what has transpired.'

I did as he commanded, and, at his request sent back to quarters all but two, upon whom I knew reliance could be placed, and these were dispatched after a small boat kept by the ferryman for use on occasions, and which was soon moored at the edge of the island to the northward of the mansion. Still acting under the instructions of the Lieutenant, the prisoners including the body of the one that had been slain, were borne down and placed in the yawl, and the Lieutenant himself soon followed, bearing their victim.

I brought up the rear. When all were embarked, the soldiers took the oars and pulled steadily up the river, keeping near the center of the stream, and observing the utmost caution in order to avoid detection.

Passing under the Aqueduct, we struck over toward the Virginia shore, and kept on our course until we reached the rapids just below Chain Bridge. There we ran the boat into a small sequestered cove on the south of the river, and made a landing. The Lieutenant was the first to step ashore with his ghastly load, after which the rest of us followed and lifted out the prisoners.

The darkness was intense, but by the aid of an occasional match we succeeded in grouping our way up to the base of an overhanging cliff of rocks, and there, with our hands and the bayonets of the two soldiers, we at length managed to dig a shallow grave, well above the high water mark, in which we buried the poor creature whose life had gone out under such tragic circumstances.

This sad duty accomplished, the Lieutenant, who has thus far scarcely spoken a word

since leaving the island, advanced to one of the prisoners and, before I had time to interfere or utter a word, placed his revolver against the man's head and pulled the trigger.

I sprang forward and caught the hand holding the weapon, but it was wrenched from my grasp with such force as to nearly throw me over backwards into the water. 'Stand back! stand back!' cried the Lieutenant, 'or by Heaven I'll kill you! Stand back I say!'

I called upon the two men to assist me in disarming the madman, as he seemed to be; but before we could gather around him two more pistol rang out upon the night air, and there were four corpses where there had been but one upon landing.

'Now help me dispose of this carrion,' said the Lieutenant, in a strangely altered voice. 'Into the river with it!'

We loaded the bodies down with rocks and sunk them in the deep water of the cove, and entering the boat hastened from the scene, reaching our quarters about daylight.

Our comrades of the night previous, who had witnessed the first act of the tragedy, were anxious to know the ending, but we were dumb.

Rumors of the affair reached headquarters, and we were ordered up and closely interrogated, but divulged nothing.

The occurrence had begun to die out of mind somewhat, when the heavy freshet succeeding the Ball's Bluff affair brought many bodies down upon its turbid tide. One day I was on the island in command of a squad engaged in retrieving the corpses from the water. One caught upon the ferry rope and I went out with a boat to bring it in. As the line was being made fast to the body the face came uppermost and I recognized one of the victims who fell beneath the Lieutenant's avenging bullets.

That same evening two others came floating by, were dragged to land, and all three were buried near the center of the island, not far from where the crime for which they suffered had been committed.

I soon lost sight of the Lieutenant altogether, he going up the Valley with Shields, I to the Peninsula.

Before we separated I approached him on several occasions with a view to discovering a key to the mystery enveloping the affair in which I had played an unwilling part, but could get no satisfaction.

'It is nobody's business but my own,' he would reply. 'You may rest assured, how-

ever, that she was worthy of any man's love and respect. She did not cast off her right to either when she cast off her woman's garments. He would make no further explanation. One thing seemed to puzzle him as much as the whole matter did myself. He could not conceive what led his companion into the association which proved so fatal, nor could I. To me it was a mysterious affair throughout, and remains so to this day. My belief is that the unfortunate woman was the Lieutenant's wife. I can give no reason for thinking such to be the case further than this: One day I came upon him suddenly and unexpectedly. He was in the guard-tent waiting for Grand rounds.

I entered to notify him that the men were ready, and found him sitting, his elbow on the table, his head supported by his hands, and lying open before him a letter, the writing that of a woman. I barely noticed the caption. It was dated July 30, 1861, and addressed to 'My Dear Husband.'

Upon becoming aware of my presence he quickly folded up the missive and placed it in an inner pocket over his heart. Within a week we parted never to meet again. Now that he is dead I am if anything more than ever inclined to cast over his memory the mantle of that charity which believe no evil; and yet in this narrative have simply given the outline of facts which brought us two together in one of the most thrilling episodes of a not uneventful life—an episode, too, which helps to prove the old saying that 'truth is often stranger than fiction.'—*National Republican*.

Electricity, that winner of all laurels and worker of all wonders, has achieved one more victory. By means of its use the exact locality of the hidden ball in the President's body has been determined. An ingeniously devised little instrument, of singularly delicate sympathy, has been invented, which is so susceptible to the influence of a metallic substance that on being passed over the surface of the body it will indicate the spot beneath which a buried bullet is resting. The discovery is one of interest and practical importance and will no doubt become an important factor in surgical science hereafter. By means of this instrument it has been found that the ball which wounded President Garfield is buried in the front wall of the abdomen. In its present position it will occasion no immediate harm and no effort will be made to extract it, at least until the President fully recovers from the effect of the wound.

Poetry.

VERSES OF CONDOLENCE.

[To a young lady regarding whom some malicious gossipier had circulated false and damaging reports.]

FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

Fair maiden, the slanderer's venomous tongue
Has made wantonly free with your name,
And on the sweet morsel the gossips have
sprung

Like buzzard, to feed on your shame.

Let the scandalous story unheeded go 'round,
And the slanderers talk as they will;
One kindred spirit, at least, shall be found
To believe in your innocence still.

Oh! could those vile wretches but cease and
reflect,

And gaze upon their own hearts awhile,
To behold what base ruins they have grown
from neglect—

Rancid masses run putrid thro' guile.

A defenseless maiden they ne'er would assail
Or her character seek to defame;
For the sin they denounce would immediate-
ly pale

Before their own overshadowing shame.

The attacks of calumny a man may defy
And his place in society hold—
But the breath of detraction can a woman de-
stroy,

When she is instantly cast from the fold.

Our neighbors, how apt to see aught that is
wrong,

Should we stumble or fall by the way;

But to the just and the good as we journey
along,

They are blind and have nothing to say.

How sweet is the morsel of scandal to some,
And how seemingly pleased do they chew it;
Never thinking, for once, in the dark days to
come,

How their victims may bitterly rue it.

The soft voice of charity seldom is heard,
And in practice less often is seen;
While those pious defamers ne'er heed the
good word

Of the Saviour that cleansed Magdeline.

I too, have been pierced by the venomous
dart,

And my bosom made writhe by its sting,

And a shrine I have built in my all-loving
heart

To which victims of slander may cling.

Then let the scandalous story unheeded go
'round,

And the slanderers talk as they will,
Our kindred spirit, at least, shall be found,
To believe in your innocence still.

THOMAS P. O'ROURKE.

EL MORO, COL., July 11, 1881.

THE MAGAZINE.

BY LE SEL.

I have here before me a neat little book,
Whose leaves are bright and clean,
On whose little pages, in characters bold,
Is "Locomotive Firemen's Magazine."

I turn to its pages with wonder and awe,
Surprise plainly seen on my face,
At finding so many new excellent things,
With nothing of dross or waste.

I read its contents o'er with pride,
Each one my joy increasing,
'Till I feel as though my duty be
To sound its praise unceasing.

For that is the least I now can do,
As my aid I never had lent,
In bearing the burdens of trouble and care,
Though my heart to you kindly bent.

Like many another I held aloof,
While the battle was going on
Now wish to be first at the front to shout
For the *victory* WE have won!

My thoughts will revert to years gone by,
As my eyes your pages scan,
I see how near you came to be lost
By the acts of one bad man.

Out the storm you bravely breasted,
And again you are sailing along,
With B. S. and I on your pennant,
A noble crew, and strong.

And if each of us do but our duty,
How easy will it be
To keep our good ship "Brotherhood"
From trouble and discord free.

Let's share alike our burdens,
Each striving to excel,
For that done with willing hearts
Cannot be done but well.

ELMIRA, N. J., July 30, 1881.

THE RESCUE.

BY MARTHA A. BURDICK.

Guarded by mountains, whose towering
forms

Yield not to tempests and bow not to storms,
Winding through valleys, whose silvery
streams

Ripple like songs we have heard in our
dreams,

Lies the steel track of the steam-fed horse
That plunges like mad o'er the well-beaten
course,

While mountain and forest re-echo his cry,
And the breath of his nostril rolls up to the
sky.

Hidden beneath the sheltering hills,
Warmed by the sunshine and watered by
rills,

Snug homes are nestling, where children at
play

Frolic and carol the livelong day.
Up from the meadows covered with corn,
Gleaming out in the autumn morn,
Peal their glad voices; sorrow and care
Never have furrowed their faces so fair.

Keenly evading their watchful gaze,
Out from his fellows a little one strays,
Dips his pink feet in the babbling brook,
Startles the birds from their quiet nook,
Wandering listlessly, glancing not back,
Climbs up the bank to the railroad track;
And then to contemplate the greatest of joys,
Sits down on the rail with his bundle of toys.

With clatter and clamor, with defening
scream.

With furious speed that is born of steam,
The on-coming train all at once heaves in
sight,

And the wee hands are clapped with delight.
Down brakes! screams the whistle; the call is
obeyed,

But too short the distance, and too steep the
grade.

Then the innocent baby runs forward to
fling

His rattle and whip at the glittering thing.

Down, down comes the brakes, but 'twere fol-
ly, indeed,

To dream of success, though the train lessens
speed;

The hearts of the daring men sicken with
dread,

And the bravest has taken but one glance
ahead.

Then out of the engine the fireman leaps;
So the furthestmost point on the pilot he
creeps,

When firmly, but quickly, he plants himself
there,
And reaching far out, swings the child in the
air.

Rescued! Ah! well may ye shout the glad
word.

And the deed on the bright page of honor
record;

Write it out full on the record of fame,
In great golden letters—that fireman's name.
Paint it in characters dazzling and bright,
Let it gleam out like the stars of the night.
Then, when Eternity's morning shall burst,
At the roll-call of heroes, let his name be
first.

HATING FOES.

Nay, tell me not, my gifted friend,
That you believe those lines you penned;
That in your inmost heart and brain,
Those words have found their false refrain.

'Twas surely in some moment rife
With passion born of earthly strife,
While smarting 'neath some foeman's blow,
Those words from out your heart did flow;
For who should higher ideal hold
Of nature in her finest mould,
Than one to whom the muse has given
The gift that bears the seal of Heaven?
The Poet's thought should ever be
Attuned to highest melody—

Should soar above the mists of Earth
To that bright sphere that gave it birth,
And, like some star or ray divine,
Upon life's darkest place shine,
To show the erring human heart
The beauty of the Christian's part.
Our hearts, alas, are ever prone
To hate the hand that flings the stone,
Nor needs it Poet's graceful song
To teach us to resent a wrong.

Life has too short and weak a span
In which to hate our fellow man;
And, though he err and work us ill,
Still should we strive to bear good will,
The purest heart, the purest mind,
That ever blessed our human kind,
Hassaid his sins shall go unshriven
Who holds the erring unforgiven.
Then, O my friend, let not your pen
Teach earthly ways to earthly men:
The fire of Genius glows in vain
When Poets sing unkindly strain.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

We scan the present condition of our Order with feelings of pride. The sorrows of the last Convention will give way to the joys of the coming one. The meeting of Delegates in Boston, will give us an opportunity to present our Brotherhood to the people of New England in its true light, and we feel that when the people of Boston see the kind of men our Order contains, and learn of the good work they are bound together to accomplish, they will give us their hearty co-operation, as they have done heretofore in all movements for the advancement of the human race.

It has been a custom for some years back, for the Lodge, or Lodges, located in the city where the Convention has been held, to incur considerable expense in giving excursions and amusements of different kinds, to the members of the Convention; in fact, of late it has assumed the form of a rivalry in those Lodges to outdo those of the last Convention, in the number and kinds of entertainments given their Brother members, who came many thousands of miles to associate in legislating for the welfare of the Order, and perfecting its excellent systems. Now, while we fully and deeply feel and appreciate the kind and generous motives which have prompted such actions, yet we are convinced that it is entirely consistent with our teachings; at least to that extent which has called forth these remarks. A wise and judicious use of the funds in our charge, whether as individuals or as an association, is a fundamental rule which should never be lost sight of. Even our own hard earnings are given to us that we may use them to advantage for ourselves and those dependent upon us, as are our faculties given to us by the Creator. The rich are held equally responsible with the poor. True, money is not to be hoarded up, it is good only for the use that can be made of it.

We who work and toil for a mere pittance must be careful of the use we make of our earnings. The paying of death claims relieving the sick and needy, and assisting worthy members seeking employment, these are uses of money deserving of the highest praise. When such claims are adjusted, leaving suffi-

cient for emergencies and current expenses, then we agree with Lodges making Delegates and their guests as comfortable as possible, if they feel disposed to do so; and even then, prudence will hardly admit of it. Understand us, as we are simply calling the attention of our members to the reason why we object to this custom. Lodges will do well however to examine the financial condition of their treasury, before contracting new liabilities.

We did not think there could be found, in our whole Order, twenty-eight men who were willing to go on record as defrauders of helpless widows and fatherless children. But we were mistaken, for they have been found.—Michigan is the State, Fort Gratiot the town, and Huron 69 the Lodge.

A membership of twenty-eight men have brought upon themselves everlasting disgrace, by defrauding the Grand Lodge out of Two Hundred and Fifty (\$250.00) Dollars, and not one among them had the honor to cry for shame while this outrage was being perpetrated. No, not one had the common honesty to step to the front and say—"This shall not be!"

Thus, the dependent ones of those who have given up their lives at the post of duty, have been left unprovided for, as far as Huron Lodge, No. 69, was concerned. We asked for an excuse for this wholesale barter of manhood, and the reply came back that the members had been provoked. Great Heavens! Is this an excuse for a crime as palpable and unjust? Does the fact of these men becoming Engineers exempt them from paying what they honestly owe? We think not. How will their cases be treated when they wrap at the door of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers for admission—an organization with aims and purposes kindred to our own? This is a matter worthy the consideration of every engineman in the country. We know not what others may think, but those who believe in fair-dealing, and in calling things by their right names, will condemn this act of the Michigan Lodge and brand it as the meanest kind of fraud, as the blow falls upon those who are least able to bear it.

Ladies' Department.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., August 15, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

In less than a month your Brotherhood will have convened in its Eighth Annual Session in the city of Boston, for the purpose of revising the work of the Order and enacting laws for its guidance for the ensuing year. So deep is my interest in the welfare of the Order that I take it upon myself to say a few words through "our department" in relation to that important event. Every Lodge should realize the necessity of sending a representative of sterling integrity and practical ability. A convention composed of such men will reflect great credit upon the Brotherhood, while they will have the interest and ability to direct its course so that it will steer clear of all obstacles during the coming year. The good that has been accomplished during the year that is drawing to a close, is more than we can estimate and when the coming convention will have adjourned, the Order will be more fully equipped for the good work, and will start out under such auspices as will fill every ambitious member's heart with joy. It makes me sad to think of the many firemen that have gone down to their death during the past year, for while railroads are in operation the roll of martyrdom must be called and each and all must respond to the dread summons. And every signature that is enrolled thus, represents some stricken family or household, suffering, perhaps, the pangs of hunger as well as sorrow. And, oh! how it mitigates the sting to know that the suffering ones have recourse to protection—that thousands of brave and dauntless hearts throughout the land beat in sympathy with them, and that as many voices shout "to the rescue." How any fireman can be so thoughtless and, I may well say, so heartless as not to embrace these glorious opportunities, is past my comprehension.

I cannot see how it is possible that any man engaged in a calling so dangerous, sneers at the idea of protection to his family. Can any man be so utterly devoid of feeling as to see his family thrown upon the world as beggars and outcasts? It does not seem probable, and yet we hear almost daily of such cases.

The great trouble seems to be a lack of reflection. Men go out on their engines, never thinking of death, until they are overtaken,

and then in their last moments they see the folly of their culpable negligence.

But slowly and surely they are being educated to a proper standard, and when once they are capable of profiting by experience, they will all be embraced in this noble and grand Brotherhood that to-day challenges almost universal respect and admiration. I truly worship the spirit that actuates the leaders of this organization to adhere so closely to its interests.

In the great day they will be rewarded for in no other calling could they find as much occasion to exert themselves for the good of the lowly and the helpless.

The many widows and orphans whom they have already relieved are abundant evidence of the good results of their work, and the many who may be happy now—but who may wear the crape of mourning before another year has passed—will hail its existence on bended knees and upturned faces, thanking God for the comfort it has afforded them, and praying for its preservation forever.

I hope, in conclusion, that the coming convention will be the grandest and most successful ever held, and that Providence may preside over its deliberations and actuate each of its members to toil untiringly and unselfishly for the good of all.

Yours very respectfully,

CARRIE M.

MANAGING HUSBANDS.

Deacon Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati Gazette, good, pious man, is responsible for the following:

Differences in families united by marriage are mostly on the side of the women. Woman fails in tact to preserve the amenities of the hearth.

The soft answer or the repression which evades an issue is more on the part of the man than the wife.

Young women manage their lovers, but lose their skill to manage their husbands. Women make the cliques in congregations, church societies, family hotels, boarding houses, and wherever lovely woman predominates. Lack of tact makes the traditional mother-in-law. Fathers-in-law have too much tact to be fussy and irritating in matters that should be left alone. Men live harmoniously in clubs without getting into hostile divisions.

A young lady who is much annoyed by the staring of rude young men in the horse cars, and who is, moreover, beyond her years a shrewd judge of human nature, has discovered a simple remedy against the discomfort. She reports that by gazing at the shoes of such silent admirers with a look composed of equal parts of amusement and deprecation, the most annoying bore is reduced to a contemplation of the same articles, and in wondering what is the matter with them, is kept diligently employed for an indefinite period.

"Your husband is sick a good deal of late, isn't he?" remarked a southern Illinois woman to another.

"Yes," answered the wife, "he's got tuck

down mighty hard with them 'ere ague shakes agin."

"I shud think it wud be sorter distressing like to have him around the house," remarked the other, sympathizingly, "specially when you're at house cleanin'."

"Well, so it would," replied the wife, in self-consoling tones, "but when he got into one of his chills, and I wanted the rag carpet shuk, you see he's a powerful smart hand to hitch on to it."

The other woman wended her way home, envying her neighbor the knack she had of utilizing her husband.

Our Exchanges.

MENTAL DYSPETICS.

It is doubtless true that very many people read too much. Not that they devote too many hours to the perusal of books and newspapers, but that they endeavor to cover too much space within a given time. While they read, they do not 'mark, learn and inwardly digest,' but bolt their mental food much as the glutton devours the material provision set before him. They rapidly skim over the matter in hand, gathering, as they think, the more salient points thereof, though, in reality, they miss and reject many sweet morsels that lie between the more sensational portions. They are great—indeed omnivorous—readers, and are always ready to resort to a book or newspaper for recreation or to 'pass away the time,' and rarely, or never, for the purpose of securing information except upon the current events of the day. They have 'heard of almost everything; but ask them to impart some definite knowledge respecting any subject, and it will be found that they have only heard of it. Of real solid ideas they have but few; of glimmerings of ideas, many. They hold in their minds a brief and unsatisfactory epitome of the most important events in the world's history, and of some of the arts and sciences; but they would be utterly unfit to teach a child the story of our own national struggle for freedom and existence, or to tell it why the days were long in summer and short in winter.

The natural consequence of this irrational mode of reading—or, rather, cramming—is mental dyspepsia. The facts and arguments and illustrations that should be stored and

retained in the memory, to furnish mental brawn and muscle and blood, are forced through the brain and leave but little trace behind save the remembrance of an interminable string of words, the power and meaning of which have been lost. This process continued, the mind becomes more and more diseased, and the result is mental marasmus, which, in extreme cases, may end in extinction of the reason.

As dyspepsia is one of the most prevalent of the disorders to which the human frame is subject, so is this mental disorder the most frequent that attacks human brain. It prevails in all classes of the reading community, though most frequently found among that semi-literary class whose education raises them a little above the ordinary level while it does not fit them to be leaders among the world's workers and thinkers. They have learned enough to give them a great craving for more, and fancy that they are adding to their stock of knowledge by taking into their brains, through the eye, the mere forms of words on the printed page.

As in the physical ailment, so in the mental, the best remedy is temperance, or abstinence, and robust exercise. If one finds himself afflicted with the complaint, he should at once begin a course of severe discipline. Let him eschew those things which have been most tempting—read the daily newspaper in moderation only, and commence to study whatever he reads. With eye upon the printed page, let him master every word he sees there, and not trust to the context to 'give the sense of it.' Aside from that which may be his especial object of study, let him choose

only the best authors, who will give him well cooked food, instead of the fantasies of disordered imaginations. A few month's steady regimen of this sort will afford great relief and go far toward effecting a permanent cure.

THE NATIVE MICHIGANDER.

I have been studying him for a week. About seven o'clock every evening he comes in from his farm and takes a seat beside me on the veranda of the country hotel. No one introduced us. He come stumbling along the first evening, flung down his old straw hat and exclaimed:

'Durn my hide if it isn't durned hot!'

I had been roasting all day, and so I struck hands with him at once. He has never asked whether I was the Duke of Sutherland or a railroad switchman, and I have never asked why he didn't cut his hair, shave off his matted whiskers and fix a tin spout in one corner of his mouth to accommodate the tobacco juice.

The native Michigander is good fellow at heart, but he has his eccentricities.

'Yes, I struck this state over fifty years ago,' he said to me the other evening, as he hunted in his hind pocket for his plug tobacco. 'I've heard the wolves howl, the b'ars roar, and the panthers scream.'

'You have, eh?'

'You bet I have! Yes, sir, and I've lived all winter on acorns, slept all summer in a tree top, and walked forty miles through the woods to prayer-meeting.'

'Then you must be pious!'

'Pious? Durn my old hide to ballyhack and gosh all fish-hooks to thunder, but I rayther reckon I am! Pious? Why, how in thunder and blazes and tea-kettles could I have borne up if I hadn't been pious! Say, did you ever live in the woods forty miles from the nearest human hyena, black or white?'

'Never.'

'Did you ever have to go barefoot in snow four feet deep?'

'No.'

'Ever shake with ager right along for 284 days, Sundays included?'

'Dod rot your pampered countenance, of course you never did! What did you ever do toward making Michigan the great and glorious State she now is?'

'Well, I've run a lawn mower.'

'Run a thunder to blazes! How many acres of forest do you 'spose I've cut down?'

'Two.'

'Two! Why, you onery hyena, my old woman has slashed down ever forty herself, and she's left-handed, at that!' I calkerlate, sir—I solemnly calkerlate that I've cleared off at least 300 hundred acres of the toughest kind of forest. Ah! sir, but you petted and pampered children of luxury little dream of what us old natives had to endure. How much tea do you suppose I had in my house the first ten years of our pioneer life.'

'Twenty-five chests.'

'Twenty-five h—lls!' he roared as he hunted for more plug, 'we had just two drawings and no more!'

'Couldn't you get trusted at the corner grocery?'

'Get trusted! Corner grocery! Why, you infernal young lunatic, wasn't I located forty miles from the highest grocery!' That's what I've been telling you all along. Old pioneers couldn't afford such luxuries as that. How much do you suppose our outfit cost us for housekeeping?'

'Perhaps \$5,000, but that's according to the style of your carpets, piano and paintings. Did you have lace curtains hung on poles?'

He jumped up and down like a man with a piece of beef in his wind-pipe, and I thought he was a goner. However, after a higher jump than his crooked legs seemed capable of he blurted out:

'You infernal durned fool, but we didn't have nothing that we couldn't carry on our backs! Do you suppose we was a foolin' around with planers out there in the vargin wilderness! Lace curtains hung on poles! Not much! If I'd had a spare shirt on a pole I'd have been perfectly satisfied. None of you spilled children of luxury kin have any idea of how we had to get along in them old days.'

'I presume not.'

'One winter when the old woman was sick I had nothing to feed her but salt coon and corn-dodgers.'

'Oyster soup would have been nice.'

'Oyster thunder! Who knew anything about oysters fifty years ago? Don't I keep telling you that I was fifty miles in the woods?'

'Yes, but why didn't you get out?'

'Git out? What fur?'

'Why, you might have got out and lived on your mother-in-law, and had a trotting horse, a plug hat, a diamond pin and high living. You were very foolish to live in the woods, where they had no ward caucusses, or military parades, or circus processions, or ginger beer, or banana puddings.'

We generally end here. The old native chokes and gasps and jumps up and down and kicks his hat into the street and goes away saying:

'Them durned pampered idiots of luxury wouldn't keer two cents if the hull State was growed up to jack-pines so thick that a rabbit couldn't squeeze through!'

But the next night he comes again to wrestle me for the championship.

M. QUAD.

SUCCESS.

Swarms of young men and women have just graduated from our schools and colleges, a great majority of whom can go to work at once to earn a living. Many of them have already selected their vocations. Others have not made a decision, and have no outlook. Most of these young graduates are more or less anxious concerning their future. All of them decide to be of the happy number who succeed in life.

It is a great thing to succeed. A fair success in business is worth all it commonly costs of devotion and industry. And there is at least one way by which success may ordinarily be obtained; and that is by learning how to do something that people want done; by doing it well, and striving each day to do it better.

If you are a doctor you should seek to be the best doctor of the neighborhood. Even if you sell fish, you should be sure to deliver them fresh, in nice order, at the most convenient time, and for a fair price. Yours should be the neatest store, where the promptest attention is given to customers, and where the greatest variety of fish sold in your neighborhood can be found. If you are so unfortunate as to publish a paper, never rest until you made it the best of its kind in the world. You probably never will place it at the head, but you must always seek for that result. If you do your paper will be a success.

Sixty years ago, Peter Cooper kept a little grocery store in the Bowery, New York, within a few yards of where the Cooper Institute now stands. A man came into his store one day, and said—

'I built a glue factory for my son. He can't make it go. I'll sell it to you for two thousand dollars.'

Upon inquiry, Peter Cooper found that all the best glue came from Russia, and brought a high price, while the glue made in New York was very poor stuff, and was sold at a

rate that forbade all chance of profit. He said to himself:

'Why can't glue be made as good in quality here in America as in Russia? I think it can be. I'll try.'

He bought the factory. Then he commenced studying the process by which glue is made. He tried endless experiments; superintended every boiling himself; kept trying for years, always improving his product, until Peter Cooper's glue commanded the highest price and literally ruled the market.

What he did with glue, Gillot did with pens, Jonas Chickering with the piano, Fairbanks with scales; and, if you succeed fairly and handsomely, you must do just so with something.

ADVICE GRATIS.

Make not haste to be rich, exhorted the clergyman, and then went home and invested his quarter's salary in "fancy" stocks.

Never be idle; always have something on your hands, said the glove dealer.

Never use tobacco in any form, as the father remarked when he took the quid out of his mouth and put the pipe in.

Count ten before you speak. This is peculiarly applicable to caucus usage, except that he might stop the streams of eloquence that now make the American caucus so edifying.

Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day. Put in all the loafing you can to-day; you may not get a chance to-morrow.

"Do as I do, can't you?" These are words that are continually being acted out. If you follow another's example he will presently turn about and complain that you are aping him. Some folks are hard to satisfy.

Never say dye! The barber will overlook it in you, however, if you say it to him.

When a man advises you to take some patent remedy, make sure that he isn't its proprietor or an undertaker.

"Never drink intoxicating spirits of any kind, my boy," said a fond father; "then you will never care for them when you are a man. Why didn't grandfather tell you about it when you were a boy?" replied the youngster, glancing at his sire's ruddy nose.

Never speak ill of another. If you can't say a good word say nothing. And the man who said this went out the next morning, and lo and behold! his acquaintances had every one of them lost their power of speech. And he marveled greatly.

Jones said that he always made it a point to obey his parents. When he was young

they advised him to keep away from the water. "And if you will believe it," he says, "I haven't allowed a drop of water to come near me this ten years—except what was necessary for bathing purposes, you know."

Specs are good for the eyes. It was not the fly that said this, but the spectacle dealer.

Lawyers and doctors get paid for their advice. Other people give it away with a sublime generosity.

When your friend says, "Take my advice," don't do it. Tell him you would rather take anything but that from him. It is his brightest possession.

"Let's cut off our tails!" Thus said the fox. His tail had been cut off. It was but a coincidence, but his proposition was tabled without dividing the house.

Advice is like a railroad train—easy to take, but hard to follow.—*Boston Transcript.*

"MEM."

Ten minutes after the Flint & Pere Marquette train had pulled out of the depot yesterday noon, a young man with a grab-bag in his hand and a cigar in his mouth, sauntered in as if he had half an hour to spare. After walking up and down for about five minutes he stopped at the ticket window and asked:

'Has the Flint train gone yet?'

'Yes—a quarter of an hour ago.'

'The duce! Why, I was to go on that train.'

'Well, you didn't.'

'And I can't get there?'

'Perhaps you could hire a locomotive.'

'Ah, perhaps I could. I'll finish my smoke and go see about it.'

After the end of his cigar had been reduced till the fire warmed his nose, the young man went up stairs and said to the Superintendent:

'Could you, ah, for about five or six dollars ah, give me a locomotive as far as Flint, ah?'

'No, sir.'

'Ah, you can't? Well, that's badish. I was to have been married at six o'clock this evening. I might say seven dollars for a locomotive.'

'And you might say seven times that.'

'Couldn't do it—'pon honor I couldn't, though I'll go down and smoke another cigar and perhaps make you another offer after a time.'

He lit another cigar and paced up and down, and all at once began hunting his pockets. He shortly pulled out a note-book, and after running over the leaves he approached the ticket-seller and said:

'I find that I am saved.'

'How?'

'Here it is, just as I wrote it down last fall:

'Mem:—The said party of the first part—which is me—agrees to wed the said party of the second part—which is Helen—on the evening of — 4, provided that blizzards, floods, broken bridges, railroad delays, or other acts of Providence permit.' I always make a mem. of these things to save misunderstandings. I missed the train, and that comes under the head of railroad delays, eh?'

'I think so.'

'And she has no grounds for breach of promise?'

'Can't see any.'

'Nor I. My conscience tells me that I ought to offer about 9 for a locomotive to run me up there, and if it is refused I'll go back to the hotel and take things easy till to-morrow. Are you married?'

'No.'

'Going to be?'

'I—I expect so.'

'Make a mem. of it and give Providence plenty of latitude for delays. It's not only business but you've got 'em tight as a wedge. Mem. it right down in black and white, and if they talk sassy show 'em the door. Good-bye, old fellow—see you later.'—*Detroit Free Press.*

HARD TIMES.

When times are good, as they are now, and there is a general feeling of hopefulness, it is a good time to say a word or two concerning the times that are not so good. Business is never in such a flourishing and prosperous condition but that there are some by whom the struggle for bread is carried on against fearful odds. Hard times always knocks at some door, and kills the joy of some household. There are those who seem never to get beyond hearing of the sound of his melancholy foot-falls. Prosperity may be filling the granary of his neighbor, while his remains empty. Worse than this, his tired hands may be called upon to bear the sheaves which the more fortunate have bound for themselves, without time to glean even the few straws necessary to supply his own strength.

To such there is but one resource left, and that is Hope! It is no idle mockery of the heartache that poverty brings, to bid its victims not to despond—not to give up. This they can do when they can do nothing else. Despair is only to be entertained when all else fails. The hope may end in disappointment, but so long as there is a breath of air to

all the lungs it is more refreshing when drawn hopefully than despairingly.

The unfortunate man has no time to waste in fruitless complaining. He knows that this will do no good. 'Action will bring temporary forgetfulness, and may bring substantial relief. And when hope is utterly dead, and despair heaves up in his thorny path, a stubborn and insurmountable barrier, he can look back upon the way his bleeding feet have trod, and say to himself, 'I have at least tried!'

EXPENSE OF RAILROAD CARS.

The following figures are given regarding the cost of car building by one of the leading firms engaged in this branch of manufacture. The average price of the box cars is from \$400 to \$450, while in 1872 they were as high as \$1,200. A milk car costs about \$100 more. A baggage-car truck and a passenger-car truck are of about the same expense. The price of a car varies from \$2,000 to \$2,500. The cheapest style of Wagner's drawing-room cars may be made for \$8,000; the usual price being \$12,000—this includes all the furnishing. The cheaper drawing-room cars, four wheels, are made for \$10,000, while ordinary mail cars cost from \$2,000 to \$3,000; distributing cars are more expensive. Cars for the New York Elevated Road cost from \$2,500 to \$3,000. The ordinary passenger cars cost \$4,200; the last built for the Hudson River Road cost \$5,400, which included a heater and some extra fixtures. Small cars for carrying ore cost \$200.

THE HORSE'S FRIEND.

Even a horse may find it advantageous to have 'a friend at court.' A market gardener noticed that a basket in which was placed fresh carrots was frequently emptied. He asked the gardener who said that he could not understand it, but would watch for the thief.

A quarter of an hour had elapsed when the dog was seen going to the basket, take out a carrot, and carry it to the stable.

Dogs do not eat raw carrots, so further inquiry was necessary.

The observers now found that the dog had business with a horse, his night companion; with wagging tail he offered the horse the fruit of his larceny, and the horse naturally made no hesitation about accepting it.

The scene was repeated until the carrots were all gone. The dog had long made a favorite of this horse. There were two horses in the stable, but the other received no notice, much less carrots.

HE TUMBLED.

As twilight began the other evening a woman halted a boy on Lafayette street east and asked him if he had seen the police arrest a drunken man in that neighborhood within an hour or two.

'Don't think I have,' he replied, as he scratched his head and made an effort to remember. 'Was he pretty drunk?'

'I guess he was,' she answered as she turned away her head.

'Had a plug hat on the back of his head and wore sandy whiskers, eh?'

'Yes, that's the man.'

'Had a black coat and linen pants?'

'Yes, he's the one.'

'Is he any relashun o' yours—uncle, brother husband or so on?'

'I should like to find him was the evasive reply.'

'Well, that easy enough; but you can't get him home.'

'I don't want to.'

'Ah! Um! I tumble!' chuckled the boy as he shifted three toy pistols from one hind pocket to the other. 'Come along and I'll show you where he fell down in a vacant lot and went to sleep. You can go through him for his wealth, give him a rap on the nose for his mother and he'll come home thinking he was robbed by some purfesh. If I had a husband who would go on a blizzard and try to step over fences I'd go through him even to a three-cent piece with a hole in it.'

FAST TRAVELING.

The fastest trains in the country now run between Jersey City and Philadelphia, and the Pennsylvania Railroad hopes soon to make the trip in an hour and a half. A monster locomotive is now building in the company's shops at Altoona which is expected to perform the feat. If the trial trip is satisfactory, five more will be built on the same model. A locomotive capable of attaining a uniform speed of sixty miles an hour is not to be sneered at, but Col. Roberts, of Titusville, will attempt to throw even that extraordinary performance into the shade. There is now building for him at the Baldwin works a locomotive which is designed to be the fastest in the world. The builders and the owner will be disappointed if it does not make a record of eighty miles an hour, and run one hundred miles without taking on coal or water. It will be taken to Europe and tested on the railroads of England and the Continent.

A SATISFACTORY EXPLANATION.

Old Moses and another old ducky were standing in front of the News office, discussing matters and things, when Jim Webster happened to pass,

"Dar am about forty regular chicken stealers in Galveston, including Jim Webster," remarked the old man.

Jim overheard the remark, so he came right up to Moses and threatened to eliminate him if he did not take it back.

"Den dar am forty regular chicken stealers in Galveston, not includin' Jim Webster. Is yer satisfied now?"

Jim said, very much affected: "Uncle Mose, when a man 'pologizes, he jest disarms me right dar. Shake, old man. 'Taint often nowadays dat anybody flatters me as you has jest done."—*Galveston News*.

UMBRELLA FLIRTATION.

To place your umbrella in a rack indicates that it is about to change owners. An umbrella carried over the woman, the man getting nothing but the drippings of the rain, signifies courtship. When the man has the umbrella and the woman the drippings it indicates marriage. To carry it at straight angles under the arms signifies that an eye is to be lost by the man who follows you. To put a cotton umbrella by the side of a nice silk one signifies 'exchange is no robbery.' To lend an umbrella indicates 'I am a fool.' To carry an umbrella just high enough to tear out men's eyes, and knock off men's hats signifies 'I am a woman.'

TOUGH YEAR ON WORMS.

Old Uncle Mose went into a dry goods store to buy a silk handkerchief, but was almost paralyzed on learning the price. The merchant explained that the high price of silk goods was caused by some disease among the silk worms.

'How much does yer ask for dis heah piece ob tape?' asked the old man.

'Ten cents,' was the reply.

'Ten cents! Jewhillikins! so de tape worm am riz too—I spose de cause ob dat am, becace dar's sumfin de matta wid de tape wurms.—Dis seems to be gwine ter be a mighty tough year on wurms, anyhow.'

At a political meeting the speaker and the audience were very much disturbed by a man who constantly called for Mr. Henry. When-

ever a new speaker came on, this man bawled out:

'Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry!' After several interruptions of this kind at each speech, a young man ascended the platform, and was soon airing his eloquence in magnificent style, striking out powerfully in his gestures, when the old cry was heard for Mr. Henry. Putting his hand to his mouth like a speaking trumpet, this man was bawling out at the top of his voice: 'Mr. Henry! Henry! Henry! I call for Mr. Henry to make a speech!' The chairman now arose and remarked that it would oblige the audience if the gentleman would refrain from any further calling for Mr. Henry, as that gentleman was now speaking. 'Is that Mr. Henry?' said the disturber of the meeting. 'Thunder! that can't be Mr. Henry! Why, that's the little fellow that told me to holler!'

The New York Tribune says that a thorough test is about to be made of the theory that large areas of arid country in the centre of this continent can be made valuable for agriculture by means of artesian wells. The appropriation made by Congress has been placed in the hands of a competent scientific commission, and the sites for the wells will soon be selected. If a steady flow of water can be obtained from such wells, it will not be long before millions of acres of desert land will be converted into beautiful fields.

Large amounts of European capital are represented to be going into the South for investment, mainly in the direction of railroad building. Undoubtedly that section, scantily supplied with railroads as it is, offers unprecedented opportunities in this direction. Besides this kind of investment many cotton mills and other species of factories are springing up, and it is evident that the South is entering upon a new era of prosperity and development.

Religion is the right action of the faculties of the human mind. Every man is religious if he feels and does the right. An actor on the stage is as religious, if there is a conscience within him, as he would be saying his prayers; a sailor on shipboard, if he does his duty, as the preacher in the pulpit.

A New York paper says that in that city crying at weddings is out of fashion. In Chicago the father of the bride does the crying when he comes to settle the bills.—*New York Graphic*.

Correspondence.

INTEMPERANCE.

Messrs Editors :

In the study of medicine, we find a catalogue of diseases destined to afflict man corporally; but of all the ills to which the human race is subject, that of Intemperance is, perhaps, the most degrading and detrimental. The Almighty permits fevers, and other diseases, to reign in our midst, by any of which man, learned as he is, may be carried off in the flower of his youth; in the bloom of health; in the midst of social enjoyment; or in the execution of his profession. He may be the center of the domestic circle; the pride of a loving and devoted wife, and the joy of his dear ones; yet he must die. But no man need draw upon himself a drunkard's death.

Intemperance is not a hereditary disease, an afflicting physical frailty; but a free will, a moral transgression, a voluntary surrender of ourselves to the animal influence of our passions.

Intoxicating drinks have been in use in all ages; yet the Almighty did not create their components for the destruction of man; but man, by his ingenuity, transformed, as it were, the beneficial into the detrimental.

The habit of drinking is not contracted at once, but by degrees. It is by taking an occasional glass here and there, until man has become its slave, and redemption seems impossible. Look now at the drunkard in all his horrors; see his bloated countenance, and palsied frame, his cold hearth, and scanty board. But come, do not shrink. What is that form, half naked, in the corner? Oh! sad to relate, it is his young heart-broken wife, destitute of all the necessities of life, and groaning under the abuses of him whom she selected as her future protector. What is she pressing to her bosom? Alas! for the unhappy mother, and still more wretched father. After trying in vain to satisfy nature's cravings from fountains which have long since been dried up, and now refuse to yield even a single drop, her babe, innocent of its father's unfaithfulness, breathes forth its pure little soul, which is wafted by smiling angels to the throne of bliss, where it will one day witness the condemnation of the author of its being; for "the drunkard shall never see heaven."

Can there be any punishment too severe,

any judgment too rash, for the man who calmly, nay diabolically, darkens his reasons, and wilfully forsakes his place among God's chosen ones, only to place himself on a level with the brute? None are more in danger of falling than the youth. Thoughtless, ardent, and excitable, their only ambition is pleasure and its votaries. Graduates generally seek easy, as well as lucrative positions, and then when reason, unguarded by experience, prompts them to "make up" for the past, they consent, and fall from innocent enjoyment to guilty revelry. They no longer cherish the title "gentlemen," but rather glory in being called "roughs," which calls to mind Luther's saying:

"He who loves not women and wine,
Lives a fool his life long time."

What man has not been tortured with sorrow to see the cheek that once knew no taint, but the glow of tender feelings, or the blush of hallowed modesty, crimsoned and flushed; eyes that sparkled with compassionate looks, and pleading glances, now dimmed and distorted by intemperance; and this deformity, man's consolation, earth's guardian angel, Woman!

Men have disgraced themselves time and again by the cup; but when we see women in the same condition, then indeed is it time to deplore our fallen state. Yet we have still another cause to weep. The same sparkling cup has made many of those whom we once knew to be models of purity and innocence, to divest themselves of all that is upright and honorable, and become outcasts of society, despised harlots.

They are fallen, but not abandoned. As long as whisky is sold in the dram shop, they will be supported by voluptuous votaries. A dissipated son brings shame to the cheek of a kind sister, and causes bitter tears to flow from his aged mother's eyes, to know that he is now in the lewd embrace of a prostitute in a fashionable den, from which strains of enchanting music float out upon the midnight air, to render more pleasing the inmates of that house of sin.

Infatuated by the joyous sensations produced from the beverage they imbibe, their intellect, once brilliant, but now dimmed, permits them to be led captive by golden threads to a terrible precipice, over which

they will soon fall, there to be retained by chains of iron.

As experience is the best teacher, so also is example the best director. If the opulent and educated, encourage, by their example, a laxity of morals, the poor and ignorant will spurn the laws, and indulge without restraint in the most excessive crimes. The dissolute conduct of the court and nobility of France, caused by intemperance, brought on a revolution in which blood flowed as freely as wine. When Alexander heard of his father's rich conquests, he exclaimed to his playmates: "Alas, my father will make every conquest, and leave us nothing to do!" In time, he took his father's place, and became conqueror of the then known world. Yet this illustrious man, Alexander the Great, was himself conquered by intoxicating drinks, from the effects of which he died.

Let us who are yet free from the grasp of intemperance, resolve never to surrender to so vile a monster. Let us brave defiance, and, girded with the armor of will and activity, lend a helping hand to the fallen; and blessings from the brave, as well as widow and orphan, will bedew our path till man is no more.

Yours respectfully,

JEREMIAH P. GRIFFIN.

COESICANA, TEXAS, August 10, 1881.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLS., August 12, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

After a long silence No. 46 again comes to the front. For several months she has been exceedingly quiet owing to a lack of interest on the part of her members, but I am happy to say that she has aroused from her lethargy and henceforth she will stand abreast with the foremost Lodges in the Order.

Immediately after the last convention our members became very much scattered, and as a consequence the Lodge was neglected. I did everything in my power to revive an interest in those who remained but my efforts were futile, and at last I gave way to despair. This condition of things did not last long however for the members came to their senses of their own accord. They were soon convinced that they could not afford to give up the Brotherhood any more than they could afford to give up their positions on the road.

We have Brotherhood men all around us and they began to look upon us with contempt for our apparent negligence, and we would have fallen into absolute disrespect had we not altered our course which then had a downward tendency. A few of us held a meeting and resolved that our Lodge must re-

trieve its former good name, and with united efforts we soon created a new interest in the Order, and now we are once more a 'capital' Lodge. Much of the credit for our reconstruction is due to Brothers Hensely, Summerhill, Smith and Muldoon. They worked hand in hand for the object in view and at last their work has been crowned with the laurels of victory. For one I thank them with all my heart for the result they have achieved, for we now have a Lodge of which we may justly feel proud, and I hope to see her continue so.

Let the good work go on all over the country for our Order is one of the best of its kind and in the near future her standing as such will be permanently established.

Fraternalh yours,
CAPITAL.

MASON CITY, Iowa, Aug. 9, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

The object of this communication is to let the outside world know that Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 29, is still on her wheels and making time, notwithstanding most of her members are worked to the last extremity on the road, so that it is impossible to attend Lodge meetings regularly. Our membership list does not grow as rapidly perhaps as some of her sister Lodges, but the names we have added are such, I believe, as will stay. Among our newly acquired members we take pride in mentioning Bro. Wm. N. Hays, formerly of North Star Lodge, No. 39, of Austin, Minn., which was disorganized some years ago, owing to the unfair dealing of the former G. S. and T. Some effort has been made to reorganize the Lodge, but its members are scattered and it cannot be accomplished. I am informed, however, that a movement with Brother George Sharrick, of this Lodge, at its head, is being made looking to the organization of a Lodge at that place. Brother Sharrick might well be called the 'father of Cerro Gordo Lodge,' and in him the fraternity is always sure of a staunch supporter.

Bro. A. H. Tucker, our worthy master, has been chosen to represent us at the Grand convention. No doubt he will make his presence 'felt'—at the eating houses along the line of his travels. His appetite was intended for an evangelist minister, but it is not at all misplaced in a Locomotive Fireman on the I. & D. division of the Milwaukee road.

Among the members of No. 29's family who have taken positions on the foot-board we mention Bros. Haines, Mallor, Nichols and Shattuck; Bros. Dunn and Mays are dispatch-

ing, which means promotion on this line. Our passenger boys, Bros. Nihill and Sullivan are making a big 'strike' this summer, drawing upwards of \$90 a month. They think it pretty fair pay for 'left hand' engineers.

Yours Fraternally,

A. B.

CENTRELLA, ILLS., Aug. 15, '81.

Messrs. Editors:

No. 37 has quite lately been very fortunate, in that our Brother Frank P. Morse was brought back to us safely out of a horrible wreck. The circumstances connected with it are as follows: On Saturday night, the 23d of July, he started out on his usual route on engine No. 122, with Wm. Porter, as engineer. At a point about three miles north of Makanda the train, while going around a curve jumped the track. The train was moving toward the north, but after the wreck the engine was found to be headed south. The cab was completely demolished, and the tender, after becoming disconnected passed by the engine. The smoking-car, after passing over the baggage-car, was landed upon the engine, while the baggage car lay crosswise over the track. Bro. Morse says he was on what remained of the deck and Porter was between the engine and the smoking car. They are both up and about, and with the exception of a few very slight bruises escaped unhurt.

I feel that No. 37 has certainly been under God's care, and trusting that we merit such a share of his tender mercies, I will now close by subscribing myself,

Fraternally,

F. M. JAMES.

CHICAGO, ILLS., August 9, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Garden City Lodge No. 50, held Aug. 9, 1881, the following resolutions of sympathy were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty God, in his infinite wisdom to remove from her home on earth to that on high, the mother of our worthy Bro. Thos. Cunningham, therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of Garden City Lodge No. 50, extend to our afflicted brother, and also to the rest of the family, their sincere and heartfelt sympathy, in their hour of affliction, and we commend them to Him, who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit.

Resolved, That these resolutions be sent for publication to the Locomotive Fireman's

Magazine, and that a copy thereof be given to our afflicted Brother and family, and also be placed upon the minute-book of Garden City Lodge No. 50.

W. T. FIELD,
W. G. STUART,
H. J. STRONG, } Committee.

INDEPENDANCE, OHIO July 7, 1881.

Messrs Editors :

Permit me through the columns of your Journal to return to the Officers and members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen my sincere thanks for the prompt payment of the policy upon my husband's life. It is indeed a help in time of need. I shall always earnestly invoke blessings upon you for the good work you are engaged in, and trust that the time may come when all members of the Brotherhood may see the necessity, while in life and health, of providing for their loved ones in the dark and trying hours that must follow the last sad separation on earth. Allow me also to return my thanks to the members of No. 45, at Little Rock, Ark., for their many acts of kindness during my husband's sickness, and to assure them that I shall ever hold them and the Organization they honor, in grateful remembrance.

Very truly,

Mrs. MARY E. SHOBER.

QUERY.

MONTREAL, CANADA, July 18, '81.

Messrs Editors :

I am just reading July's Magazine, and notice that the Louisville, Ky., boys have not yet decided how best to regulate the 'feed' when the tank-valve is uncoupled and the lazy-cocks cannot be closed, so I hope that some one else will advance an opinion in the matter.

'N. P. R.'s theory of applying the heater is right as far as it goes, and the only thing to do under the circumstances, without stopping and adjusting the lazy-cocks. But it will not do in all cases, as I have seen pumps when once started that could not be stopped by applying the heater.

'N. P. R.' need take no notice of what 'O. C.' says about cylinder and blow-off cocks, as he is only jesting, and I do not think it advisable to meddle with blow-off cocks, anyway, while running, as I have known men to get into trouble by being unable to shut them off, through a bit of scale or other hard substance from inside the boiler getting into the cocks. Now, I take a great interest in

queries, and will take the liberty to advance one. We have all heard of engines with pumps, while standing in the round house cooling off, filling themselves with water, if the tank valve be left open. I would like for

some one to explain the process by which this is done, and also the qualities necessary for an engine to possess to render her capable of doing so. Yours fraternally,

'E. U., No. 15.'

Scientific.

MISERY.

Messrs. Editors:

Misery is one of the most powerful agents which operates in restraining the excessive growth of population. How far this scourge is capable of being permanently diminished by the wisdom of the Legislature, or by the virtue of private citizens, is a matter on which benevolence will always entertain hope of better days, although we have no assurance that in this world the reign of calamities is ever to be at an end.

Famine is one branch of misery, which is, perhaps the least under control of human precautions, but war, the most terrible of all evils, is undoubtedly often induced by the vices of individuals. How often to gratify selfish and grasping ambition, has this consuming fire been kindled to scourge whole districts, to extinguish villages, to destroy thousands of beings wholly uninterested in the results, and to bring in its ghastly train both scarcity of food and epidemic diseases, scarcely less fatal than the sword.

Unhappily, in no age have such enemies of mankind been wanting, and too blindly have historians offered their incense on the altar of blood. How frequently if not to serve the views of an individual at least to promote the designs of some political party, has war taken its origin and gradually extended itself over distant nations? War is the real parent of famine and the most deadly diseases.

The most severe epidemic fevers which have ever desolated Europe have marched in the van of an invading army, or in the rear of a retreating one. The price of corn has a most remarkable influence on the movements of population and of disease; we have not a sufficient amount—number of data—to enable us to estimate the exact amount of its influences, but we shall assuredly not be mistaken in classing it among the most energetic causes which press on the operations of life. This operation extends not only upon

deaths but upon births, it affects also the number of marriages, of diseases and even of crimes.

Variations in the price of corn, then, form one of the most serious changes which can occur on the surface of a state; they may insensibly lead to the most unexpected, the most formidable results, and we may affirm with confidence, that one of the most important duties of a government, is to temper and diminish as far as it is possible, all the circumstances which promote these fluctuations in the price of the most necessary article of all which man can purchase. The majority of writers at present agree with Malthus in maintaining the proposition of *Cacteris Paribus*, viz: That a population will uniformly increase with the powers of subsistence, and diminish with their decrease.

To prevent the suffering from want and disease, which would attend the struggle of a nation against those limits on its increase which arise from the want of food, it is generally allowed that we must endeavor gently to check an excessive increase by moral restraint, and by the occasional exercise of a prudential restraint is only that which a young man of education and reflection usually imposes upon himself, however desirous of forming a union, he patiently awaits the moment when he can accomplish his wishes without degrading the object of his choice from her former standard of comfort, or without entailing poverty on his offsprings. And we find, accordingly, that marriages occur at a later age among those classes or individuals who are distinguished for intelligence, sobriety and self-denial, than among the uneducated and careless. From the wonderful activity of the principle of population, we are bound to deduce the expediency, not of multiplying checks, which already press but too heavily, but of removing that obstacle which is most opposed to the multiplication of the species and to its happiness and health; namely the difficulty of obtaining nourishment. The problem

would then appear to be, not to lessen the number of consumers, but how to increase the means of subsistence: not to keep out of life, by anticipation, the multitudes ready to inherit it, but to place them in the situations most advantageous to their reception, and, in short, most hospitable to the new comer.

AUGUSTUS RENOARD,

Aug. 15, 1881.

Denver, Col.

Belgium promises to become the great industrial teacher of Europe. Many foreigners are now attending her schools. She has fifty-nine technical schools, thirty-two industrial schools, and a higher commercial school—all receiving funds annually from the State.

A novel bridge at Southport, a suburb of Elmira, N. Y., is 80 feet long, and cost \$2,000. The abutments are railroad iron. Full-length rails are driven in the earth about half their length, upon which rest the ends of the bridge.

A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun thus describes a filter which he says he uses with perfect success for all the water his family requires. It is a gallon-glass funnel with a small piece of sponge in the bottom, and on

which rests half a dozen slender sticks to facilitate the percolation, then placed at intervals all around and beneath a piece of muslin a foot or so square. The muslin is filled with, say, a pint of closely powdered charcoal. Through this he filters the water. At first a little of the charcoal passes through, but it soon becomes a perfect filter.

A Dresden man has made a good lubricant for shafts by mixing the whites of eggs with the finest graphite powder, until the consistency of a firm dough. This is kept in boiling water until the whole is coagulated. The mass is then reduced to powder.

A locomotive signal light has been adopted by the Old Colony Railroad Company in connection with the head lights. There are two curtains so arranged as to be adjustable by the engineer, one red and the other green, which can be drawn down in front of the light. When an engine is on siding, and the main track is clear, the green curtain is drawn, and when on the main track, and there is any likelihood of another train coming in an opposite direction, the red curtain is drawn, in this manner showing the engineer of an approaching train whether the engine is on the main or side track.

Miscellaneous.

The watchword of Avon 38 is 'Progress.'

'New Hope' has never yet given us cause to despair.

No. 33 is a remarkable 'success.' Give her officers due credit.

No. 10 responds nobly to the call of their faithful Shepherd.

They say 'the little boy' is the very image of Bro. Jas. Case, of No. 59.

Sam. Sewery and Frank Miller of No. 13 are now in charge of engines.

Elkhorn is ever posed for an encounter on the battle field of the Order.

Frank Maley, of No. 37 will please correspond with his Lodge without delay.

No. 40 is blooming sure. C. W. Young represents her at the coming convention.

A. Cross man has evidently been at work in Buffalo. The boys are in downright earnest now and respond nobly to the tune of their Piper.

Bro. Levi P. Meeks passed through Terre Haute lately on his way to the far West.

J. M. Davis, of Red River No. 8, Dennison, Texas, is a man and master after our own hearts.

The wife and daughter of Chas. Piper, of No. 12, are spending the summer in New Jersey.

Most every one has heard of Amboy, Ills. Its celebrity is due to the just fact that No. 35 lives there.

Maurice Lynch, of Lodge 4, Portland, Maine, is a splendid financial secretary, he has our hand.

Alpha No. 26 was the first to fling the banner to the breeze of Wisconsin. May it float there forever.

We are informed that Bro. Dan. Finley and lady have a young fireman at their house. All doing well.

Tippecanoe is covering herself with glory. The three B's (Brown, Baker and Beemer), are at the helm.

No. 27 has a Hawkeye to business. Every measure of interest to the Order is warmly supported there.

'We have found' No. 14 has a good staff. Zepp and Tweedie are acquitting themselves with equal credit.

Our adopted Daughter is a valuable acquisition to the family. Her name has all the radiance of the North Star.

James Jordan, Chas E. Miller and Mat O'Hearn are now stationed on the right hand side. They are all of No. 23.

M. S. Laughlin, the able financial director of Forest City, Cleveland, Ohio, is regularly and satisfactorily heard from.

Bro. F. M. Wiley, of No. 94, was recently united in marriage to Miss Fannie Seebold, of Los Angeles, a most estimable young lady.

We take pleasure in recording the marriage of Bro. F. D. Simpson, of No. 94, to Miss Alice G. Williams, of San Francisco, formerly of New York.

We extend our heartfelt sympathies to Bro. Brown and lady in their bereavement, having lost a promising little daughter two years and six months of age.

While talking about our Magazine agents we must not neglect to mention Alexander Mowat, who is taking the Magazine into so many homes in Canada.

Bro. Wm. Long, of No. 36,—boy, twelve one-half lbs. Bro. Standish, of same Lodge, ditto, ten pounds. Both fathers are rallying as rapidly as can be expected.

J. N. Swift, Master of Pride of the West No. 26, De Soto, Mo., is a splendid specimen of membership. He is devoted to his work and his work is showing for itself.

L. E. Beckley, recording and financial secretary and Magazine agent of No. 12, Urbana, Ills., is running an engine on the I. B. & W. Give him your hand heartily.

It is with pleasure that we learn of the promotion of Bro. J. Brooks, of No. 99, to the right hand side. He is worthy of the honor and our best wishes go with him.

F. A. Resseigne is financial secretary of No. 89 at Carline, Nevada. We can testify that the business he transacts with the Grand Lodge is done promptly and well.

West End No. 18 has ended a glorious career at Mexico, and will hereafter be heard from at Slater, where she has opened with a first-class stock—the best in the market.

James Mathers, formerly of 'Old 56,' now of

Hurcles No. 63, paid us a short visit recently. The time in his company was spent so agreeably that we regretted to see him leave.

No. 34 has a Post—a good Post, even if he is an old Post. He is Magazine Agent and keeps well posted. We have just posted our books and find that Post is perfectly square.

The excellent financial secretary of Orange Grove, 97, Los Angeles, Cal., cannot be too highly commented for the style in which he discharges the duties incumbent upon his position.

Married—on the first day of June, Brother Cronin, one of the worthiest Bros. of No. 55, to Miss Mary J. Kennedy of Memphis, Tenn. Long life and happiness to Bro. Cronin and his bonnie bride.

C. Montgomery, J. H. Sawyer and J. W. Graham, of No. 61, are stars of the first magnitude. They preside over one of the largest Lodges in the Order, and its record will bear a close investigation.

Since the departure of A. J. Mackay, A. N. Curtis presides over the destiny of No. 58 almost alone. We do not fear to entrust a good Lodge to his care, for he has never yet betrayed a single trust.

C. C. Walker, of No. 90, recently had the misfortune to lose his wife by death. It is a sad bereavement and Brother Walker keenly feels it. He has the heartfelt sympathy of every member of the Order.

The cry of McCourtie at Brookville is similar to the command given to the English Grays at Waterloo—"Up toys and at them!" The base and irresolute have been routed and none but the 'True Blue' remain.

Reports from Waterloo, Iowa, indicate a radical change in the condition of things. E. A. Girard has charge of the financial department now, and the good results of the change are too numerous to mention.

M. T. Clark, of No. 22 visited No. 70, at Marshall, Texas, and was well received by the boys, who speak in high terms of him. Bro. Clark is one of L. E. Beckley's disciples and that is recommendation enough for him.

Mr. Comer, of the Seventh Street House, West Oakland, Cal., is a kind and courteous host, to whom we owe many thanks for favors received from time to time. The members of No. 90 unite in thanking him heartily for the use of rooms recently granted them for meeting purposes. Mr. Comer is a sincere friend of our Order.

We have two 'Old Posts' in the Order. One is located at Vincennes, Ind., and the other at Clinton, Iowa. The former is the title of a Lodge, and the latter that of a Magazine Agent. Either of them will do to hitch to.

L. Lacey, of No. 22, recently took a sojourn among the lakes of the North for his health. He is back again looking much refreshed. Brother James Lynch, of the same Lodge, is making an extensive trip through the East.

Susquehanna No. 71, was recently visited by Instructor Stevens, and he gives a flattering account of the condition of things there. They are a fine and intelligent body of men, and we are proud to number them among us.

As a 'success,' No. 83 is a perfect one. Of this the promotion of Bros. Hazen, Shelley, Stewart and Huffman to the right hand side is sufficient evidence. And, by the way, Bro. Sam Hart is hostler about the round house.

No. 21, reports the promotion of Brothers Buck, Platt, and Fuller; and No. 6 likewise reports the promotion of Bros. Cain and Wells. They all hold positions on the Iron Mountain Road and will make trustworthy Engineers.

Will J. Torrence, Dan Cook and Frank Baker, of the Evansville and Terre Haute Road, spend a portion of the summer among the Lakes for general health and recreation. We are glad to see their smiling faces among us again.

John A. Hayes, of No. 21, has just returned from a trip to the Rocky Mountains. He brought with him many rare specimens of gold and silver ore, and is now showing them to his friends free of charge. John, no doubt, had a splendid time.

Harry Barnes, of No. 16, who is now located at St. Paul, writes us a very interesting letter. He has been having some hard experience lately, but the future promises to be bright for him. We hope so for he is a gentleman, and in every way worthy of success.

Our old friend Charles Groscup occupies the chair and presides with much dignity in the K. C. Round House at St. Joe, during the absence of C. B. Morris. Some of the boys tried to play sick on Uncle Charley, but his reply was 'Nary sick. You are first out!'

James Hoffman, of the E. & T. H., can boast of a large circle of friends. He is just the kind of a man for us. His name is a household word along the line of his road, for he treats everybody with the utmost kindness and respect. Success to him!

A. J. Mackay, of No. 58, is now located at Tucson, on the Southern Pacific Road, of Arizona, where he occupies a responsible position on the right hand side of an engine. Though far away we often think of him, for he has a record that cannot be beaten.

Geo. F. Brown, of No. 12, formerly fireman for Dan. Chapman, on the western division of the N. T. S. E. & W. R. R., has quit the service of that company, and is now running an engine on the F. & B. R. R. The road is a new one, and Brother Brown has the honor of running the first passenger train on the line.

A whole host of No. 70's boys occupy the right hand side of their engines. The promotions recently reported are Ed. Powers, Chas. Hartar, S. C. Cook, Tom. Mooney, Dan. Byrnes, John Moynihan, Joe Muller, Tom. Conant, W. B. Conley and Joe Wallace. This speaks volumes in praise of our Lone Star Lodge.

Our Boston Lodge is in a flourishing condition, which is mainly due to the ability and integrity of its present officers. The master, G. H. Abbott, is a man of sterling qualities, while Wm. Tibbitts, as a Treasurer, and Wm. H. Greene, as Financial Secretary, stand second to none.

Those who think our Order does not thrive on Southern soil, we would refer to Bluff City Lodge No. 55, Memphis, Tenn. No better one exists in the whole country. Its members are an honor to themselves and their calling. Its officers are prompt in all their dealings with the Grand Lodge. We lack the ability to do them justice.

Oneonta, N. Y., has it Susquehanna No. 71. The members there are employed on the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company Railroad and, although but three months old they have settled down to hard and steady work, which fortells what may be expected of them in time to come.

The Grand Lodge considers Triumphant No. 47 entitled to special honors. Every true member must feel indebted to her for the substantial aid she rendered when the life of the Order was in peril. We take pleasure in acknowledging to her our gratitude and high appreciation of her loyal conduct.

The man who is called Jack by his intimate friends and the world, but whose good name is John M. Dodge, owns, in connection with his brother, an elegant orange farm, as far away as Maniton, near San Diego. He is also attaining celebrity as an amateur actor, and still adheres to 47, of Chicago.

One of the most faithful boys we know is Louis Billing, who does up the packages in the office of the Grand Lodge at Terre Haute. He is a great favorite with all who know him. The interest he takes in his work impresses one at once with the good qualities he possesses, and with the early start he has taken in life we are sure he has a promising future before him.

Dame Gossip has it that Brother. Victor Wensley, of Challenge No. 66, has taken unto himself a wife, Miss Maggie Merrin by name. Brother W. is one of the solid members of his Lodge, and his worthy bride enjoys the respect of all who know her. Mr. and Mrs. Wensley have the good wishes of their large circle of acquaintances.

MARRIED.—On July 23, at the residence of Mr. Robert Allison, Fairplay, Grant county, Wisconsin, Lemuel T. Wells, South St. Louis, Mo., and Hattie J. Rice, of East Dubuque, Ill.

The groom in the above marriage, is Brother Wells, of No. 6, De Soto, Mo. He is a clever young gentleman, and has a large circle of admiring friends who wish the young couple every success in life.

W. F. Hynes No. 84 is the new Lodge at Peoria, Ills., and Frisco, No. 51 the one at North Springfield, Mo. The former was organized August 5, with sixteen charter members at the latter August 7, with fifteen. It is evident that S. M. Stevens, our tireless organizer is moving around.

We take great pleasure in recording Bro. Carr, of No. 86, as one more added to the list of the married. He bade farewell to single misery and took unto himself for weal or woe Miss Lizzie Smith, daughter of one of our most respectable citizens. Brother Carr and his worthy bride have the best wishes of all in their journey through life.

The boys of No. 73 had been led to believe that Brother Thomas E. Kelton was proof against the fascinations of the milder sex but their eyes have been opened to the fact that he, too, had a yearning for the fair ones, and now he has taken one of them to guard and cherish forever. We admire his courage, and wish him happiness and prosperity.

Another one of our boys has gone to house-keeping, having taken unto himself a nice housekeeper in the shape of one of the most amiable and accomplished young ladies in Centralia. The boys of No. 37 eagerly press forward to grasp Bro. James and his worthy lady by the hand and wish them joy.

Bros. S. Pepple, John Emery, James Fanning, John Tierney, Tom Spencer and Fred Wiggins have all been promoted to the right side. They are men worthy of the honor and worthy of the friendship of all members of our fraternity, and, in justice to them, let me through the columns of our book extend to them my congratulations. Fraternally,

FLORIOSA.

Lone Star No. 70 has removed from Marshall to Loneview, Texas. We trust the change may prove beneficial. It certainly will, as the members will now be enabled to attend meetings, and if they will only remember that it requires much hard work to keep a Lodge in good running order and that the harder the members work the lighter will grow the burden, they will soon have the Lone Star State filled with the glory of their achievements.

Harry Keler, of 86, or, in other words, Fargo, has been manipulating an engine on the International & Great Northern but is now visiting his sister in the city of Brotherly Love, the good old town that would like to shelter the bones of William Penn, and has written us a fine letter in encouragement of Brotherhood. Although not an agent of the Magazine, he secured forty-four subscribers in a little village called Hearn, in Texas. The people of that place know where to invest a dollar to good purpose, and they shall be remembered in our visions along with Brother Keler.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All mail matter for F. W. Arnold, S. M. Stevens and E. V. Debs, from September 6 to the 13th, inclusive, will be directed "Care United States Hotel, Boston, Mass."

F. W. ARNOLD, G. M.
E. V. DEBS, G. S. & T.

"K. O. T. F. CUSHION."

"Knights of the Foot-board's Friend," is the title of a newly invented cushion which we would place before the members of our Order. It is noted for its durability, ease and elasticity. It is specially designed to meet the long felt want of engineers and firemen. A locomotive cushion that gives perfect satisfaction. Warranted for one year. Approved by all railroad men who have tested it. Made only of the best material and in the most thorough manner possible. Patent applied for. Automatic Springs. Write for particulars to the sole manufacturer,

R. M. MOREHOUSE,
Room 3, over 77 E. Market St., 3d floor,
Indianapolis, Ind.

Numerous.

Has great heeling properties—the mule.—Yawcob Strauss.

'Necessity knows no law.' A great many lawyers are like necessity.

The last words of a lawyer—I'll soon lie on the other side.—Detroit Free Press.

In Switzerland donkeys have bells on their necks. In the country it is not unusual to see them with belles on their back.

He lectured on Shakspeare and they shied eggs at him. He believed there was something rotten in Henmark.—Boston Globe

A Detroit editor says that death from delirium tremens is very pleasant. That will take a great load off of many minds.—Peck's Sun.

It is a final test of brotherly affection for a girl to lend her brother's silk umbrella to her beau and not get jawed clean out of her gaiters.

In Russia 'hello' is rendered 'Tzjakanfikrajanjanski,' hence the telephone can never be introduced into that country.—Modern Argo.

The archery clubs have commenced practicing, and the glass eye manufactory in Pittsburg is working double time.—Norristown Herald.

A man blew out the gas upon retiring to bed in a hotel. In the morning it was found that the gas had blown him out.—Waterloo Observer.

There are 100 000 commercial travelers in this country. Among such an array of drummers there must needs be many sticks.—Boston Transcript.

'Is that a funeral?' 'Shure, sir, I'm thinking it is.' 'Anybody of distinction?' 'I reckon it is, sir.' 'Who is it that died?' 'The jintleman in the coffin, sir.'

An old lady with several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus and phosphorus is the essential thign in making matches.

Gum arabic dissolved in whiskey will keep the hair curled in damp weather.—Exchange. A little sugar dissolved in it has the same effect on the legs.—John B. Gough.

Watch your cat. If her hair bristles up, her eyes roll and her teeth clatter together it is a sure indication of a coming earthquake, and you should go and pay your debts.

'Did you read my last poem?' 'Yes; it was simply perfect.' 'Oh, come now, really, you know nothing is perfect in this world.' 'Oh, yes, nonsense is.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Properly referred: Neighbor's pretty daughter—'How much is this a yard?' Draper's son (desperate 'spoons' on her)—'Only one kiss.' N. P. D.—'I will take three yards; grandma will pay.'—Exchange.

A youth has heard to remark to a fat Teutonlan: "Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar." "Is dot so?" said Hans. "When you are as old as me your face will look familiar, too."

When a man begins to go down hill he finds everything greased for the occasion, says a philosopher, who might have added that when he tries to climb up he finds everything greased for the occasion, too.

A young man in Maryland started out with horse, lance and battle ax to champion damsels in distress. He had not gone five miles when a red-headed schoolma'am pulled him off his horse and rolled him in the mud.

What made By-ron?—McGregor News. Probably a Bulwer after him.—Modern Argo. No, a 'lark' Lytton him.—Cambridge Tribune. Or, perhaps he had been Steel-ing and the Boz got after him to give him the Dickens.—Exchange. Possibly some fellow Burns him.

A lady taking tea at a small company, being very fond of hot rolls, was asked to have another. 'Really I cannot,' she modestly replied. 'I don't know how many I have eaten already.' 'I do,' unexpectedly cried a juvenile upstart, whose mother had allowed him a seat at the table. 'You've eaten eight; I been countin'!

As a steamboat was about to start from Cincinnati, one day, a young man came on board leading a blushing damsel by the hand, and approaching the polite clerk, said in a suppressed voice:

'I say, me and my wife has just got married and I'm looking for accommodations.'

'Looking for a berth?' hastily inquired the clerk, passing tickets to another passenger.

'A birth! thunder and lightning, no!' gasped the astonished man; 'we hain't but just got married—we want a place to stay all night, you know.'

If a young man in a street car gives up his seat to a pretty young lady he will be accused of partiality; if he gives it up to an ugly old lady, it will be said he does it for effect. The average mean plan for him to adopt is to keep the seat himself, and see nothing but the paper he is reading.—New Orleans Picayune.

Meeting a newsboy whose face was scarred with scratches, a reporter asked him what the matter was: 'Feller spoke against my sister. Said he'd bet she was cross-eyed and I sailed in.' 'Is your sister cross-eyed?' inquired the reporter. 'Hain't got no sister!' was the reply. 'It was the principal of the thing what I got licked for.'

A member of one of our learned clubs returned to the bosom of his family one night sadly 'under the influence.' As he cautiously steered himself up stairs he met his wife who at once upbraided him with his condition, and declared that he exhaled a strong odor of spirits. 'Taint that pleaded the sufferer. 'Had my hair cut; it's bay rum you smell.'

A Henry County man went out one morning before day recently with a tin bucket under his arm to milk the family cow. It was very dark and large crystals of snow were beginning to fall silently to the ground in massive flakes. In fumbling about for old Brindle he got into the wrong stall, and made demonstrations—in the manner of preparing to milk—about the offmule of the wagon team. He has since found the bail of the bucket in his hat, and walks reasonably well with a cane, but does all his milking after daylight.—*Mt. Pleasant Journal*.

WHERE THE SHOCK CAME IN.—'Did you know Bill York, who used to keep a saloon here in Galveston?'

'Yes, I was acquainted with a fellow of that name.'

'Well, he is a heedless sort of a fellow. He telegraphs to his aged mother from Omaha: 'The latest news up here is that I am going to hang to-morrow.''

'Yes, that was very heedless. He might have telegraphed that he was threatened with throat troubles, or something of that kind. The shock would not have been so severe to his aged mother.'

'Oh, that's not where the shock comes in.'

'Where does it come in?'

'Why, the careless fellow forgot to pay for the telegram.'—Galveston News.

A charming widow owns a nice boy, and a man wants to be appointed deputy father to the lad. It was only last Sunday that while the St. Paul man was strolling with the lad, he asked—'Bub, does your mamma bang her hair?' and the fool answered: 'Oh no; but you ought to see her bang dad's head. Guess the minister didn't know everything when he told pap to prepare to die. Prepare! why he was just aching to die.'

An excited convert: "Let me out! let me out! I've got salvation!" sobbed a thin man in a many-pocketed ulster, up at the M. & S. meeting the other night, as he wedged toward the door. "Let me go home and bear the blessed tidings to my unbelieving wife." But all the same a suspicious detective jammed him up against the wall and unloaded from his pocket three watches and five pocket-books, after which the services went on.—*San Francisco Post*.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and would offer them to our subscribers at the low figures of \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

NOTICE TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must not fail to tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head*."

Dead Head Packages are not billed and therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of all our Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies all of which they ought to have and which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures: Constitutions and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Keys to decipher Pass Words, etc., Black List Forms, Withdrawal Cards, Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for dues, etc., Financial Secretaries' Account Books and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities of both collectors and members, that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

NOTICE TO LODGES.

We are completely out of January numbers of Volume Five of our Magazine, and have but a few remaining copies of February, March and May. We would respectfully ask our Lodges to return to us as soon as possible as many of the foregoing numbers as they have on hand and will not use. Each and every copy will be thankfully accepted.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 16.—C. M. Helmen, from No. 36.
No. 77.—M. Olmstead, from No. 59. George McGarrahan from No. 74.

REINSTATED.

No. 38.—W. D. Segears, reinstated in good standing.
No. 40.—Robert Woodard. W. W. Warner reinstated in good standing.
No. 74.—Thomas Gillan reinstated in good standing.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 34.—A. F. Howes and John Moonry—final.
No. 36.—James White—final.
No. 36.—Charles Helmer, to join No. 16.
No. 43.—Fred Harvey—final.
No. 54.—C. H. Chamberlin—final.
No. 54.—T. Dollarhide, to join No. 8, and J Emery to join No. 24.
No. 59.—M. Olmstead to join No. 77.
No. 85.—C. M. Childs and Luke Flood to join No. 81.
No. 88.—W. Lethridge.
No. 91.—F. A. Griggs—final. S. N. Warner to join No. 98.

BLACK LIST.

No. 12.—Henry M. Jolls expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 12.—Pat Daily and Jno. Butler expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 17.—Wm. Yelton, expelled for defrauding widows and orphans.
No. 30.—L. Menzer and F. Stearns expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 30.—J. Coulter, L. N. Howe, E. Stearnes, J. G. Stevens, and D. E. Sovey, expelled for non-payment of dues.
No. 40.—Thos. Jordon and Alvin Wilkie, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 45.—M. W. Campbell and J. Mann, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 54.—A. Kelley, J. H. Ludwig, William Cheeney, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 56.—W. S. Thomas, expelled for unbecoming conduct. E. D. Thompson for contempt and slander.

No. 61.—Wm. H. Keyes and E. Kenyon, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 75.—S. Snyder and J. Frainer expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 88.—W. Dean, expelled for unbecoming conduct.

No. 90.—L. C. Nerr, expelled for defrauding helpless widows and orphans.

No. 95.—Barnard McCone, John D. Williams and D. F. White expelled for non-payment of dues. Wm. E. Bombard expelled for non-payment of dues and violation of his obligations.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

LITTLE ROCK, ARK., July 28, '81.

At a regular meeting of Rose City Lodge No. 45, B. of L. F., held at their hall July 25, 1881, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

WHEREAS, The mother of our worthy brother, S. A. Kile, presented our Lodge with a handsome cover for our altar, bearing the name and number of our Lodge the ensign of our Order, therefore be it

Resolved, That we accept this gift with feelings of profound gratitude and, as a mark of our appreciation we tender to the generous donor our most sincere thanks and our assurance that we shall endeavor to prove worthy of the honor conferred upon us.

Resolved, That Mrs. Kile be presented with a copy of these resolutions, and that they be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

JOHN ADAMS, }
B. F. BASS, } Committee.
F. W. WILSON, }

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

URBANA, ILL., August 14, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Central Lodge No. 22, B. of L. F., held August 14, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in his infinite wisdom to remove from our midst by sun-stroke, at Little Rock, Ark., on the 12 day of August, 1881, our esteemed Brother M. F. Clark, thus reminding us of the certainty of death, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Brother Clark

this Lodge has lost one of its best members, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to the family of our deceased brother our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of their affliction and we commend them to him who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit, for strength to bear their sad bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our deceased brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be recorded in the proceedings of the Lodge; that a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Fireman's Magazine.

LOREN E. BECKLEY, } Committee.
EDGAR DUNCAN, }

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

At a regular meeting of Cerro Gordo Lodge, No. 29, B. of L. F., the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The mother of our worthy brother, George H. Sherrick, of Minneapolis, Minn., presented our Lodge with a beautiful framed Motto, entitled 'Do Right and Fear Not,' therefore be it

Resolved, That we accept this splendid gift with feelings of profound gratitude.

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be tendered to the generous donor, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Sherrick, and also that they be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

HENRY E. NEIBEL, } Committee.
JOHN DUNN, }
W. H. SHATTUCK. }

Mason City, Iowa, August 15, 1881.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES.

GRAND LODGE.

Frank W. Arnold.....Grand Master,
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
Charles Pope.....Vice Grand Master,
68 Wolsey street, Toronto, Canada.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor,
1,100 Main street, Terre Haute, Indiana.
Eugene V. Debs.....Grand Sec'y and Treas'r,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Chas. Vogelsang.....Grand Warden,
Los Angeles, Cal.
John Clark.....Grand Conductor,
Memphis, Tenn.
Chas. Zepp.....Grand Inner Guard,
Indianapolis, Indiana.
W. N. Tibbets.....Grand Outer Guard,
Boston, Mass.
J. H. Brewer.....Grand Chaplain,
Lafayette, Indiana.
D. H. Dill.....Grand Marshal,
Marshall, Texas.
Eugene V. Debs.....Editor Magazine,
Terre Haute, Indiana.
Wm. F. Hynes.....Associate Editor Magazine,
283 Fifteenth street, Denver, Colorado.

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado
J. E. Briggs.....Waterloo, Iowa

GRIEVANCE COMMITTEE.

D. M. Wills.....Urbana, Ills
J. F. Hittle.....Rawlins, Wyoming Territory
Louis Elbertson.....Philadelphia, Pa
Angus Menish.....Stratford, Ont
Robert Ebbage.....Terre Haute, Ind
D. L. Stephens.....Washington, D. C
J. W. Richardson.....Louisville, Ky
Wm. Pembroke.....Salem, Mass
John I. Steele.....Atchinson, Kansas
Emory Green.....West Oakland, Cal
D. Fifield.....San Francisco, Cal
W. M. Palmer.....Amboy, Ills
Thos. Shivers.....Atlanta, Ga
Wm. J. Armitage.....Denver, Colorado

DISTRICT CORRESPONDING SECRETARIES.

C. J. McGee, box 772.....Danville, Ills
W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Penn.,
4,906 Paschal street.
Jos. Scheilhorn, box 648.....Little Rock, Ark
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado,
283 Fifteenth street.
J. H. Brewer, 181 Union st.....Lafayette, Ind
B. S. Keith.....Clinton, Iowa
C. R. Raymond, drawer 2214, Battle Creek, Mich
L. L. Parker, Jr.....East Cambridge, Mass
72 Cambridge street.
F. B. Alley.....Louisville, Ky
505 Washington street.
John Walsh, 359, 47th street.....Chicago, Ills.
John Schardt, box 4.....Nashville, Tenn
Harry Watts.....Evanston, Wyoming Ter

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK, Port Jervis, N. Y., meets at 1:30 p. m., on 2d and 4th Wednesday of the month, and 7:30 p. m., on the 1st and 3d Thursday of the month, at Rosen-cran's Hall, on Front street.
Charles Barkman, box 21.....Master
Frank L. Smith, box 361.....Rec Sec'y
Martin Coxson, box 361.....Fin. Sec'y
Charles Barkman, box 21.....Mag. Agt
2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 26 Exchange Place, 1st Wednesday and 3rd Thursday evenings of each month at 7:30.
Geo. D. Oliver, 185 N Main st.....Master
A. H. Stevens, No. 1 Carroll st.....Rec. Sec'y
A. P. Greene, No. 11 Astor st.....Fin. Sec'y
T. R. Powers, 20 Park st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, at Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Union Hall, 2d floor, Cor. 4th and Grove streets, 2d and 4th Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
Fred Green.....Rec. & Fin. Sec'y
E. W. Davis, 172 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt

4. **GREAT EASTERN**, Portland, Me.; meets in Engineers' Hall, Cor. Temple and Congress streets, 2d and 4th Sunday's in each month at 2 p. m.
C. B. Pearson, 27 St. Lawrence St.....Master
F. O. Mitchell, 23 Merrill St.....Rec. Sec'y
Maurice Lynch, 16 St. Lawrence St.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Johnson, Grand Trunk Dpt., Mag. Ag't
5. **UNION**, at Gallion, Ohio; meets every Tuesday evening at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in the Engineers Hall.
A. N. Jenkinson.....Master
Theo. Wooley, box 659.....Rec. Sec'y
A. Sittler, box 611.....Fin. Sec'y
J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. **PRIDE OF THE WEST**, at Desoto, Mo.; meets in K. of P. Hall every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.
J. N. Swift.....Master
G. E. Woodruff.....Rec. Sec'y
C. J. Burke.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Herst.....Mag. Agt
7. **POTOMAC**, at Washington, D. C. Meets every 2d and 4th Sunday of each month at corner 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ street and Pennsylvania avenue, at 2 o'clock p. m.
D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.....Master
P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.....Rec. Sec'y
J. C. Graham, 467 C st. s. w.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Fisher.....Magazine Agent
No. 420 12th st. s. w.
8. **RED RIVER**, Denison, Texas; meets in Good Templar's Hall, on Main st., every Saturday at 7:30 p. m.
W. M. Davis, box 273.....Master
Geo. McNellis, ".....Rec. Sec'y
C. R. Tait, ".....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Fitch, ".....Mag. Agent
9. **FRANKLIN**, at Columbus, O. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 3d Monday nights of each month.
E. L. Coit, Fiqua Shops.....Master
W. K. Redmond.....Rec. Sec'y
(City Water Works.)
C. F. Collier (592 N. High st.).....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Evans, Fiqua Shops.....Mag. Agent
10. **FOREST CITY**, at Cleveland, O. Meets alternate Sunday afternoons, at Miller's Hall, cor. Scranton Ave. and Auburn street, at 2 p. m.
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Master
H. H. Mason, 84 Literary st.....Rec. Sec'y
M. S. Laughlin, 59 Merchant Ave, Fin. Sec'y
Thos. H. Shepherd, No. 6 Fruit st.....Mag. Ag't
11. **EXCELSIOR**, at Phillipsburg, N. J. Meets in B. of L. E. Hall, at 2 p. m., 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
J. S. Gorgas, lock box 10.....Master
J. S. Gorgas, lock box 10.....Rec. Sec'y
H. Lott.....Fin. Sec'y
D. Gorgas.....Magazine Agent
12. **BUFFALO**, at Buffalo, N. Y. Meets every Friday evening at 7:30. Hall, 253 Michigan street.
I. H. Crossman, 454 Swan street.....Master
James Hayes, 206 Swan street.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Fin. Sec'y
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st. Mag. Ag't
13. **WASHINGTON**, Jersey City, N. J.; meets at Kaiser Hall, cor. Johnson avenue and Whitson streets, the 2d Monday at 11 a. m. and the 4th Sunday at 10 a. m. of each month.
Edwin F. Colbath, 134 Pacific ave.....Master
Mellick Shick, 126 ".....Rec. Sec
Thomas MacDona, 204 Pacific Ave.....Fin. Sec
Chas. A. Clapp, ".....Mag. Agt
14. **EUREKA**, at Indianapolis, Ind. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m., at 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ E. Washington street.
J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington st.....Master
Joseph Zahn 197 Bates st.....Rec. Sec'y
Chas. N. Zepp, 29 Madison ave.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Staff.....Magazine Agent
15. **ST. LAWRENCE**, Montreal, Canada; meets every alternate Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Engineers Hall, at Victoria Bridge Hotel.
Edward Upton, 9 Burges st.....Master
Richard Lang, 109 Britannia st.....Rec. Sec
John Ryan, 211 Burges st.....Fin. Sec
Peter Champagne, 175 Burges st.....Mag. Agt
16. **VIGO**, at Terre Haute, Ind. Meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m. at A. O. U. W. Hall, N. E. cor. Main and Eighth streets.
James I. Southard, 328 N. 14th st.....Master
E. V. Debs.....Rec. Sec'y
E. M. Sherburne, 621 N. 8th st.....Fin. Sec'y
A. J. Mullen.....Mag. Agt
17. **OLD POST**, at Vincennes, Ind. Meets every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock at their hall, corner 7th and Broadway sts.
C. A. Cripps.....Master
Chas. Kunz.....Rec. Sec'y
Byron Robinson.....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. **WEST END**, at Slater, Mo. Meets every Friday at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Odd Fellows' Hall.
C. M. Stone, lock box 50.....Master
L. M. Eldridge, lock box 50.....Rec. Sec.
J. B. Milton.....Fin. Sec'y
box 160, Rood House, Ills.
Geo. Steding.....Mag. Ag't
19. **TRUCKEE**, at Wadsworth, Nevada. Meets at Engineers Hall every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.
Thomas Yeargin, box 8.....Master
L. E. Enos do.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. Abbey do.....Fin. Sec'y
Fred. Murray do } Magazine Ag'ts
M. Coyle do }
20. **STUART**, at Stuart, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month at Engineer's Hall, S. E. corner Nassau and Division streets.
C. Traver.....Master
C. M. Finley.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Shields, box 470.....Fin. Sec
Wm. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. **INDUSTRIAL**, at South St. Louis, Mo. Meets in Engineers' Hall, every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m.
Wm. J. Edy.....Master
Geo. W. Ragland.....Rec. Sec'y
John A. Hayes.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. Edy.....Magazine Agent

22. CENTRAL, at Urbana, Ill. Meets every Sunday at 2 p. m., in B. of L. E. Hall.
A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
L. E. Beckley, doRec. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, doFin. Sec'y
L. E. Beckley, doMagazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, at Louisville, Ky. Meets the 1st and 3d Sunday at 2 p. m., and 2d and 4th Mondays at 7:30 o'clock p. m. in every month in Fehr's Hall, on Jefferson street, between Shelby and Clay streets.
J. W. Richardson, 238 Wenzel St.....Master
Chas. F. Hahn, 1010 Wash'g'tn st.....Rec. Sec'y
F. B. Alley, 505 Washington st.....Fin. Sec'y
P. Powers, 82 Story ave.....Mag. Agent
24. GREAT WESTERN, Parson, Kan.; meets in Fisher's Hall the 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
L. C. Hill, box 113.....Master
F. F. Wiggins, "Rec. Sec'y
J. Fanning, "Fin. Sec'y
T. P. Spencer, "Mag. Agt
25. CONNECTING LINK, at Boone, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
R. S. Pike.....Master
J. D. Russell.....Rec. Sec'y
Mark Crane, lock box 775.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
26. ALPHA, Baraboo, Wis.; meets in Engineer's Hall the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2 o'clock p. m.
C. F. Smith.....Master
J. D. Coughlin.....Rec. Sec'y
Thomas Thompson.....Fin. Sec'y
George M. Dopp, box 660.....Mag. Agt
27. HAWKEYE, at Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Meets alternate Sundays at 2 p. m., at Engineer's Hall, Eighth street.
W. C. Byers, box 562.....Master
L. C. Chase.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Phelps, box 1010.....Fin. Sec'y
Pat McGuire, box 562.....Magazine Ag't
28. ELKHORN, at North Platte, Neb. Meets every Wednesday evening.
M. B. Tarkington, box 177.....Master
H. J. Clark, "Rec. Sec.
Thomas C. Brown, " 114.....Fin. Sec'y
John N. Bonner, " 189.....Mag. Ag't
29. CERRO GORDO, at Mason City, Iowa. Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
A. H. Tucker.....Master
Wm. McAvinney.....Rec. Sec'y
George D. Taylor.....Fin. Sec'y
W. H. Shattuck.....Magazine Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, at Waterloo, Iowa. Meets the 1st and 3d Saturdays in each month, in Good Templars' Hall.
Jno. Graves.....Master
A. H. Girard, box 795.....Rec. Sec'y
A. E. Girard.....Fin. Sec'y
J. McNeill.....Magazine Ag't
31. R. R. CENTRE, at Atchison, Kan. Meets at 314 Commercial street, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 2:30 o'clock p. m.
Harry C. Davies, box 157.....Master
John I. Steel, box 146.....Rec. Sec'y
- A. B. Schaap, box 157.....Fin. Sec'y
Peter Lahey.....Mag.
Walter Cummings, Newton, Kan. } Ag'ts
32. BORDER, at Brookville, Kan. Meets at their hall the first and last Sundays of each month.
C. McCourtie, box 396, Salina, Kan.....Master
C. McCourtie, do do Rec. Sec'y
A. H. Chapm, box 302.....Fin. Sec'y
Ellis, Kan.
J. McKenna, box 77, do Mag. Ag't
33. SUCCESS, at Trenton, Mo. Meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., in K. of P. Hall on Elm street.
J. Dipple.....Master
E. B. Shelby.....Rec. Sec'y
H. H. Stamper, box 242.....Fin. Sec'y
Anthony Roth.....Magazine Agent
34. CLINTON, at Clinton, Iowa. Meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
W. M. Cowles.....Master
Geo. E. Howell.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. Howell.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. T. Post, box 393.....Mag. Agt
35. AMBOY, Amboy, Ill.; meets in Engineer's Hall, 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
Wm. H. Dean, box 345.....Master
Henry Schermerhorn, box 345.....Rec. Sec'y
Charles R. Kosier, box 420.....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Williams, box 416.....Mag. Ag't
36. TIPPECANOE, Lafayette, Ind.; meets every Sunday at 2 o'clock p. m., at B. of L. F. Hall, corner Fourth and Ferry streets, P. O. Block.
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
W. S. Baker, 113 Grove St.....Rec. Sec'y
W. S. Beemer, 99 Columbia st.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Mag. Ag't
37. NEW HOPE, Centralia, Ill.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month in B. of L. E. hall at 2 p. m.
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Master
F. M. James, doRec. Sec'y
H. G. Cormick.....Fin. Sec'y
M. B. Willard, box 202.....Mag. Ag't
38. AVON, Stratford, Ontario; meets 1st and 3d Sundays of each month, at Engineer's hall.
Daniel Ross, box 389.....Master
F. Mingay, box 103.....Rec. Sec'y
F. Mingay, box 103.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. Jeffery, doMagazine Ag't
40. BLOOMING, Bloomington, Ill.; meets in Engineers' hall every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
John A. Casey, C. & A. Engine House.....Master
C. W. Young, 1102 N. Oak st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. B. Miller, C. & A. engine house.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Paulick, 709 w. Chestnut st.....Mag. Ag't
41. KENTON, Cincinnati, O.; meets the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month at 3 p. m., cor. Freeman and Eighth street, Engineer's hall
H. P. Lewis.....Master
57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
Thos. N. Eller.....Rec. Sec'y
Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
Thos. N. Eller, "Fin. Sec'y
Gardiner Horricks, 400 George st.....Meg. Agt

42. KENNESAW, Atlanta, Georgia; meets every Tuesday evening at 24 Marietta st.
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. K. R. shops.....Master
H. C. Dunlap do doRec. Sec'y
W. H. Thrash do doFin. Sec'y
J. H. Webb, do doMag. Agt
43. ST. JOSEPH, St. Joseph, Mo.; meets in Engineers' Hall, corner of Olive and 9th streets, every 2d and 4th Sunday in each month.
Richard Morris.....Master
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
W. E. Sullivan, 2210 S. 6th st.....Rec. Sec'y
D. C. Pierce.....Fin. Sec'y
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
Charles Murray.....Magazine Agent
K. C. St. J. & C. B. shops.
44. F. W. ARNOLD, East St. Louis, Ills. meets every alternate Tuesday evening.
H. Whittlesey, box 284.....Master
S. W. Dugan.....Rec. Sec'y
Thos. Rodgers, box 171.....Fin. Sec'y
J. L. Benedick, box 325.....Mag. Agent
45. ROSE CITY, Little Rock, Ark.; meets every Monday at 7:30 p. m., corner Main and Markham streets.
H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
E. H. Raiford, 911 North street.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank A. Richardson, box 648.....Fin. Sec'y
P. J. Robison.....Magazine Agent
620 Pulaski street.
46. CAPITAL, Springfield, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays opposite the Postoffice.
J. Summerville, 1112 E. Moore st.....Master
A. D. Hensley.....Rec. Sec'y
1316 Jackson st., bet. 13th and 14th sts.
Joseph Henry, 421 S. 9th st.....Fin. Sec'y
Louis Smith, Wabash shops.....Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, Chicago, Ill.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2:30 p. m., in Railroad Chapel.
W. E. Burns, 1325 Michigan ave.....Master
J. Mylett, 1412 Indiana ave.....Rec. Sec'y
A. S. Hart, 2339 Wentworth Ave.....Fin. Sec'y
M. Gepper, 1350 State st.....Mag. Agt
48. W. F. HYNES, Peoria, Illinois;
Goodwin Gates, 328 Howett st.....Master
Charles Adams, 616 S Adams st.....Rec. Sec'y
James Smith, 417 First st.....Fin. Sec'y
Robert Martin, 602 W Jefferson st.....Mag. Agt
49. JOHN M. RAYMOND, Decatur, Ills.; meets at Engineers' Hall near Union Depot.
Wm. Felton.....Master
A. Johan.....Rec. Sec'y
Andrew Sheridan.....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Felton.....Mag. Agt
50. GARDEN CITY, Chicago, Ills.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays at 10 o'clock a. m., in Firemen's Hall, 4815 State street.
J. H. Walsh, 359, 47th street.....Master
Henry J. Strong, 4558 State st.....Rec. Sec'y
W. R. Parker, 4708 State st.....Fin. Sec'y
W. S. Barrows, 4532 Dearborn st.....Mag. Agt
51. FRISCO, North Springfield, Mo.; meets at Good Templars' Hall, every Thursday at 7:30 o'clock, p. m.
W. A. Holman, box 184.....Master
M. A. Frame, box 184.....Rec. Sec'y
H. R. Favor, box 184.....Fin. Sec'y
Elijah Smith, box 184.....Mag. Agt
52. GOOD WILL, at Logansport, Indiana; meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., on the corner of Spear and Twelfth sts.
Ambrose Ross, lock box 626.....Master
J. W. Stevens doRec. Sec'y
M. W. Jamison doFin. Sec'y
B. B. Ide doMagazine Agt
53. EMPORIA, Emporia, Kan.; meets over the Post Office, every Sunday at 2:30 o'clock, p. m.
Calvin Rich, box 280.....Master
George Cheney.....Rec. Sec'y
Daniel Smith.....Fin. Sec'y
E. L. Gray, Newton, Kan.....Mag. Agent
54. ANCHOR, Moberly, Mo.; meets at 2 p. m. every Sunday at Good Templars' Hall.
L. F. Stephens, box 820.....Master
Geo. R. Stacy, box 820.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. R. Stacy doFin. Sec'y
L. F. Stephens, box 64.....Magazine Agent
55. BLUFF CITY, Memphis, Tenn.; meets every Monday evening, at Knights of Honor hall, 288 2d street.
Patrick Ryan, L. and N. shops.....Master
Michael Cady doRec. Sec'y
Jacob Fuchs, 16 Johnston ave.....Fin. Sec'y
A. M. Cronin, L. & N. shops, }
John Larkin, do } Mag. Agents.
Edward Fuchs, do }
56. BANNER, at Stansberry, Mo.; meets at 7:30 o'clock every Sunday evening in Odd Fellow's Hall.
S. M. McGaffey, box 217.....Master
W. E. Patterson, box 177.....Rec. Sec'y
Edward Fitzsimmons.....Fin. Sec'y
E. D. Thompson.....Mag. Agt
57. BOSTON, Boston, Mass.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month, at 10 a. m., in Engineers' Hall, 47 Hanover street.
Geo. H. Abbott, 50½ Hudson street.....Master
Everett Sias.....Rec. Sec'y
9 Winthrop st., East Boston, Mass.
Wm. H. Greene, 68 Cabot st.....Fin. Sec'y
14 Franklin Place, Boston Highlands, Mass.
Wm. A. Pembroke, North River
Engine House, Danversport, Mass. Mag. Agt
58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California; meets 1st and 3d Sunday in each month at 10 o'clock a. m. in Masonic Hall over Trot's Hotel.
A. H. Curtis, box 23.....Master
A. J. Mackay, doRec. Sec'y
A. J. Mackay, doFin. Sec.
A. H. Curtis, do } Magazine
A. E. Brown, Sacramento, Cal.. } Agents
59. ROYAL GORGE, South Pueblo, Colorado; meets in Engineer's Hall every Saturday night.
Wm. Kinney, lock box 37.....Master
H. S. Hinman ".....Rec. Sec'y
John Daley, ".....Fin. Sec'y
Wm. Kinney, ".....Mag. Agt
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.; meets in Dover Hall, 2204 Marshall st., the 1st and 3d Sundays of each month.
Paul Walker.....Master
A. B. Collom, 2206 Lawrence st.....Rec. Sec'y
Joseph Shepherd, 2510 Alder st.....Fin. Sec'y
Joseph Shepherd, ".....Mag. Agt

61. MINNEHAHA, St. Paul, Minn.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, at 3 p. m., at Druids Hall.
C. Montgomery.....Master
St. P. & M. M. shops.
J. H. Sawyer, 47 Colburn st.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Graham, 117 Fort st.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Sinks, 56 Goodrich ave.....Magazine Agent
62. VANBERGEN, Carbondale, Pa.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month in Odd Fellows Hall.
John A. Bryden, box 70.....Master
Homer Hutchins.....Rec. Sec'y
P. W. Johnson, box 284.....Fin. Sec'y
John Moyles, box 229.....Magazine Agent
63. HERCULES, Danville, Ills.; meets every alternate Sunday afternoon and every alternate Friday evening, southwest corner of Public Square, in B. of L. E. Hall.
C. J. McGee, box 772.....Master
John Mills, do.....Fin. Sec'y
W. C. Goodrich.....Rec. Sec'y
C. J. McGee, box 772.....Magazine Agent
65. FORT RIDGELY, at Sleepy Eye, Minn.; meets 1st and 3d Sunday of each month.
Thomas Burke.....Master
J. H. McDonald.....Rec. Sec'y
John H. Boyle.....Fin. Sec'y
J. S. Gilman.....Magazine Agent
Huron, Dakota Territory.
66. CHALLENGE, Belleville, Ont.; meets in Marble Hall, cor. of Front and Mill sts., the 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2 o'clock p. m.
T. Collins, G. T. R. Shops.....Master
Wm. Buckley, ".....Rec. Sec'y
E. Adams, ".....Fin. Sec'y
John Muir, ".....Mag. Agt
67. DOMINION, Toronto, Can.; meets every 1st and 3d Sundays at 2 p. m., in Occident Hall, Queen street.
John Scott, 357 W. Adelaide st.....Master
M. C. Rowan, 101 Denison ave.....Rec. Sec'y
John Johnson, 22 Meeter st.....Fin. Sec'y
Alex. Mowatt, care Richardson's Hotel, Corner King and Brock sts.....Mag. Agt
68. HUDSON, Jersey City, N. J.; meets in Engineer's Hall, cor. Plymouth and Washington streets, the second Tuesday at 8 o'clock p. m. and the fourth Sunday at 2:30 o'clock p. m. in each month.
T. H. Lawler, 196 Bay street.....Master
Joseph Meegan, 41 Van Winkel st.....Rec. Sec'y
H. K. Cochran, ".....Fin. Sec'y
42 Center st., Newark, N. J.
Thomas Cadle, 306 4th street.....Mag. Agt
69. ISLAND CITY, Brockville, Ont.; meets at Firemen's Hall, Merrill's Block, Main street, every alternate Sunday at 2 o'clock, p. m.
Fred Lawrence.....Master
John Graham.....Rec. Sec'y
R. J. Trumbull, ".....Fin. Sec'y
Fred Barr, ".....Mag. Agt
70. LONE STAR, Longview, Texas; meets every Monday at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
C. Greenwood, Texarkana, Ark.....Master
Leo Delaney, Longview, Tex.....Rec. Sec'y
Daniel Byrnes, ".....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Selby, ".....Mag. Agt
71. SUSQUEHANNA, at Oneonta, N. Y. Meets in the Grand Army Hall the 2d and 4th Sundays in each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
Chas F. Bingham, box 638.....Master
John J. Madden, ".....Rec. Sec'y
D. V. Rorick, ".....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Smith, ".....Mag. Agt
72. WELCOME, Camden, N. J.; meets in Sendsfelder's Hall, corner Third and Federal streets, the 2d and 4th Sundays of each month.
Lewis Elbertson, 315 Hamilton st.....Master
Wm. Cows, 410 Hartman st.....Rec. Sec'y
John Colton, 424 Mickelst.....Fin. Sec'y
Harry Higgins, 427 Third st.....Mag. Agt
73. BAY STATE, Worcester, Mass.; meets every 2d and 4th Sundays, in Piper's Block, Room 3.
James Roach.....Master
Thomas Loynd, 83 Green st.....Rec. Sec'y
John C. Updike, 628 Main st.....Fin. Sec'y
Calvin Aldrich, Norwich, Conn.....Mag. Agt
74. KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.; meets 1st and 3d Sundays, W. 9th st, between Mulberry and Santa Fe streets.
John Fleming, 1325 St. Louis ave.....Master
Archie Clark, do.....Rec. Sec'y
J. D. Clinton, 1408 Joy street.....Fin. Sec'y
A. Murray, 815 west 17th street.....Mag. Agt
75. ENTERPRISE, West Philadelphia, Pa.; meets every other Sunday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, corner 39th and Market sts.
Henry Walton, 3,845 Warren st.....Master
Frank Dupell, 3,321 Elm st.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. J. Wheeler, 4,906 Paschall st.....Fin. Sec'y
Henry Knepley, 609 N. 37th st.....Mag. Agt
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, at Denver, Col.; meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 p. m., at Engineers' Hall, No. 13 and 14 Halliday street.
W. F. Hynes, 283 15th st.....Master
C. R. Campbell, lock box 1,588.....Rec. Sec'y
W. Hockenberger, do.....Fin. Sec'y
W. F. Hynes No. 283 15th st.....Mag. Agt
79. CUMBERLAND, Nashville, Tenn.; meets every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., at Neylan's Hall, No. 17 Cedar st.
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Master
John Schardt, box 4.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Evatt, 170 N. Market st.....Fin. Sec'y
Ira Thompson, Fort Wayne, Ind.....Mag. Agt
80. CHARTER OAK, Hartford, Conn; meets at 119 Pearl street, the 1st and 3d Sundays in each month at 2:30 p. m.
W. F. Fisher.....Master and Mag. Agt
European House, Williamantic, Conn.
G. Warriner.....Rec. Sec'y
119 Pearl st., Hartford, Conn.
F. W. Griswold, Rockville, Conn.....Fin. Sec'y
81. PINE CITY, Brainerd, Minn; meets in Odd Fellows Hall, corner of Laurel and Sixth street, the 1st and 3d Sundays in every month at 2 o'clock p. m.
Frank D. Millsbaugh, box 18.....Master
J. Collins, box 18.....Rec. Sec'y
L. H. Smith, box 18.....Fin. Sec'y
Frank D. Millsbaugh, box 18.....Mag. Agent

82. **NORTHWESTERN**, Minneapolis, Minn.; meets in Druid's Hall, Masonic Block, Nicolet avenue, between 1st and 2d sts., on the 1st Sunday and 3d Saturday evenings of each month.
J. F. Canney.....Master
Care Minn. Eastern Office.
- J. D. Weaver, 2210 18th ave., south.....Rec. Sec'y
S. T. Browne, 1200 W'shton Ave S.....Fin. Sec'y
A. W. Dean.....Magazine Ag't
corner 13th avenue south, and 7th
84. **MISSOURI RIVER**, at Omaha, Neb.; meets 1st and 3d Tuesdays of each month at M & B. Hall, 12th street, between Douglas and Farnham.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street.....Master
Wm. Atkinson.....Rec. Sec'y
U. P. Round House.
Thos. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st.....Fin. Sec'y
James Lowry.....Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th st
85. **FARGO**, Fargo, D. T.; meets in room "I" Davis block, on Front st, every Monday at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
John Burns box 1,798.....Master
Arthur Bassett, box 1,796.....Rec. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Fin. Sec'y
Geo. E. McCormack, box 1,722.....Mag. Ag't
86. **BLACK HILLS**, Laramie, W. T.; meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, 1st and 3d Mondays of each month.
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Master
E. Betts.....Rec. Sec'y
J. E. Carroll.....Fin. Sec'y
N. Z. Wood, box 133.....Magazine Agent
87. **SUMMIT**, Rawlins, W. T.; meets every Tuesday in Temperance Hall, at 7:30 p. m.
Dennis P. Murphy.....Master
John F. Hittle, box 5.....Rec. Sec'y
S. M. Cunningham, box 38.....Fin. Sec'y
J. R. Paskell.....Magazine Agent
88. **MORNING STAR**, Evanston, W. T.; meets in the B. of L. E. Hall, every Thursday evening.
Wm. H. Woods.....Master
Wm. Hamilton, box 136.....Rec. Sec'y
Wm. Woods.....Fin. Sec'y
Chas. Morgan.....Magazine Agent
89. **SILVER STATE**, Carlin, Nev.; meets in Engineers' Hall every Tuesday, at 5:20 p. m.
J. A. Ressegnie, box 41.....Master
D. E. Bassford.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Ressegnie.....Fin. Sec'y
J. H. Kelley.....Magazine Agent
90. **PAY AS YOU GO**, West Oakland, Cal.; meets 1st and 3d Mondays of the month, corner 7th and Chester streets.
Ed. Harlow.....Master
James Perrin.....Rec. Sec'y
E. L. Pratt, 1782 Eighth street.....Fin. Sec'y
M. R. Goff.....Magazine Agent
91. **GOLDEN GATE**, at San Francisco, Cal.; meets the first Sunday and third Wednesday of each month at King's Hall, Missouri street, bet. 17th and 18th.
Thomas Thompson, 203 15th st.....Master
J. Foster, 193 16th street.....Rec. Sec'y
F. A. Griggs, 111 19th street.....Fin. Sec'y
John McCreagh, S. P. R. R. Shops Mag. Ag't
92. **MARSHALL**, at Marshalltown, Iowa.; meets at their hall the 1st and 3d Wednesdays in each month at 7:30 p. m.
T. A. Seig.....Master
Frank Miller, box 1,406.....Rec. Sec'y
Frank Miller ".....Fin. Sec'y
T. A. Seig.....Magazine Agent
93. **GATE CITY**, Keokuk, Iowa; meets in Engineers' Hall, every 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m.
M. E. Clark, lock box 7.....Master
H. O. Justice, box 375.....Rec. Sec'y
H. O. Justice, do.....Fin. Sec'y
R. L. Starkey, box 550.....Magazine Agent
94. **CACTUS**, Tucson, Arizona Ty.; meets the 1st and 3d Monday evenings in each month, at 7:30 o'clock.
J. C. Spahr, box 224.....Master
Frank Simpson do.....Rec. Sec'y
C. W. Green 208.....Fin. Sec'y
R. Fetterly 224.....Mag. Ag't
95. **CHICAGO**, Chicago, Ill.; meets in Engineers' Hall, 239 Milwaukee avenue, 1st Tuesday and 3d Friday at 7:30 p. m., and last Sunday at 2 p. m.
Wm. Kellard, 152 N. Sangamon st.....Master
John Vantwood.....Rec. Sec'y
157 N. Halstead st.
James M. Miller.....Fin. Sec'y
152 N. Sangamon st.
James Leahy.....Magazine Ag't
74 N. Sangamon street.
96. **BALTIMORE CITY**, at Baltimore, Md.; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, Hall on Preston street, between Eutaw and Madison streets.
T. F. Bailey, 215 West Biddle street.....Master
John O'Neil, 82 Maryland ave.....Rec. Sec'y
Jos. H. Shock, 202 Constitution St Fin. Sec'y
Wm. J. McKissen.....Magazine Ag't
Care of R. J. Lucas, Jefferson ave. near Shirk street, corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. **ORANGE GROVE**, Los Angeles, Cal.. meets in B. of L. E. Hall, 1st and 4th Fridays of each month.
Wm. Hughes.....Master
C. E. Hill.....Rec. Sec'y
Ely Stevens, box 901.....Fin. Sec'y
C. Vogelsang, box 72.....Magazine Agent
98. **PERSEVERANCE**, Terrace, Utah Territory, meets every Tuesday at 5 p. m., at City Hall.
W. J. Toy, box 131.....Master
F. R. Britten, box 217.....Rec. Sec'y
E. P. Hastings, box 189.....Fin. Sec'y
G. W. Jacobs.....Magazine Agent
99. **WABASH**, Peru, Ind; meets 2d and 4th Sundays of each month, at 2 p. m. in I. O. O. F. Hall.
Chas. A. Wilson, box 316.....Master
M. E. Daly.....Rec. Sec'y
M. Hassett.....Fin. Sec'y
C. A. Wilson, box 316.....Magazine Ag't
100. **ADAIR**, Bowling Green, Ky.; meets every Monday evening, in B. of L. F Hall, on Main street, near Depot.
C. O. Dixon.....Master
Patrick Ryan.....Rec. Sec'y
J. W. Lee.....Fin. Sec'y
Adam Bigleben.....Magazine Agent

THE

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ANNA'S EXPIATION.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

'Anna,' said Miss Morris, as she came down stairs all dressed for the long journey on which she was about to start, 'here is the key of my room. Please don't neglect my plants, and remember to give Joe fresh water and seed every morning. I shall be back probably in a week or ten days if grandma does not grow worse.'

'I'll take good care of everything,' said Anna Leland as she took the key. 'You needn't worry at all Miss Morris. Joe and the plants shan't miss you. And I do hope that your grandmother will be better by the time you get home.'

Anna spoke earnestly, for she was a warm hearted girl, and had a great admiration for Miss Morris, who has been a boarder in the house for three months. She felt sorry to see her go away so sad, and the tears filled her bright eyes as the carriage with Miss Morris inside drove off to the depot.

Mr. Leland had been unfortunate in business; there was need of economy in his household, and it was diligently practiced by Anna and her mother, who resolved themselves into a committee of ways and means, and held consultations as to making this or that old garment 'do' for the season, or of baking less cake and pastry.

Miss Morris was the first and only boarder the Lelands had ever taken into their house. It had been a bright idea of Anna's that they should rent their large front bedroom, and they thought themselves very fortunate in finding an occupant for it in Miss Morris, who had come to the city to finish her musical studies, and had been very happy in her new home until called away to her old by a telegram announcing the serious illness of her grandmother.

Anna was a very conscientious girl, and very faithful in the performance of her duties. Every morning as soon as the breakfast dishes were washed and the parlor dusted and set in order, she fed the canary and gave him fresh water, watered the plants in the bay-window, and picked off the dead leaves, and dusted carefully every piece of furniture and ornament in the room. She often wondered if she should have as many pretty things as Miss Morris owned. In every corner of the room were brackets holding busts of poets and authors; handsomely bound and illustrated books lay on the center table; pretty vases and a beautiful clock were on the mantle, and the bureau was ornamented with an exquisite toilet set, and a costly jewelry case lined in rose-colored satin. But pretty as all these things were, Anna thought Miss Morris' personal adornments were more to be admired. In one corner of the room stood a large trunk and in it lay carefully folded several dresses beautifully made and elaborately trimmed with costly lace and fringe. Once Miss Morris had taken them all out and showed them to Anna, laughing a little at the latter's admiration for a pale silk made with a long train.

Anna had been wholly without envy as she looked at the beautiful dresses. She had not been to an entertainment of any sort for two years because she had nothing nice to wear, and her heart had often ached as she had listened to descriptions of the elegant toilets worn by her young friends on certain grand occasions on which she had not been present. She was scarcely nineteen, and was fond of fine clothes, new ribbons, and merry-making, as are most girls of that age, and it is no wonder that she sometimes repined a little over her father's strained circumstances. She was thinking of the pink silk as she fed the canary one morning, when Miss Morris had been gone a week.

wrath. Little 'Siah came to us the second winter, and from the first he was a piece, so cunning and so cross. I called him possessed some days, but Joshua said he was only powerful healthy. We loved him, he was our first born, and he twined about our hearts just as the partrine vine clings to the warm earth. But the spring work was coming on. I was ambitious. I was at work again before my strength came back. I crawled about the house more like a shadow than a young girl not yet twenty. Broken rest at night and long days of ceaseless work took the spunk all out of me. I kind of murmured in my heart, but the Lord forgave me, for that was only the beginning.

'Josiah had just got the planting done, a powerful large lot, when he was taken sick; never was sick before. Typhoid fever, the doctor said, and he would have a hard one. I was just so weak I just laid 'Siah by his father and then crept up stairs to the south chamber. The moon was full and seemed to mock me, the fields, green as they were, only made my heart ache. I flung myself on the floor and lifted up an exceeding bitter cry. I charged the good Lord foolishly. I rebelled at my condition. I said it was cruel. He don't care. I heard some noise below and then I thought how sinful; perhaps Josiah will die; he needs you now, and here you are giving way to despair. I did not see my folly but I picked up a little courage and went down.

What a summer there was! Josiah kept growing worse until he seemed dead in all but breathing. Crazy! Oh, how he raved! Some of time he seemed to think I had married the Boston man and he was living alone on his farm, and then he would pray. Those prayers were the finishing stroke. Josiah was not a professor. I had done my duty, but all the time I rebelled; I almost cursed God. Again and again I stole up to the south chamber, when Josiah was quiet, and thought and thought until it seemed as if I should go mad. One night I came down more desperate than ever. Josiah seemed to be asleep, and little 'Siah was beside him. The moonlight fell on him like a glory. I threw myself by the bed, and Josiah all at once began to pray. He never did such a thing before. His delirium had not left him, but he seemed inspired. I never could tell what he said, leastwise I wouldn't try. God know, but the baby and me he took right up to God Almighty. The moonbeams seemed a shining ladder, and the Lord himself came right down. He pointed to his bleeding side and

his bruised hands, and I thought I heard him say: 'For you.'

'I don't know, mister, but you are tired. Josiah went to death's door. He seemed to cross over, and then for the love o' me he came back. It was not until the frost came that he could do any work. Again and again I rebelled, but Josiah's prayers brought me back, for, strange as it may seem, when the delirium left him he kept on praying, and it was the Lord's voice calling me. We laid up no money that year. The doctor's bill and the wages of the hired man took all the profits and left us a little more in debt. Little 'Siah had been pining all the season; I was over-worked, had never gained any strength and he felt it. How we loved him as he would pat his father's head, his little wee face trying to smile. I made an idol of my child. When the white frost came and Josiah could just crawl about and do his chores, little 'Siah grew worse and in a week he died. Perhaps you have never lost a child; you don't know then. We buried him under the apple tree, our dear little boy. The night he died he crept up to his father, as he kneeled beside him, and Josiah he prayed, and the words seemed to open the gates to that city where the children are, and his spirit fluttered away.

'And then I gave up. I cursed God in my heart. I asked for death. Weeks passed, but I lay in a dumb stupor; the doctor said I must be roused or die. I had thought it was evil luck for a creature to have. I believed in nothing. The Spring came. Josiah was strong again. One day he lay a single May flower in my thin hand. 'God watches over the flowers, Sukie,' he said and then my tears began to flow. I had not been able to cry for months. Those little pink petals spoke to me and I came to myself. I began to pray. I said: 'I will not die.'

'Another autumn. May come to us, a calm placid child. I had something to live for and I rose up with new courage. The red leaves fell on 'Siah's grave, but I knew he was beyond the reach of a dying life. I began to look for the Lord's face. Days came when I seemed to be in a little hell of my own but afterwards there came peace. I was finding that my luck was the Master himself, terrifying as he was to the disciples on the lake at first, but on a nearer approach was a deliverer.'

Here the woman ceased. I had been intensely interested. I cannot put tone and bearing on paper. In the winning expression of her calm face I had found bread. 'But

that was long ago,' I said, hoping she would continue her narrative.

'Yes, sir, the years went on. The farmer's life is a hard one; you can't realize it. It is a tough battle to pay off a mortgage and live. Not much time for play. The children came, five of them in all, healthy, happy children, but making lots of work for a mother. We had reached the last payment on the mortgage, and May was 15. We had worked hard, but the years followed one another with no great changes. I thought my luck had turned and then came that awful diphtheria. May was sick two days; the third day the blooming girl whose beauty we worshipped, faded, and the Tower was plucked by the gardener. The four remaining children were soon taken. In two weeks time we had but one child. The nillocks were fresh in the orchard, four of them beside little 'Slah. So sudden was the blow, so anxious the days, that I had not time to think of my grief. But last of all Josiah was taken, wearied out with watching and sorrow. His strong constitution held at bay the terrible disease for weeks. One night when the crisis came, he prayed with me, his dying lips not faltering as he commended me to God. He said five children were waiting for him and he seemed to see them as he drew near the end, and at midnight I was a widow.

'You say I must have felt forsaken. I did not feel at all for weeks. I simply breathed; but when in the early spring I crawled out to the apple tree where the six mounds were beginning to grow green, and fell upon the sod, I left an awful burden at the foot of Him who has made immortality sure. It was God's way and it was well. Do I not mourn? Yes and no; not for them, but for myself, and yet I rejoice.'

I shall never forget the expression that flitted across her face as she told me her story. There was a great peace in her heart I knew, for the calm rested on her brow. I heard the whistle of the incoming train and knew we parted soon forever.

'Mister, you seem sort of down-hearted, as if you are a little rebellious; there's something better than children and husband—it's him. Acquaint thyself with Him.'

The next minute the noisy train parted us; I to the East and she to the West, but the sermon had been preached and I thanked her.

SAYED BY A DREAM.

Several years ago I resided in a wild mountainous, and rather lonely region.

* There was a railroad but a few rods in front

of my door, and a station and a village about a mile to the west. The nearest station to the east was about ten miles distant.

I moved to the place with my young wife late in the autumn, and about the first of the following March I was attacked with typhoid fever, and wassick for about a month.

As soon as I got strong enough to sit up, and walk a little, I told my wife she had better go and visit her brother, who lived about fifty miles to the east of us.

She hesitated about leaving me, fearing I might need her care; but after waiting a few days, and seeing that I continued to regain my health and strength, she, one pleasant morning about the middle of April, started, intending to be gone between one and two weeks.

The weather for about a week after my wife left me was dry and pleasant.

On very warm and pleasant days I would venture to take a short walk in the forests near by.

One day I exercised a little beyond my strength, and felt quite tired at night, and lay awake for a long time.

At length I fell into an uneasy slumber, and dreamed a very curious and startling dream.

I seemed to have gone forward into the future a couple of days.

It seemed to me that a heavy rain had been falling the most of the day, and all of the day before, but the evening was clear and pleasant and not very dark, though the moon was not shining.

I seemed to be walking along the railroad track toward the east.

I first passed through a piece of woods about half a mile wide; then for about a mile through a cleared field containing a couple of farm-houses, one inhabited and the other deserted.

I then entered another wood, and, after walking about a mile and a half, I came to a stream greatly swollen by rain, which had weakened the railroad so much that the passenger train in attempting to cross had broken it down, and bridge and carriage completely wrecked were lying on both sides of the stream, except portions that were floating down.

Some of the passengers lay dead or dying among the ruins, some were floating down the river, and a few were clinging to the trees and bushes on the shore.

It was a fearful and heartrending sight.

Although it was night I seemed to see all

these things distinctly, and can well remember my feelings as I surveyed the scene.

While viewing the ladies in the water, I suddenly caught sight of the mangled form of my wife, and with a wild cry I awoke. This dream made a great impression on my mind.

The next day, early in the morning, it commenced raining, and continued to rain all the day and following night.

I felt very lonely and uneasy all day, which feeling was increased by receiving a letter from my wife, saying that she intended coming home on Friday night on the express train. I retired late, feeling much worried, and to add to this, the dream was repeated, and even more distinct and vivid than the first.

When I arose in the morning the rain was still falling.

This was Friday, and therefore was the day on which my wife was to start for home.

There were two passenger trains from the east each day, one at nine o'clock in the forenoon and the other at nine in the evening.

This last was the express, and the one on which my wife was coming.

Toward the middle of the afternoon the rain ceased falling and the clouds slowly cleared away.

The dream had made such an impression on my mind that I resolved to attempt to find the stream I had seen so plainly in my dreams, and, if it appeared at all dangerous, to attempt to stop the train before it reached it.

Accordingly, soon after the rain was over, I got ready and started. I had never had occasion to visit the station in this direction, and was therefore entirely unacquainted with this part of the country. But I found everything just as it had appeared in my dream.

In fact, everything seemed as natural as if I had really been that way before.

I walked slowly, and late in the afternoon I came to the stream, which flowed rapidly and seemed much swollen.

But the bridge, instead of being broken down, and mingled with the broken carriages and mangled passengers, was still standing, and though its timbers looked quite old and weather-beaten, there seemed to be little danger of its breaking down beneath the weight of a passing train.

There was a heavy freight train due from the west about six o'clock, and I resolved to wait at least until it came, and if that passed

over in safety, there could be little danger, I thought to the lighter passenger train.

In due time it came thundering along, and passed safely over the bridge.

But, though it might be owing to excited imagination, the bridge seemed to me to bend and shake beneath the weight of the train in a way highly suggestive of danger.

At all events I resolved to wait awhile longer, and see if the stream, which was still rising, would have any effect upon the bridge. I took with me a lantern, and also a thick blanket to protect me from the damp night air.

Shortly after sunset, as I was sitting a few rods from the stream, I heard a loud splash, and, hurrying to the bridge, I saw that a portion of the bank on the opposite side had broken away, and that the action of water, or some other cause, had weakened the foundation of the bridge in such a manner that portions of the track were bent and lowered enough to make it impossible for a train to cross.

I immediately crossed the bridge, resolved to stop the train, if possible, before it reached the bridge and certain destruction.

I went on, and soon found a place which commanded a good view of the track for a considerable distance. I lit my lantern, wrapped my blanket closely around me, and sat me down to a wearisome vigil of two hours. Slowly the moments passed by, but at last a few minutes would decide the fate of the train and its human freight.

Soon I saw a light, far away and very small at first, but rapidly growing larger and brighter.

I arose, trembling with excitement, and commenced swinging the lantern above my head; and, as the train drew near, I redoubled my exertions and shouted as loud as I could.

Onward came the train at a rapid rate of speed.

It was a time of terrible suspense to me.

Should the engineer fail to see my signal, or not see it in time to stop the train before going a few rods past me, I knew that no human power could save it.

On it came, and just as I gave up my exertions and stepped from the track, my frantic signals were observed, and the whistle was quickly sounded.

The train was stopped, and I then informed the engineer and conductor of the danger ahead, while the frightened passengers left the carriages and gathered around me.

Among the passengers I found my wife not mangled and lifeless, but alive and well, though somewhat frightened and a good deal surprised at seeing me. The train was backed to the station it had just left, from which telegrams were sent to warn all other trains of the danger.

In the morning my wife and I started for home.

I do not pretend to be able to explain this dream, which was certainly a remarkable one; but I am satisfied that this dream was the means of saving many human lives from a sudden and most terrible death.

Poetry.

MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

BY JOHN LOCKE.

[The incident which prompted the writing of the following lines was related to me by a friend who visited Ireland during the summer. On the voyage eastward my friend made the acquaintance of an old man, who in his frank and candid way, told him he had been thirty years residing in 'the States,' and that he was then going home to spend the evening of his life in the Old Land, amid the scenes of his boyhood. His anxiety to see Ireland once more was so deep and fervid that my friend took a special interest in him. The night before the ship reached the Irish shore they remained on deck, and as the dawning broke, they were rewarded for their weary vigil by beholding the dim outlines of the Irish coast. The sight awakened all the old man's slumbering enthusiasm, and his first impassioned exclamation was, 'The top o' the mornin' to ye, Ireland, alana!']
Th' anam au Dhia! but there it is,

The dawn on the hills of Ireland!
God's angels lifting the night's black veil
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!
Oh, Ireland, isn't it grand you look,
Like a bride in her rich adornin',
And with all the pent up love of my heart,
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

This one short hour pays lavishly back
For many a year of mourning;
I'd almost venture another flight—
There's so much joy in returning—
Watching out for the hallowed shore,
All other attractions scorning;
Oh, Ireland don't you hear me shout?
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

Ho—ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand,
The surges are grandly beating,
And Kerry is pushing her headlands out
To give us the kindly greeting;
Into the shore the sea-birds fly
[[On pinions that know no drooping;
And out from the cliffs, with welcomes
charged,

A million of waves come trooping.

Oh, kindly, generous Irish land,
So leal and fair and loving,
No wonder the wandering Celt should think
And dream of you in his roving!
The alien home may have gems and gold—
Shadows may never have gloomed it;
But the heart will sigh for the absent land,
Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,
Watching the wild wave's motion,
Leaning her back up against the hills,
And the tips of her toes in the ocean?
I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells,
Ah, maybe their chiming's over,
For it's many a year since I began
The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, astore machree,
Those hills I now feast my eyes on,
Ne'er met my vision save when they rose,
Over Memory's dim horizon.
Even so, 'twas grand and fair they seemed
In the landscape spread before me;
But dreams are dreams and my eyes would
ope
To see Texas' skies still o'er me.

Ah! oft upon the Texan plains,
When the day and the chase were over,
My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,
And around this coast-line hover;
And the prayer would rise that some future
day,
All danger and doubtings scornin'.
I'd help to win my native land
The light of young liberty's mornin'.

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—
Was ever a scene so splendid?
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze,
Thank God that my exile's ended.
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,
The vale and cot I was born in!
Oh, Ireland up from my heart of hearts,
I bid you the top of the mornin'.

CRESTON AND BIGELOW BRANCH.

[*Air:—Kiss But Never Tell.*]

'Twas on one Saturday morning
In August, eighty-one,
We left Creston at ten thirty, and
On William Johnston's Run.
We had engine number 282,
Ed Perkins engineer,
Leslie Goff was the fireman,
There are known both far and near.

CHORUS:—
Down Bigelow branch for a ramble,
You'll find there is no fun,
Out on the road all day and night,
On William Johnston's Run.

Adam McArthur was breaking ahead
And Edward Harris behind,
Frank Nicholson was the conductor,
But we could not make the time.
Our grief commenced at Villisen,
A station on the main line,
Where several tracks hold all the cars,
About five hundred and nine. CHORUS.

The pins and links are always gone,
Be the weather cold or warm,
And the agent tickles you under the chin
With a switch list long as your arm;
Three hours we worked at this little place
Before we were ready to go,
And when we got to Clarinda,
The sun was sinking low. CHORUS.

The agent there had work to do,
'Twas down in black and white,
We asked him to hire a room,
That we could stay all night.
We switched the cars there one by one.
We thought we'd never get through,
And as we switched and worked away,
Like hours the moments flew. CHORUS.

The train men on this old cow path,
Have to coal their engines up
Once each way and sometimes twice,
Oh! it is a bitter cup.
To make the miles seem short and sweet
And ease your mind from woe;
Old J. F. B. has a tell tale on
To see how fast you go.

The sky was clear, the moon shone bright,
And the man in it seemed to smile
And say: hurry up or you'll get poor pay
On the Bigelow branch by the mile;
The stations they are high and dry,
Of floods there is no fear,
And corn is corn and crops are crops.
You'll find there every year CHORUS.

This Bigelow branch is far from smooth,
'Tis mostly cuts and fills,
And here please let me now remark.
The rest is curves and hills.
Both horses and cattle you'll find on the track
And many get killed that way,
Then the poor section men have to cover
them up
And they wait thirty days for their pay.
[CHORUS.]

We cannot see the track for weeds,
So tall and rank they grow,
And unless you give the engine sand
You'll find it will not go.

The firemen all get dreadful sick
When called for the Bigelow trip,
And the engineers, with faces long,
Begin to lose their grip. CHORUS.

If this branch was mine, here's what I do:
I'd let the government lease it,
And when they went to shipping freight,
With soft soap I would grease it,
I'd grease the bottom of every tie,
I would, without a shiver,
Then stand away and watch the road
Slide down into the river.

CHORUS:—
Oh save your money, go buy a farm,
Or go herding on a ranch.
Mind what I say and keep away from
The Creston and Bigelow Branch.
The above was written by request.

E. E. H.

WHAT WAS HIS CREED.

He left a load of anthracite
In front of a poor widow's door
When the deep snow, frozen and white,
Wrapped street, square and mountain o'er.
That was his deed;
He did it well.
'What was his creed?'
I cannot tell.

Blest 'in his basket and his store,'
In sitting down and rising up,
When more he got he gave the more,
Withholding not the crust and cup.

He took the lead,
In each good task—
'What was his creed?'
I did not ask.

His charity was like the snow,
Soft, white and silken in its fall;
Not like the noisy winds that blow
From shivering trees the leaves a pall.

What flower and weed
Dropping below!
'What was his creed?'
The poor may know.

He had great faith in loaves of bread,
For hungry people young and old;
And hope inspiring words he said
To him he sheltered from the cold.

For man must feed
As well as pray.
'What was his creed?'
I can not say.

In words he did not put his trust;
In faith his words were never writ;
He loved to share his cup and crust
With any one who needed it.

In time of need
A friend was he—
'What was his creed?'
He told not me.

He put his trust in Heaven, and worked,
Ever along with hand and head;
And what he gave in charity
Sweetened his sleep and daily bread.

Let us take heed,
For life is brief!
Adopt his creed
And give relief.

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

THE CONVENTION.

The City of Boston has undoubtedly the right to claim that she entertained the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in its palmiest day. The Eighth Annual Convention ought to have been called the first for it was the only real Convention our Order ever held. The consummation of over eight years of patient and diligent labor was witnessed there, and our Brotherhood took its stand among the permanent organizations of America. No Order ever attained its standing under more adverse circumstances.

The International Firemen's Union was first brought into existence. It had its period of growth and prosperity previous to its downfall. A faithless Grand Officer can, perhaps, write with accuracy the closing chapter of its life. Before the end of its career the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen was organized. At the head of this institution stood a man whose integrity was above suspicion. The entire craft paid tribute to him. The B. of L. F. began to advance and the I. F. U. began to recede. The latter lost ground to the extent that the former advanced.

In a little while the remaining lodges of the decaying Order, seeing the inevitable result, took refuge in the great barge of the Brotherhood. They had been defrauded and outraged, and sought safety and protection under the banner of the new Order, the one that had at its head a man in all the honesty and integrity of nature. A few months elapsed and the cause continued in the ascendancy. But this could not remain so, for it is not in the order of things for a grand cause to glide into prominence and popularity without opposition. Every measure of interest to mankind is met with the storms of hatred and prejudice, and when these are overcome, traitors are fostered and the era of disloyalty dawns.

This has been the history of our Order, and we are proud to say that it stood the test on every occasion. The man at the head of affairs in the second instance proved equally as recreant as the first, and thus in rapid suc-

cession, the same Lodges were twice deceived and their confidence outraged. But, for all that, the Brotherhood still lives and has every promise of realizing every hope of its ambitious members.

Adversity had momentarily checked its progress but only long enough to gather its strength and resume its course.

It is now one of the established institutions of the great republic, and will last forever. The changes in the Constitution will make the Order more formidable than ever before. The insurance now stands at \$1000.00 in each case of death or total disability. The loss of an arm or leg is treated as a case of total disability, so that full protection is guaranteed to every member. We now have ninety-six Lodges, with a membership of over 3,000, and all other affairs are favorable in the same proportion.

The Order, one year ago, was encumbered with a debt of \$6,090.00, which has been honestly paid, every dollar of it, and to-day there is a surplus in the treasury in case of an emergency.

The day we dreamed of a year ago is here now, covering our Order with all its glory.

The condition of things should be all the incentive that any member ought to require to work with all his energy during the coming year.

The coming Convention will be at Terre Haute, Indiana, and we hope to see it grander yet than the preceding one.

Let every member nerve himself for his part of this great work, and when we meet in Convention again every hilltop in Indiana will reverberate the glory of the achievements of our Brotherhood.

By the action of the Delegates at Boston, Frank W. Arnold assumes the Grand Master's chair for two years more, and S. M. Stevens is retained as Grand Instructor for the ensuing three years. Since the election of the former at Chicago in 1879, and the latter at Buffalo in 1881, they have been devoted and consistent in the discharge of their duties. No better officers ever had control of an Order than these two men. Under their

management the Brotherhood is certain to prosper. Their record in the past is sufficient guarantee of their devotion to duty in the future. Neither of them has ever allowed an opportunity to escape when the interests of the Order were in the way of promotion. We regard their re-election as a matter of more than ordinary moment. To our Brotherhood

it means increased prosperity. It means that we are to have two ambitious and energetic men at the head of affairs, who will faithfully discharge every trust. We give them both our full endorsement and hope they may live to see our Order the grandest for benevolent purposes, among the laboring classes of this country.

Ladies' Department.

I know of a love more gentle
Than the breath of summer's air,
In a loving heart lies nestled,
And will live forever there.

Not the beating of its prison
Ever stirs it, night or day,
And only with the heart's last throbbing
Will it ever fade away.

On the dull silence breaking,
With a lightning flash—a word—
Bearing endless desolation
On its blighting wings, I heard.

MRS. MARY DAVIES.

Atchison, Kansas.

THE TRIP TO DEER ISLAND.

LONG ISLAND, Sept. 17, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

Putting aside for future consideration the general hospitality of the people of Boston, I shall place before our readers a brief account of an excursion tendered by them to the friends and delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. On board the fine little steamer 'Bradlee' we sailed from Boston Harbor early in the afternoon of Sept. 16, en route to the above mentioned island. Having reached said place, we were welcomed at the landing by a juvenile band, who escorted us to the main building.

Let me here remark that Deer Island is held as a place of confinement for criminals, as also a receptacle for homeless children. We were met at the entrance by Mr. A. T. Whitney, Chairman of the Board of Public Institutions, who, by his pleasing and congenial manner, made us to feel that we were indeed welcome. We felt highly honored to observe that during our stay Mr. Whitney gave us his personal attention, first showing us through the eating and sleeping apartments of the inmates, and I would say that, for cleanliness and neatness, this institution can not

be excelled. Indeed, the table linen, as also the beds were marvellously clean. Passing on we were conducted into a very large room, where the female, and still another, where the male convicts, were busily engaged in work of different kinds. As regards the grown persons herein confined, they are very much the same as in other places of this kind. We find youth and old age, brought here for a common purpose—*Repentance*, and in so many instances can one see contrition depicted upon sad faces that I hurried by to next find myself in a large hall in which were assembled some 500 children of both sexes. I couldn't but observe that they were as a class, models of physical health, bright-eyed and bright-faced. From the look of content that beamed upon each little face, it was very evident that they were well satisfied with the world in general and themselves in particular. The children are here taught to be neat and orderly; they are also placed under excellent teachers, where they daily receive instructions in all practical work. At a given signal from the professor, whose name I have forgotten, the children arose and sang at his bidding several lovely little songs. Their attainments in music are simply perfect, at their age. When I looked upon these poor little children a peculiar feeling came over me, such a one as I can hardly describe, it seemed a mingling of sympathy for the children, with gratitude for their guardians; in short, I wished that I could take them all home with me. Having honorably—yes, more than honorably, performed their little duties by way of entertaining us, they were taken from the hall, and as they passed out one by one I felt satisfied that, with such tender care, these little waifs must be transformed into honest and useful men and women.

The exercises being concluded, the entire party was conducted into a spacious hall, filled with tables, each one laden with every

luxury and delicacy that the season afforded. The minister of the Institution invoked a blessing, at the close of which Mr. Whitney made an appropriate address of welcome to the guests and invited them to partake of the viands prepared for the occasion. His request met with a speedy response. After doing full justice to this bounteous feast, we repaired to the rocky shore to watch the tide come in. I almost forgot to mention that on passing from the hall each gentleman was made the recipient of a package of cigars, prettily encased in a wrapper upon which was inscribed 'Boston welcomes the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen.' Our exemplary Bro. Hynes, of Denver, Col., never indulges, to which fact we are indebted for the following remark: 'When the Convention takes place in Denver, instead of cigars we will fill your pockets with gold nuggets.' We with all be there, Brother Hynes.

To return to the shore, we had about one hour to climb upon the rocks, to gather shells, to reflect, etc., etc. And now its time to go. Although I do not wish to be considered ungrateful, I must frankly state that never did anyone leave Deer Island with more reluctance than did I, and, as the lips are the interpreters of the heart, I said again

and again that I shall never forget Deer Island and what I saw there. "Dear Island" farewell.

EMMAGRANT.

CHICAGO, ILL., Sept. 28, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

I am a great admirer of your splendid Order and a regular reader of your Magazine, I therefore feel entitled to a little space in which to express my views.

My home is so situated that I am personally acquainted with quite a number of the members, and my object is to make a few remarks concerning Triumphant Lodge No. 47. Of its excellence I will say no more than that W. E. Burns is its leader. As he is too well known to need comment I will pass on.

From what I can learn No. 47 is one of the most prosperous Lodges in the Order. I carefully read the papers containing accounts of the Eighth Annual Convention in Boston, and it was indeed gratifying to see how honorably the brave boys acquitted themselves. I hope that the work may go on until the Brotherhood is known from east to west.

I will conclude by giving you one and all my best wishes, and when you feel that you have much to contend with remember that your mission is a noble one, and that you have at least one staunch friend in

LENA.

Our Boston Convention.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of the United States and Canada met in Eighth Annual Convention, at Paine Memorial Hall, in the city of Boston, on the morning of September 12th, 1881. In the absence of Vice Grand Master Charles Pope, William F. Hynes, of Rocky Mountain Lodge, No. 77, was called to the Chair and called the meeting to order at 10 30 o'clock, a. m.

The meeting being opened in due form, the Chairman introduced the Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Salem, Mass., who invoked a divine blessing in behalf of those in attendance.

At the close of the devotional exercises the Chairman introduced the Hon. John M. Raymond, of Salem, Mass., who delivered an address of welcome on behalf of the 'Old Commonwealth.'

Mr. Bolles was next called upon and responded with a characteristic address which brought smiles to the faces of every hearer. He gave his experience with Railroad men and especially the Engineers and Firemen, with whom he had often been brought in contact, and in whose welfare he had always

felt a deep interest. We had often heard of that Reverend Gentleman, but not until this occasion had we the good fortune to make his acquaintance and hear from his lips the sentiments of sympathy and love for his fellow men that his noble heart contained. Mr. Bolles closed his remarks with a strong appeal to the delegates to remain steadfast in the cause of charity and justice. We fail to remember the beautiful language he used and the simple though elegant tribute he paid to the Order, but we do remember that his remarks were listened to with the keenest interest, and that they were highly appreciated and will, no doubt, prove an incentive to nobler deeds and higher aspirations by those who heard them.

We may likewise say of the Hon. John M. Raymond, in whom our delegates found a warm and sincere friend, that his address was listened to with the utmost appreciation. Though quite a young man Mr. Raymond ranks with the best and ablest members of the Essex Bar. He is a young gentleman of the finest attainments, yet is ever ready and

willing to step down from the lofty position he occupies in the estimation of his fellow townsmen, to espouse the cause of the common people. He has always been their friend from the fact that he came from their midst, and reached his present honorable position by force of his own diligence and energy. He is a warm friend of our Brotherhood, and we are proud of him and hope some day to see his high worth and practical ability fully rewarded.

Mr. E. A. Stevens, Chief Engineer of Div. No. 61, B. of L. E., entertained the delegates with a neat speech of welcome which was heartily applauded.

Mr. Stevens was followed by Mr. S. S. Robie, of Boston, who was formerly an Engineer on the Boston, Lowell and Nashua Railroad, and for whom our Grand Instructor used to fire a Locomotive. Mr. Robie made a few earnest remarks appropriate to the occasion, assuring the visitors that he would do all in his power to make their stay pleasant and enjoyable.

Brothers Stevens and Robie took the utmost interest in the whole Convention, doing everything they could upon every occasion to make it a success. The many acts of kindness of these gentlemen made many warm friends for them among those who were in their company.

The next speech of the occasion was made by Brother J. A. Leach, representing R. R. Center Lodge, No. 31. Brother Leach spoke of the occasion as one of pride and gratification to the Brotherhood; also, of the good work that had been done during the past year, and closed by warmly thanking the gentlemen seated around him for assisting so materially in making the Convention a success.

The remarks of Brother Leach were received with the warmest applause, for it was remembered that he was the founder of the Order and its first Grand Master. The work he had begun on the first of December, 1873, had now more than justified the sacrifices and inconveniences with which it was done. He had seen his hopes and aspirations realized and a hundred Lodges paying tribute to the Order he had brought into existence nearly eight years ago.

The speech of Brother Leach was followed by a brief address of Bro. Wm. F. Hynes, the Chairman of the occasion, who directed his remarks mainly to the gentlemen who had opened the Convention and manifested so much interest in its success. He thanked them warmly on behalf of the Brotherhood and assured them that their acts of kindness and courtesy would never be forgotten.

Grand Master Frank W. Arnold then took the Chair and delivered the opening address. He spoke of the great progress made during the year and of the practical charity that had been dealt out since the last preceding Convention. From 45 Lodges the Order had grown in one year so that it represented 90 Lodges in first-class working order. More than 3,000 members in good standing were now enrolled, and their number was rapidly increasing. At the last Convention the Order was encumbered with a debt of \$6,090 00 which since then had been paid off, and to-day there was a balance in the Treasury of \$1,175.00, without a cent of liability. More than \$12,000.00 had been paid out during the year for death and total disability claims, which had banished sadness and suffering from many homes and had clothed the inmates with the garments of comfort and happiness—woven in the infinite loom of the Brotherhood. The Magazine had reached a circulation of 4,800 copies which had greatly assisted the rapid spread of the Order and its splendid influence.

At the close of Grand Master Arnold's address, Brother John H. Walsh submitted the following:

Resolved, That the Grand Body of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, in Eighth Annual Convention Assembled, tenders to the stricken President of the United States and his bereaved family, its deep and profound sympathy, and that it earnestly hopes for his speedy and permanent recovery from the pain and suffering he has endured so long and with so much fortitude.

The foregoing resolution was adopted by a unanimous rising vote of the Convention.

On motion of Brother W. E. Burnes, of Triumphant Lodge, No. 47, Chicago, Ills., the Grand Secretary, was directed to transmit the foregoing resolution by telegraph to the Hon. J. G. Blaine, Secretary of State.

Brother John H. Brewer, of Tippecanoe Lodge, No. 38, Lafayette, Ind., submitted the following:

Resolved, That the sincere thanks of this Body be tendered to the Rev. Mr. E. C. Bolles, and the Hon. John M. Raymond, of Salem, Mass., for the kind and courteous reception tendered us by them. Also, to Mr. E. A. Stevens, Chief Engineer of Div. No. 61, of B. of L. E., and Mr. S. S. Robie, of Boston, for their kind words of welcome to our delegates. Be it further

Resolved, That we highly appreciate the thoughtful and encouraging words of these distinguished gentlemen, and that we shall at all times endeavor to prove worthy of the

friendship with which they have honored us, and, furthermore, that we shall ever be ready to reciprocate their many acts of courtesy and generosity.

The foregoing resolutions were adopted by a unanimous vote of the Convention.

On motion of Bro. C. W. Piper, of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, the Convention then adjourned to meet in secret session at New Era Hall at 2:30 o'clock, p. m.

The afternoon session was called to order at the appointed time by Grand Master F. W. Arnold.

The roll of delegates was called and it was found that 70 Lodges were represented.

The G. S. and T. read the following :

To the Chairman and Delegates of the Eighth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen

GENTLEMEN: In a heart whose throb vibrates in unison with the echoes of whatever proclaims the furtherance of general and particular well-being, of whatever tends to further the cause of a philanthropic Brotherhood, the aims, objects and purposes of your organization, the motives and ends which have rallied its representatives from the antipodes of America, cannot fail to evoke a deep sense of harmonious sympathy. Let me beg, therefore, the pleasure of transmitting to this assembly the expression of my felicity at its continued welfare, and the assurance of my appreciation of its estimable works—an appreciation, the sense of which is only the more lively and the more deeply impressed upon my mind by the attention and diligence with which it has been for me a pleasure to follow its progress almost from the beginning of its career. It is to find the most pleasant recollections and associations of my life for me to look back to the beginning of this sturdy growth and to recall the depth of emotion with which I then first heard the ringing voice of a hardy Fireman upraised to give the watchword of 'sympathy for his fellow laborers,' and to see anchored in the sweating brow the earnestness of purpose to elevate his fellow men. From that day—when this noble mind peered out from beneath dusty frames—that Fireman has found in me a steadfast admirer, and his friendship has ever been dearly prized. Though we followed entirely different and distant callings in life, I have to thank him, to thank you that made him, for having been thus brought to feel in entire communion with the glowing merits of his theme, which is also yours, and which is really that of us all.

Amid the vast category of subtle traits with which the Creator has endowed the human mind, none are more noble, none are more soul inspiring, none breathe forth the balmy breath of Heaven, more than those which make men clasp their warm and brotherly hands in true, unreserved, unswerving friendship, and draw the bonds closer with that magnanimous sympathy which establishes true unity of feeling.

Remember in the future, as in the past, that the faithful practice of 'Benevolence, Sobriety, and Industry,' cannot fail to bring many other virtues to unite in concert, and that this heavenly accord cannot but place in relief the finer qualities of mind, and thus produce in your midst, and in your respective spheres, the greatest of all benefits, the elevation of mind itself and a radiant glow that warms the human heart, whence the elevation of men to better and more delectable conditions of life. This is a mission which is incumbent upon you, both in your own personal and mutual interests, as well as to pay the tribute, which, as individuals, you all owe to human society; and it is especially your privilege and prerogative to make yourselves and your Order known in this light wherever your voice makes itself heard; and to add the laurels thus gained to those which adorn your name with honor in the past.

In highest sympathy and with sincerest appreciation I remain

Yours most truly,

C. ODILON MAILLOUX.

Lowell, Mass., Sept. 14, 1881.

The reading of the foregoing letter was followed with loud applause, and on motion it was ordered spread on record, and the Secretary was directed to acknowledge its receipt with the thanks of this Convention.

The following telegram was read :

NEW YORK, Sept. 14, 1881.

Officers and Delegates Eighth Annual

Convention B. of L. F.

GENTLEMEN—Your Past Grand Master takes great pleasure in sending you his greetings. Work with a will—the cause is just and success is certain.

W. T. GOUNDIE.

The loudest applause followed the reading of this telegram, and it was ordered spread on record, and the Secretary was directed to convey the thanks of the Body to Mr. Goundie.

A telegram from Vice Grand Master Chas. Pope, was also read, stating that he could not possibly be present at the Convention although he had made every effort to do so.

The work of the Convention was then ta-

ken up and continued from day to day until Thursday evening, September 15, when the final adjournment took place—the labors having been concluded.

The Convention adjourned to meet in Ninth Annual Session, in the city of Terre Haute, Indiana, the second Monday in September, A. D. 1882.

The work of the Order, including the Constitution and By-Laws and the Ritual and Secret Work, was completely changed. Among other things the Insurance was raised to \$1000.00 in each case of death, or total disability. According to the new laws the loss of an arm or leg will be treated as a case of total disability.

The following Grand Officers were elected for the ensuing term, viz :

Grand Master, Frank W. Arnold.

Vice Grand Master, W. E. Burns.

Grand Organizer and Instructor, S. M. Stevens.

Secretary and Treasurer, E. V. Debs.

All other Grand Offices were abolished.

The Grand Master and Vice Grand Master were elected for two years each, and the Grand Organizer and Instructor, and Secretary and Treasurer, were elected for three years each.

A Grand Executive Committee was created whose duty it will be to see that the Grand Officers discharge their duties faithfully and efficiently. In case of failure or refusal on the part of a Grand Officer to attend to his duties, the Executive Committee has full power to remove him and supply the vacancy until the following Convention. Of this committee Bro. J. A. Leach is chairman, and J. H. Walsh is Secretary. The other members are Edward Upton, John H. Brewer, and E. A. Mace.

In the Ritual the two degrees of membership were condensed into one, and other changes of benefit were made.

The revised Ritual and Constitution and By-Laws, will shortly be sent to all Subordinate Lodges, together with the proceedings of the Convention.

The Convention closed with the singing of the 'Sweet Bye and Bye,' and 'Home, Sweet Home,' Brother O. E. Raidy at the Piano.

Invitations were then distributed which read as follows:

THE CITY OF BOSTON,
Requests the pleasure of your company
on an excursion tendered to the
BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN,
In Boston Harbor, on
Friday, September 16, 1881, at 2 o'clock,
p. m., on board the steamer
"J. PUTNAM BRADLEE,"
At Eastern Avenue Wharf.

These invitations were sent through the kindness of His Honor, Mayor Frederick O. Prince, who showed every courtesy to the Order. It is useless to say that the following day the Delegates, Visiting Members and Ladies, were promptly on board to avail themselves of the delightful trip down to Deer Island, and out into the blue and massive billows of the Atlantic.

We have not the space, but wish we had, to describe the beautiful boat ride down the Harbor to Deer Island, where we were received with a full Orchestra of a high degree of perfection, and escorted to and through the magnificent reformatory and institutions of charity for which the Island is justly noted. We looked upon the myriads of children there with feelings of pity at first, but when we saw how carefully they were looked after and what discipline was exercised to make them what young men and women should be in this world, our pity was changed into joy and we thanked heaven and the philanthropic spirits that had brought into existence an institution so sublime. A better description of the reformatory will be found in the Ladies Department of this issue. The singing and exercises of these little waifs were magnificent, and we regret very much that we have not the ability to pay a tribute to them and their painstaking tutors.

After looking through the various departments, each of the utmost interest, we were escorted into the spacious dining hall where a feast was prepared that would have done honor to kings. The Hon. A. T. Whitney made an elegant address of welcome, inviting the guests to partake of the hospitalities extended by the city. This was responded to on behalf of the visitors by Grand Master Arnold, who paid a high tribute to the officials and citizens of the city of Boston, for the generous interest they had taken in the Brotherhood, and the warm welcome that had been extended its members upon every hand.

After a hearty dinner, such as only a Railroad man can enjoy, the party was conducted through the building and out on the Island. In passing through the outer door, two boys were located on either side, whose duty it was to fill the pockets of the party with splendid cigars. They were put up in packages and labeled as follows:

"The City of Boston welcomes the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen."

We thought this was the cap-stone of the generosity of the city of Boston. It was not long until a dense cloud of smoke had settled

upon the Island, and here and there could be heard groups of the boys congratulating themselves upon being brought in contact with such magnanimous people. It seemed that every heart in the city of Boston throbbed with love for the welfare of the human family. Indeed everything is done there that can be done by human ingenuity to blot from existence the evils that afflict mankind, and to usher in an era of infinite joy and comfort to all.

We cannot say too much in praise of the Hon. E. T. Whitney, chairman of the Board of Public Institutions. He is one of the most obliging gentlemen we ever met, and we hope that some day he will pay us a visit in our western homes, and give us an opportunity to show him how warmly we appreciate his kindness. The Hon. Frederick O. Price, Mayor of the city of Boston, likewise has made us his friends as long as life may last.

After taking a general view of the crops, laboratories, stone fords, 'piggeries,' etc., we returned to the boat and were soon bound for the 'Great City' once again, and on arriving there we partook of a hasty supper, after which we were escorted to the Hall, where a splendid social and ball was tendered by the members of Boston Lodge, No. 57. The music was excellent and the floor as smooth as glass. Dancing continued until a late hour when the party retired for the night. This social entertainment was a very pleasant affair for which we are indebted to the members of No. 57 and their gallant Ladies. They have our warm thanks and the assurance that when they come to Terre Haute next fall, as they certainly will, we will see what we can do in return for them. They will find us in the 'middle of the woods' with not much to see but we warrant that our Hoosier hospitality will not be withheld from them.

On Saturday evening we left Boston for home. At New York City we met Wm. T. Goundie, our worthy Past Grand Master, one of the noblest of his kind. Our boys clustered around him and he appeared like a large and precious gem in the great diadem of common manhood. He remained with us until the very last, crossing the river and putting us on the train and not leaving until the red lights on the rear end were out of sight. We thought of him upon leaving, as one of the noblest souls that ever adorned the Order.

We will not forget to say that Brothers Morehouse and Maypothor, of No. 3, did not flinch from beginning to end, and we thank them and their ladies for the many courtesies they extended us, and we shall remember

them all with feelings of profound gratitude.

We almost forgot to mention that the officers of the Boston and Lowell railroad tendered us an excursion to the city of Lowell, but owing to previously made arrangements we were unable to attend. They have our warm thanks just the same as though we had availed ourselves of their polite invitation.

RESOLUTIONS.

The committee on resolutions submitted the following report which was unanimously concurred in by the Convention, viz :

To the Officers and Delegates of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen in Eighth Annual Convention Assembled :

GENTLEMEN AND BROTHERS—Your committee on resolutions beg leave to submit the following report :

Resolved, By the Delegates assembled in the Eighth Annual Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen that our most sincere thanks be extended to the following Railroad Officials, for having furnished our Delegates with free transportation to the Convention, for having granted Annual Passes to our Grand Officers, and for the many other favors received at their hands during the past year :

A. Reasoner, Supt. Del. Lack, and Western RR.

C. J. Ives, Gen'l. Supt. Burlington, Cedar Rapids and Northern RR.

O. S. Lyford, Gen'l. Supt. Chicago and Eastern Illinois RR.

E. H. Goodrich, Supt. Indianapolis, Decatur and Springfield RR.

Louis Genis, Receiver Illinois Midland RR.

D. W. Caldwell, Gen'l. Manager P. C. & St. L. RR., Vandalia and other Lines.

Col. Robert Andrews, Supt. Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific RR.

C. O. Russell, Supt. and W. H. Barnes, Assistant Supt. Boston and Albany RR.

S. Williams, Gen'l. Manager Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton RR.

J. C. Mullen, Gen'l. Manager Chicago and Alton RR.

Edward B. Pierce, General Manager Merri-mac River Steamboat Co.

W. F. Halstead, Superintendent Delaware Lackawanna and Western RR.

M. E. Ingalls, President Cincinnati, Indianapolis, St. Louis and Chicago RR.

W. E. Chamberlain, Supt. Providence and Worcester RR.

B. F. Matthias, Master Transportation Danville and South Western RR.

W. H. Clement, President and General Manager Cincinnati Southern RR.

James J. Hill, General Manager St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba RR.

E. H. Waldron, General Manager Lake Erie and Western RR.

Charles F. Hatch, General Superintendent Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Line.

W. H. Peabody, General Superintendent Ohio and Mississippi RR.

Marvin Hughitt, Second Vice President and General Manager Chicago and North Western RR.

P. P. Wright, Supt. Trans., R. G. Taylor, Supt. Buffalo Division, John S. Beggs, Supt. Western Division, and G. B. Ross, Master Mechanic of the New York, Lake Erie and Western RR.

James McCrea, Supt. New York Division Pennsylvania RR.

E. B. Thomas, General Manager, and C. C. Gale, Supt. C. C. C. and I. (Bee Line) RR.

John B. Carson, General Manager Hannibal and St. Joe RR

A. L. Griffin, Vice President Keokuk and St. Louis Line.

Herbert Wallace, Mechanical Supt. Grand Trunk RR., and Mr. Robinson, of the Pullman Palace Car Company of Montreal, Can.

D. W. Sanborn, General Superintendent Eastern RR.

E. T. Jeffery, General Superintendent, S. J. Hayes, Supt. Machinery, H. Schlacks, M. M., and W. Benshaw, General Foreman of Round House, of the Illinois Central RR.

P. D. Cooper, General Supt. New York, P. and O. RR.

T. B. Clark, General Traffic Manager, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Line.

J. A. Chandler, General Ticket Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul RR.

Thomas McKissock, General Supt., and W. H. Selby, M. M. of the West Division Wabash, St. Louis and Pacific RR.

John Given, Supt., and S. W. Wakefield, Master Mechanic, Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific RR.

H. W. Sample, Master Mechanic, Denver and Rio Grande RR.

R. H. Chamberlain, Division Supt. Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific RR.

S. S. Merrill, General Manager, Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul RR.

C. D. Hammond, Supt., and C. A. Jones, Master Mechanic, Albany and Susquehanna RR.

A. W. Soper, late General Manager of the St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern RR.,

now General Manager of the Wagner Drawing Room Car Company, for the many courtesies received at their hands during the ten years that he was connected with the above road.

C. E. Henderson, Assistant General Manager I. B. and W. RR.

Col. G. W. Noble late General Supt., H. J. Small, late General Master Mechanic, and J. T. Sickler, present General Master Mechanic of the Texas and Pacific RR.

G. H. Prescott, Master Mechanic P. C. and St. L. RR.

John Kelker, Assistant General Master Mechanic, Denver and Rio Grande RR.

George H. Watrouse, President New York, New Haven and Hartford RR.

C. A. Swinford, Supt. Madison Division C. and N. W. RR.

W. B. Tuell, President Terre Haute and S. E. RR.

Roswell Miller, General Supt. Cairo and Vincennes RR.

A. Kimball, General Supt., and E. St. John, General Passenger Agent of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific RR.

S. H. H. Clark, General Manager, and Thos. L. Kimball, Assistant General Manager Union Pacific RR.

W. R. McKeen, President, J. Hill, General Supt., and George E. Farrington, General Agent, of the Vandalla Line.

A. A. Talmage, General Manager Missouri, Pacific RR.

J. F. Barnard, General Supt., Kansas City, St. Joe and Council Bluffs RR.

C. C. Wheeler, General Manager, and G. O. Manchester, Assistant General Manager, Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe RR.

J. W. Hobart, of the Central Vermont RR.
A. N. Towne, General Supt. Central Pacific RR.

J. H. Franklin, Supt. Boston and New York Air Line.

T. J. Potter, General Manager C. B. and Q. RR.

James H. Wilson, President, and James W. Perkins, Secretary, New York and New England RR. Be it further

Resolved, That our sincere thanks be extended to His Honor Mayor Frederick O. Prince, Hon. A. T. Whitney, Chairman of the Board of Public Institutions, and Mr. Luther Peters, City Messenger of the city of Boston, Mass., for the extreme kindness with which they treated us and the many courtesies received at their hands.

Also, to the Rev. E. C. Bolles, of Salem, Mass., whose kindly words of advice we will

ever remember and to whom we pledge our everlasting gratitude and friendship.

Also, to the Hon. John M. Raymond, of Salem, Mass., for the beautiful address of welcome on behalf of the Commonwealth and the many favors shown our Order and the able contributions to our Magazine during past years.

Also, to Mr. E. A. Stevens, Chief Engineer of Division 61 B. of L. E. for the courteous treatment he bestowed upon our Delegates, and the pains he took to entertain them.

Also, to the people of the city of Boston, for the hospitalities, and their readiness and willingness to entertain them while in their enterprising city.

Also, to Mr. Tilly Haynes, and Mr. I. N. Andrews, General Manager of the United States Hotel, for their uniform kindness to our Delegates and friends while stopping at their Hotel.

Also, to Mr. C. O. Mailloux, Mr. S. S. Robie, and Mr. T. S. Abbott, for the many pleasant hours spent in their company, and their tireless efforts to make our stay in the city of Boston enjoyable.

Also, to Past Grand Master Wm. T. Goundie for the lively interest he took in the Convention, and for the uniform kindness with which he received our Delegates, and we especially thank him for the telegram of congratulations at our opening in which these memorable words occur—"Work with a will—the cause is just and success is certain."

Also, to Daniel Reed, Engineer on the Boston and Albany R.R., for valuable assistance rendered our Delegates in the matter of transportation over the said line.

Also, to Brothers Geo. H. Abbott, J. C. Edwards, John Savage, A. W. Spurr, W. H. Greene, C. H. Fowler, and other members of No. 57, for their earnest endeavors to make the Convention a success and for the elegant social reception they tendered us on the evening of October 16.

Also, to Mrs. W. H. Greene, Mrs. W. C. Greene, Mrs. A. W. Spurr, Mrs. J. C. Edwards, Miss Tomes, the Misses Greene, (daughters of Bro. W. C. Greene,) and the several other ladies who met us so cordially and made our visit so enjoyable.

Also, to Bro. Oscar A. Whitney of Bay State Lodge, No. 73, for favors shown our Delegates.

Also, to Aleck J. Mullen, E. M. Sherburne, E. C. Sherburne, Robert Ebbage, Thos. Grace and other members of Vigo Lodge No. 16, at Terre Haute, for the special pains they took to make our stay at Terre Haute enjoyable,

and for the interest they manifested in our welfare.

Resolved, That our Eighth Annual Convention was the grandest ever held by our Order, and that we have made wonderful progress during the last year, showing to the world that we are in fact what our name indicates—a brotherhood of men whose object is the elevation of themselves and their families.

Resolved, That we shall do all in our power to make the coming year a more prosperous one for our Order than we have ever known, and that we shall strive to take our Brotherhood into Terre Haute, Ind., at our next Convention as one of the foremost of its kind in the land.

C. W. PIPER,	} Chairman, Committee on Resolutions.
J. M. GARRETT	
J. W. MILLER,	
S. R. WILD,	

AN ENGINEER'S FUNERAL.

LAST SAD RITES OVER THE REMAINS OF PETER CHRISTIANSON.

A late Pueblo Chieftain contained the following: 'Mr. Peter Christianson, a well known engineer on the San Juan division of the Rio Grande road, was called to Big Horn, a local station on the division, at which place a collision had happened. Mr. Christianson had been engaged at work for several hours, and was on his way returning with his engine when the engine jumped the track, throwing out Mr. C. and falling on him, crushed his head and body almost to a jelly, causing instant death. The remains of the deceased were forwarded to this city in care of Mr. Chas. A. Sproal, who had known the deceased for a number of years, and were conveyed to the rooms of undertaker Sweeney, from which place they were buried the next day, Rev. Gaynor, of the Episcopal church, officiating, after which the funeral cortege moved to the cemetery and the remains interred. Mr. Christianson was a native of Sweden, and came this country twelve years ago, and has been in the employ of the Rio Grande Co. the past year as an engineer. He was sober and industrious and had many friends. His parents in Sweden were notified of his death, and the Chieftain extends its sympathy to the relatives and friends.

Mr. C. A. Sproal acknowledged the receipt of the remains of the deceased, and says they were recently buried in North Side cemetery in the city of Pueblo. He also thanks Mr. Sample and other officers of the road for delivering the remains of Mr. C. to him in good condition.

C. A. SPROAL.

Literary.

TO ENGINEERS AND FIREMEN.

[The following lecture was delivered in Rocklin; California, by Rev. W. Bruce, Aug. 21, 1881.]

It becomes the pastor's duty and privilege to present such subjects to his people, as have in his mind a bearing upon morality and Christianity. It is not necessary that he takes a text from the Bible. He can select a subject that is of vital importance to the community in which he lives and labors, be it directly or only indirectly religious. It has been my desire of late to write and deliver a discourse to engineers and firemen, of whom my hearers and supporters are so largely made up. It cannot be expected, however, in the short time I occupy on Sunday eve, to go into a full discussion of the many thoughts that crowd themselves upon my mind for utterance; those that naturally grow out of, and cling to this subject, are all I shall now attempt to review, in the hope that the congregation in general, and the railroad men in particular, may be benefited. There is no branch of industry more important and interesting than the extension of railroads. It forms a leading factor in our growth as a nation, making itself felt as the right hand of advancement and civilization. It is, in fact, the only great corporation that reaches out in its labors to the newer portions of the country. While other industries are commodiously situated in the larger cities, the railroad companies are pushing their way out into the wilderness, amidst innumerable dangers for the purpose of assisting in opening up the country and making homes of comfort for the thousands who crowd our cities and flock to our shore from foreign lands. It is one of our indispensable industries, giving employment to hundreds of our laborers and thus being the means of circulating money in all the sections of the land. Take away from our continent its railroads and you make it a vast wilderness; what is now known and appreciated as the 'Glorious West,' would be naught but a desert, with but the wild beasts and the still wilder inhabitants roaming over its surface. And yet so many see but little good in the railroads, continually crying, 'Down with the railroad monopolies.' I wonder that these men who thus complain will ride in

cars at all; in my judgment, they should go on foot, the cheaper way. I once heard a man in Nebraska scolding terribly about the different companies, going so far as to say that they were a curse upon the nation. It was suggested to him that he never again should patronize such a dreadful institution, that he should take his grain, beef and hogs to Chicago in his wagon and thus bring his groceries and dry goods. This suggestion at once sufficed to convince him of the folly of his arguments.

The railroads take the products of farmers to every part of the United States, cheaper than it can be taken in any other way and should the companies offer to transport the goods free of charge, they would at once be accused of working up some gigantic fraud, as it stands to reason that their proceeds must be sufficient to compensate the laborers required to keep the train in motion, etc. But my object is not to discuss the importance of railroads—that is an important theme in itself, and may engage our attention at some future time. My intention is to speak of engineers and firemen, who form such an important element among engineers. The position of the engineer and of his fireman, who is a partner, helper and learner, is, indeed, most noble, important, responsible and dangerous. The engine itself is a grand invention, and seems more like an intelligent being than an inanimate object. As it draws those enormous burdens across the mountains it reminds one of a great animal, that knows no fatigue. In examining the different parts of an engine, the power of the human intellect forces itself upon the mind. The inventor of the engine must certainly have possessed a master-mind, or the plan of such a splendid piece of machinery could never have originated therein. With a proper amount of knowledge, the engineer can, with a simple action of the hand, move four hundred thousand pounds upon the level track. This, perhaps, seems incredible, to persons whose knowledge regarding engines is limited, but it is, nevertheless, a fact. The engineer's position is noble, too, because it requires skill, and an experienced man to attend to his duties. As the lawyer, minister, doctor and soldier are prepared for their life's work by years of steady application, so must also the engineer be prepared

for the responsibility which he must assume. As an army will become disbanded and destroyed without a commander, so will also the great work of the railroad cease without the engineer. It is at all times very necessary that their list should be kept complete, as no ordinary or inexperienced man can fill the place. His hand holds the lever that moves the world. Remove him from his post and you paralyze the business of the entire world. The fireman stands next to the engineer and is his right hand man, even if he is stationed at the left. The latter's work is by no means less important than is that of the former. They are yoked together for the purpose of accomplishing this noble work, and in this union there is strength, the influence of which is felt far and near. Should this unity become destroyed on either side the work along the entire line is a complete failure. The fireman's position is important from the fact that he is a learner as well as a helper. He is in a school from from which in due time he will graduate and take his place at the head of the institution.

Great responsibilities rest upon the firemen and engineers. Thousands of dollars worth of property are placed in their hands for safe keeping, and few, if any, have so many lives entrusted in their care, whose safety depends a great deal upon the wisdom and caution of the brave souls on the engine. One moment of carelessness may cause an entire train of human freight to be hurled into eternity in less time than it requires to tell it. Viewing the position of engineers from still another standpoint, we find it to be an extremely dangerous one. Even if the greatest care is exercised, accidents will occasionally happen, and there can be no help for it. In such an instance the engineer and fireman are in a most hazardous position, and rarely escape with their lives. The experience of our life insurance companies brings forth the fact that it is necessary for them to make a demand of \$10.00 on \$1,000.00 insured, to properly insure them in case of the death of a fireman or engineer. The danger of the position adds one-third to the risk. It is estimated that the average length of engineer's lives, is thirty-six (36) years.

Engineers, in my judgement, must possess certain qualities, in order that they can make a success of their branch of business. They should be clear-headed and deliberate men. No person should ever aspire to these responsible situations who has not some talent for that kind of work. I believe, and facts will bear me out in this belief, that one

must be in part fitted by nature for the place. If one has a natural liking for anything, he will certainly do better than one who must be driven by necessity and poverty to fill a position he cares nothing for. Again, he must have a well balanced mind, for talent in itself is not sufficient, other good qualities must follow, in order to make a fine result.

Carelessness in a railroad man is almost unpardonable, and the greatest difficulties will make their appearance if he is hasty and heedless. He should be far-sighted and shrewd, able to judge what will come from certain disarrangements. Courage is another requirement—in this respect he must be like a soldier, who faces death like a hero, who faces death at the call of duty. He needs the same kind of courage as the apostles manifested in their willingness to stand firmly at their posts, even unto death. What a bright illustration you have in the case of Wm. Brown whose monument stands in the cemetery at Sacramento, to tell ever of his courage, bravery and willingness to die for his fellowmen rather than leave the post of duty.

If any railroad men in my congregation are found wanting, make it a point to improve your time and talent as much as possible. Never become satisfied until you are looked upon as workmen of superior worth. Last, though not least, you should be christians at heart. What I mean is this: That you be possessed of those moral and spiritual qualities that only come from Christ as the great teacher and Savior. It is no doubt possible for one to have some of the same qualities and yet not be christians. One may be a temperance man, or be a kind and indulgent parent and have a generous and social nature and not be a Christian. Christianity involves more than moral perfection, it relates to the inner or spiritual life. It not only fits one for the moral duties in life, but it prepares him for spiritual relationship, or his thoughts and deeds toward his fellow men. Religion prepares him to die by properly preparing him how to live and labor. I do not find fault with the preparation made for this life, but think we should spend some time in considering the life beyond this one. The Bible says: "This is not our abiding place," and again, "Here we have no continuing city." I frequently think of a young lady who suddenly and unexpectedly found herself upon her death bed, without a preparation. She was a remarkable person, her father had almost worshipped her, and had spent large sums of money upon her education—in fact, he had done all he could to de-

velop the resources of her mind. Upon that death-bed, when her true spiritual state began to dawn upon her, she said with terrible emphasis. 'Father, you have prepared me to live, but you have not taught me how to die.' Being placed among you as pastor, and seeing your habits of industry, and feeling in a special manner your generosity, I have become greatly interested in your spiritual welfare. I desire to see you prosper. I wish to see your families in good health, but above all other things, I desire to see you christians. If you, as railroad men, lack religion, it may be attributed to two reasons:

1st. Your business is of an exciting nature and leads you to forget all else. 2nd. You can say conscientiously that you are out on the road so much of the time that, when you do get home, you are too tired to attend to these things, and hence do not get the benefit of the means of grace. You are living in a christian land and many of you were born of christian parents, cradled in the arms of christian faith, and taught songs whose echoes you still seem to hear, as they float back from days gone by. Not a few, too, were taught to bend the knee and clasp the little hands, while the Lord's prayer was being repeated. This and much more often comes to your mind during leisure hours, and forms a finger pointing to the 'Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of this world.'

Now I ask you as a friend, as a pastor, as one who must yet give an account of his faithfulness to you, to give a little more attention to this subject; Attend to the salvation of your souls, if you feel that there has been anything neglected in this particular. Think of it as you go about your work, read your Bible often and carefully. Read and meditate upon the story of the Cross, and see if there is not something there that will make you rejoice 'with joy unspeakable.' See the Saviour stand with pierced hand extended and hear his blessed; and pressing invitation; accept the offer and take the outstretched arm, that is mighty to save, place the blood-stained hand in yours and follow Jesus in the path of duty. You need the influence of the Gospel to bear upon your lives, to give tone to your language and temper to your spirit. Your intercourse with your fellowmen demands it; your relationship with your family asks for it; your own peace of mind and comfort of heart wholly depend upon it, and need I say that you will require it on your deaths. Do not live without being prepared to die. Do you feel satisfied that you have made such a preparation? If not, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'

'Come, for all things are now ready, and the Spirit and the Bride say come, and whosoever will, may come and take of the water of life freely.'

ARCHIMEDES.

For the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine:

Archimedes, the most celebrated mathematician among the ancients, was born 286 years B. C., at Syracuse, and was related to King Hieron. He was equally skilled in mechanics, hydrastatics, astronomy and optics. The combination of pulleys for raising heavy weights, the inclined plane, the Archimedian screw, the sphere to represent the motion of the Heavenly bodies, etc., were invented by him. But his inventive genius was never so signally displayed, as in the defense of his native city, when besieged by Marcellus, who made his attack both by land and sea. Alpins Claudius, commanding the land forces, and himself the fleet; which, according to the account we have received from Polybius, consisted of sixty galleys of five banks of oars, filled with armed men, and provided with all the offensive weapons of the period. Besides these, he had a prodigious machine, carried upon eight galleys lashed together, with which he approached the walls, relying upon the number of battery engines and other instruments of war, as well as upon the fame of his own great character. But Archimedes made light of his immense armament and confided in the superiority of his own engines, though he did not consider their invention an object worthy of his serious studies, but rather reckoned them among the amusing applications of his geometrical propositions. The first that turned their thoughts to mechanic, a branch of knowledge that afterwards created so much admiration, were Endoxus and Archytas, who illustrated in a practical manner, and confirmed by sensible experiments, the problems of geometry. But, when Plato indignantly inveighed against them as lowering geometry from her high incorporated and intellectual station, to corporal and sensible things, and forcing her to use matter, which requires manual labor, and is the object of servile trades; then mechanics were separated from geometry, and being a long time despised by philosophers, were considered as a branch of the military art. Having a boundless faith in the powers thus created by his genius, Archimedes one day asserted to the King, this proposition: That, with a given power, he could move any given weight whatever; it is even said such was

the sublime confidence he had in his demonstration, he ventured to affirm that he could move the earth we inhabit wherever he pleased, provided there was another one to afford him a point of support. Hieron, full of wonder, begged him to evince the truth of his proposition, by moving some great weight by means of a small power. In compliance with which, Archimedes caused one of the King's galleys to be drawn on shore, which feat, owing to the enormous weight of the ponderous ship, required the united exertions of numerous men and oxen. After having manned her and put on board her usual loading, he placed himself at a distance, and without pains, by simply setting in motion with his one hand, a machine of his own invention, which consisted of a variety of ropes and pulleys, the huge ship was drawn toward him with as smooth and gentle a motion, as if she had been under sail. The King, struck with astonishment at this wonderful display of Archimedes' mechanical genius, prevailed upon him to build engines, which could be used either for attack or defense in a siege. These, however, were never made use of under the reign of King Hieron.

They were extremely serviceable to the Syracuseans on the present occasion, who with such a number of machines had also the inventor to direct them. When Marcellus attacked them by land and sea, the Syracuseans gave way to despair at the sight of so numerous a host and so furious an assault, but Archimedes soon brought his engines into play, and poured on the land forces of the besiegers a tremendous shower of missiles and enormous stones with so incredible a noise and rapidity that nothing could stand before them. They overturned and crushed every thing that came in their way, and spread dismay and disorder in the ranks. On the side toward the sea, were erected enormous machines, putting forth on a sudden over the walls huge beams with the necessary tackle, which, striking with irresistible force on the enemy's galleys, sunk them at once; while other ships hoisted upon the prow by iron hooks, and set on end, were plunged to the bottom of the sea; others, by chains and grapples, were drawn toward the shore, where, after being whirled about and dashed against the rocks that projected below the walls, were broken to pieces and the crews perished. Very often a ship, lifted high above the sea, suspended and twirling in the air, presented a most dreadful spectacle. There it swung, until the men were thrown out by the violence of the motion, and then it split against

the walls, or sunk on the engine letting go its hold. As for the machine which Marcellus brought forward upon eight galleys, and which was called 'Saurbuca,' from its likeness to the instrument of that name, and whilst it was a considerable distance from the walls, Archimedes discharged a stone of ten talents weight, which, according to Polybius, was equivalent to about 150 pound; although Plutarch places the talents as equal to 125 pounds. The account of Polybius is much more probable—after that, a second and a third, striking upon it with amazing force, shattering and totally disjoining it. Marcellus, in his distress, drew off his galleys and land forces, and resolved, in a council of war to approach the walls if possible the next morning before day, for Archimedes' engines being very strong, would, they thought, discharge their missiles over their heads and thus produce no effect. But in this they were sorely and cruelly disappointed, Archimedes had in view of this emergency prepared engines, fitted to all distances, with suitable projectiles and shorter beams, besides, he had caused holes to be made in the walls, in which he placed Ballistars, that did not carry far but could be discharged very rapidly, and by these the assailing forces were stricken down, without knowing whence the weapons came. When, therefore, the Romans were close to the walls, as they thought, unobserved, they were saluted with a shower of darts and stones, which seemed to fall on them from every direction, for the engines played upon them from every available spot on the walls. This obliged them to retire, and when they were at some distance, the larger machines began to play on them with terrible effect, and also greatly damaged their ships, without their being able to annoy the Syracuseans in return, the engines being under cover of the walls. Marcellus however got off, and having assembled his artillery, men and engines, represented to them how futile were their efforts against a man, who, sitting on the shore at his ease, as it were, had so shamefully baffled their assaults, and who, striking them with such a multitude of bolts at once, surpassed even the hundred handed giant of the fable. And, in truth, all the Syracuseans were no more than the body in the Catterus of Archimedes, while he himself, was the informing soul. All the other weapons lay idle and unemployed, his were the only offensive and defensive arms of the city. At last the Romans were so terrified that, if they saw but a rope on a stick protrude over the walls, they

cried out that Archimedes was leveling some machine at them, and flee in dismay. Upon this Marcellus gave up all ideas of capturing the city by assault, and turned the siege into a blockade.

Yet Archimedes had such a depth of understanding, such a dignity of sentiment and so copious a fund of mathematical knowledge, that though the invention of these machines had gained him the reputation of a man endowed with divine rather than with human knowledge, yet he did not vouchsafe to leave any description of them, for he considered his attention to mechanics and all other arts applied to the common uses and necessities of life as mean, and only professed admiration for those intellectual speculations which have an intrinsic excellence as rising from truths and demonstration only. And it is certain that profound questions in geometry are no where solved by a more simple process than in the writings of Archimedes. By some it is ascribed to the acuteness of his genius, others attribute it to his untiring industry, by which he made things that cost a great deal of pains and labor appear comparatively easy. We are not therefore to reject as incredible what is told of him, that being always under the potent spell of a domestic Syren, that is his geometry. He neglected his meat and drink and took no care of his person—he had to be forcibly carried to the bath, and when there would draw mathematical figures in the ashes, or upon his body when it was anointed, so much was he transported with in-

tellectual delight and such an enthusiast of science.

King Heiron, having some suspicions about the honesty of his goldsmith, to whom he had entrusted the making of a diadem, requested Archimedes to ascertain the purity of the gold which had been used in its manufacture. While bathing one day Archimedes found the means of accurately obtaining the desired information, in the difference of weight of solids and liquids. So elated was he at the sudden revelation of the principle upon which he founded his discovery that, forgetful alike of the place he was then in and his nude condition, he rushed, completely destitute of clothing, through the streets of Syracuse to the palace of the King, saluting the startled citizens with the cry—"eureka"—(I have found it.)

At length the city was taken partly by stratagem and partly by assault. Archimedes was at the time in his study engaged in some mathematical researches, and so intent in eye and mind upon his diagram that he neither heard the tumult and noise of the Roman soldiers nor did he know the city was taken. A soldier suddenly entered his room and ordered him to follow him to Marcellus. Archimedes refused to comply until he had finished his problem and brought his demonstration to bear, but the soldier neither caring for him or his theorem, drew his sword and in a passion killed him. The death of this great man, which happened 212 years B. C., put an end to the learning of Syracuse, once so respectable in the republic of letters.

A. RENOUEAU.

Denver, Colorado.

Correspondence.

TERRE HUTE, IND., 1881.

Messrs Editors:

It was my pleasure to meet with Eureka Lodge No 8, at Indianapolis, on the evening of August 26, and I can assure you that they are a fine body of men. They are only thirty in number at present, but bid fair soon to be one of the largest Lodges in the Order.

The Lodge room is comfortably and conveniently located, and the meeting I have referred to was well attended.

On arriving at the capital city, I was covered with smoke and dust, but that did not prevent Brothers Wm. Hugo and Charles Zepp from coming at me with all the enthusiasm of their good nature and shaking me most cordially by the hand.

We had hardly exchanged the usual

courtesies until that genial and whole-souled little fellow called Tweedie, made his appearance, and then our party was complete.

In a little while Brother Tweedie had us royally seated at a sumptuous supper, which was stowed away with great relish.

After supper we made a short call at the home of the Hugo brothers, where we were most agreeably entertained. It is a home after our own heart, filled with genuine good people, whose every thought is to make each other happy. The time there was spent so pleasantly that the 'good-bye' was reluctantly given.

From there we went to the Lodge room, where we found quite a number of the boys, and good ones they are, too.

The meeting was then called to order

by Brother Tweedie, and continued in session until nearly midnight. Seven new members were admitted, and I can vouch for the absolute worthiness of each and all of them.

Some of the names of the new members have escaped my memory, but I still think of Brothers Mancourt, Merriman and Harrington. The whole of them impressed me very forcibly with their earnestness, and I made up my mind that they were the kind of men we are looking for. I shall be both mistaken and disappointed if I do not hear good reports from these members.

Brothers Gurney and Daily of No. 16 were present and assisted materially in making the meeting a success.

At the election of officers which took place, Brother James A. Northway was elected Master, and, let me say right here, that he is one of the brightest lights in the Order. He is thoroughly in sympathy with its interests and will make a name for himself in the Master's chair to which he can look with pride in years to come.

Col. Elliot was placed in the vice-Master's chair, and will not be slow in the discharge of his duties.

Brother Joe Zahm was elected Recording Secretary; Bro. Tweedie Financial Secretary, and Brother Wm. Hugo Treasurer. These names are so familiar that they need no encomium from my awkward quill.

Brother Wm. Hugo was unanimously elected delegate to the Eighth Annual Convention, and will, no doubt, make a name there for his Lodge as well as himself.

Among the old time members I noticed were Brothers Charles Bond, Cal. Elliot, Harmon Hugo, the Ensey Brothers, and several others. They stood by old 'Eureka' in 'the times that tried men's souls.' But their loyalty has not been in vain, for I feel assured that from now on No. 14 will march forward with giant strides, and soon stand shoulder to shoulder with our Banner Lodges.

I will conclude my letter by writing to each and all of the boys of No. 14 to pay us a visit in our 'Prairie City.' We will meet you at the depot, boys, and take good care of you while you remain with us.

Fraternally yours,
V. A. GRANT.

MONTREAL, CAN., August 27, 1881.

Messrs. Editors:

I beg leave to introduce myself as a member of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, of the B. of L. F., an Order to which all firemen should belong.

I am glad to inform you that No. 15 continues to go ahead. We have propositions and initiations nearly every meeting. We are gradually receiving those among us, who had held aloft from the Order. I am convinced that when the advantages to be derived from its membership are more fully known among the locomotive firemen of Montreal, those advantages will be fully appreciated by them, and the B. of L. F. will receive an accession of good and useful members.

Working, as we are, under the three great lights of Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry, no honest, upright and intelligent fireman should hesitate to join us, and I am sure no sensible, unbiased railroad official will object to his doing so. I am sorry to inform you that my lodge has had to record an accident to one of its members—Bro. William Taylor, at the same time we are all thankful that he is spared to his fond and loving widowed mother, after having escaped death in a most miraculous manner.

It was on the night of the twelfth instant that No. 4 Express left Montreal for the West. The train was hauled by engine No. 412, under the charge of Engineer John Howard who had Bro. Taylor for his fireman. All went well until leaving Prescott Junction about 4:30 next morning. About a quarter of a mile west of that place, when running down a grade at about thirty miles per hour, the engine struck a cow which had strayed onto the track, and in the twinkling of an eye, as it were, the engine was thrown from the track, and then ran along for a short distance on the ties, when it turned over on its side, burying poor Howard, the engineer, among its ruins. Bro. Taylor had not the time or chance to do anything before the engine and tender parted, dropping him down between, into the yawning jaws of death. But, wonderful to relate, he was in some manner caught up by some of the truck gearing and carried along a short distance when, the tender came to a stand-still, but not before two cars had passed over it. Bro. Taylor received some severe flesh wounds in his legs and other parts of his body, and a terrible shaking up, but, under the careful treatment of the doctor, and the untiring nursing of his kind mother, he is coming around, and, God willing, he will soon be fit for duty again. Lodge No. 15 recognizes its duty to Bro. Taylor. Those duties have been and will continue to be performed.

I am happy to inform you that the Brothers of St. Lawrence Lodge No. 15, have thought

fit to elect me as Master for the ensuing term. It is a position unsought by me, but I will perform the duties thereof to the best of my abilities, and endeavor to work for the benefit of No. 15 in particular and the Order in general.

I am requested to ask you for a small space in the Magazine, to publish a hearty vote of thanks, tendered by our Lodge to Past Master Edward Upton, for the untiring zeal displayed by him in organizing the Lodge, and for the very able and energetic manner in which he conducted the business of the Lodge during his term of office. In doing so I beg to bear my personal testimony to the real worth of P. M. E. Upton, than whom a more earnest and painstaking member of the B. of L. F. does not exist, and I hope a large number of the Brotherhood will make his acquaintance in Boston at the coming convention. Hoping you will give me space for this in the next publication of the Magazine, and wishing prosperity to the Order throughout the land, I am, yours fraternally,

ALBERT H. GREEN.

HAWK EYE-LASHES.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, October 2, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

Not seeing anything from Hawkeye Lodge for some time, and knowing that No. 27's members are anxious for the outer world to hear of her prosperity, I will make an effort in that direction.

Ten days a week is all we make here. In order to make such time we have got to be pretty steady, and that is why No. 27 did not have a few visitors at the Boston Convention.

During the Convention our worthy Master was made happy with an eight pound delegate. Brother Floyd, whose nick-name is 'Buck,' was blessed in a like manner. These two young gentlemen will represent No. 27 in about 21 years hence, if everything goes well. The two 'dads' are happier than clams in high water.

Brothers Meacham, Hutton and Hager can now be found on the right side of their iron steeds, doing good work.

Brother Wagg has returned to his first love, after an extended trip, and is running here again.

Our late Magazine agent, Brother McGuire, is giving excellent satisfaction on the S. W. Division of the C. M. & St. P. R. R.

Brother Hickox, who has been sojourning in Colorado for some time, is here on a visit, shaking hands with his many friends.

Brother Green, now of No. 8, at Denison, Texas, formerly of No. 27, is here among the boys of his youth.

Our Lodge is one of the finest in the Order, and you can put me on record as saying so.

True Brotherhood men will find open hands and warm hearts to welcome them here, but no others need apply.

Cold weather will soon be here, and we are reminded of Brother F. W. Dyer, of No. 61, who said at the last Convention that Minnesota was a poor state for linen dusters and summer clothes, in 'blizzard' time. We can say the same for Iowa. Tramps, etc., take notice. Yours in B. S. and I.

E. X.

LOS ANGELES, CAL., Sept. 21, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

Trusting that I am not intruding on your valuable space, I write a short article relative to the standing of No. 97. For several months the members were kept so busy on the road that they were unable to attend to Lodge duties, but lately, I am happy to say, much time and labor has been devoted to looking up every interest of our Division, each member doing all in his power to promote its general welfare. We admitted quite a number of new members recently, and now have a membership of forty. Our new officers for the ensuing year are wide-awake and energetic, and will leave nothing undone to make No. 97 one of the best working Lodges in the Order. The meetings are largely attended, owing, perhaps, to the firm yet kind way in which our Master, C. Elton, presides over the meetings. He is a general favorite and the boys greatly appreciate his efficient services.

In closing I wish to say that we all join in congratulating Bros. Hunt and Johnson, who have just stepped across the Engine to the right hand side. They are both good men and deserving of the promotion.

Yours Fraternally,
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SOUTH ST. LOUIS, Mo., Sept. 20, 1881.

Messrs Editors:

A short time ago the members of Industrial Lodge, No. 21, presented Bro. W. J. Edy with an elegant charm, as a tribute to his worth and appreciation of his services, as Master of our Lodge. After the presentation speech had been made, Bro. Edy responded in the following appropriate language:

Gentlemen and Brothers—I thank you from the bottom of my heart for presenting me with this beautiful charm. It will always be worn with pride and will serve to remind me

of the duties which I owe to the members of Industrial Lodge, for manifesting their brotherly love and friendship for me, in such a generous manner. Brothers, again accept of my sincerest thanks.

The tribute was well deserved, for Bro. Edy has always been true to the interests of the Brotherhood.

Yours Fraternally,

I. M.

GALVESTON, TEXAS, Sept. 8, 1881.

Messrs Editors :

In the August number of our Magazine appears a very ably written piece under the heading of 'A ride from the Missouri to the Red River,' and signed by 'The Deacon.' It is not my intention to contradict the Deacon, yet I wish to say a few words in vindication of No. 70. He says the Lodge is behind in dues. I am one of the charter members, but have not attended a meeting for three years, as the terminus of my route is 400 miles from Marshall. Bro. Daley is about the same distance on another road. The Master of our Lodge is at Texarkana, and some of the boys are West almost to the Rio Grande, and it is no easy task to bring them together. I am in receipt of a letter from Bro. Selby, in which he informs me that No. 70 has at present a membership of 55 in good standing.

I am running a passenger Engine on the Gulf, Colorado and Sante Fe Railway, and am trying to sow the seed of the B. of L. F. in this place, and as we have not the right material to work on, it takes root slowly. I sincerely trust that No. 70 will keep on in the right path and that the boys, one and all, will reach the goal of their ambition.

On my last trip I had the very pleasant company of Bro. Keler, of No. 85, and must admit I liked him very much. He is bright

and intelligent and has the welfare of our Order at heart. I received a great deal of useful information from him, and I trust that all Lodges may send good delegates to the Convention, such as will do good work in the interest of Widows and Orphans, and all true minded Firemen. I will conclude by begging of the boys to be lenient in their criticisms.

Yours in B. S. and I.,

MEMBER OF No. 70.

BROCKVILLE, ONT., Oct. 8, 1881.

Messrs Editors :

That often tried but never accomplished trick of crossing two trains on the main line came very near depriving us of two of our Brothers. On the night of August 27, Engine 155 left here with No. 13 train bound for Montreal, with Bro. Ford at the throttle, and Bro. Turnbull at the scoop. The night was so foggy that the fences along the track could hardly be seen. All went well until a few miles east of Lancaster, when they were suddenly confronted by the glare of a head lamp a few feet away. Bro. Ford was looking out at the time and hardly had time to leave his seat, before the collision took place. Bro. Turnbull who was standing between the Engine and the Tender instantly jumped, escaping without injury, and as soon as possible he went in search of his mate and found him between the trucks surrounded by burning hay. With the help of those who escaped and a few farmers who heard the crash, he was removed from his terrible position. The driver and Fireman of the up train, also two brakemen were killed. Bro. Turnbull is again at work and Bro. Ford is doing nicely. The boys are watching over him carefully, and we hope soon to have him with us again.

Yours in B. S. and I.,

A MEMBER OF No. 69.

Miscellaneous.

Good will prevails at Logansport and 52 is correspondingly happy.

The reports from Deer Park No. 1 are encouraging in the extreme.

Bro. L. Mooney holds the boys level at St. Joe. He is the pride of his lodge.

"Still waters run deep." No. 20 makes little noise but does her work quietly and effectively.

Messrs. Joseph Flood and Geo. Johnson, of No. 67, are now presiding with dignity on the right-hand side.

Great Eastern No. 4, Portland, Maine. We have no better one in the Order. Maurice Lynch is there.

Mrs. H. True, the estimable wife of Bro. True, of No. 31, presented her liege lord with a daughter recently.

A genial gentleman is Bro. Arthur Bassett, of Fargo Lodge, No. 85. Give him your hand, boys, he is a good one.

Galion, Ohio, is where Union No. 5 lives. An occasional letter from the boys there would be highly appreciated.

'Hand in Hand' is true to her title. She is marching along in harmony and good will.

No. 25 is called "Connecting Link," and it is one of many strands and will never be rent asunder.

Two of 100's best men, M. J. Collins and George Wilkes are now stationed on the right hand side of their engines.

Upton, Lang, Champaign and Ryan are the "big four" at Montreal. They form a square worthy the title of the "Old Guard."

A touch of the wand of the Grand Master has had wonderful results with No. 9. She is wide awake now, and is ready for the fray.

Under the awakening influence of Brothers Rodgers and Whittlesey No. 44 is becoming one of the most popular lodges in the West.

Old Vigo, with her eighth-eight members sends glad tidings from the 'Valley of the Wabash.' She is a monument to the good work.

No. 59, at South Pueblo, Col., is a Royal Lodge indeed, and the members have a love for the Order as deep as the gorge from which they take their name.

Another valuable addition to No. 36 is a fine girl baby. The father, Bro. F. N. Lord, and baby are doing nicely. The mother has our hearty congratulations.

The Nation's Capital is ably represented by No. 7. There is where Brothers Stephens and Graham hold the reins. Not a word of complaint as to their conduct.

'Red River' appears to be a plant of rapid growth in Texas. We should judge so, at least, from the progress No. 8 is making in the good work of the Order.

It would be a hard matter to select the best man in No. 45. They are all so able and earnest that we will have to pass them over without making any exceptional references.

Banner, No. 56, though organized but a few months has already given evidence of a character that will convince its co-workers of its earnestness in the cause.

Whenever you wish to see Bro. Brownlee, of No. 68, you must step over to the right side for that is where he now stands, having been deservedly promoted some time ago.

Joined the ranks of promotion—Bro. Albert H. Greene of No. 15; also Calvin Rich of No. 53, J. Gratorex of No. 15 must not be omitted. We like to record the merits of our boys.

An inquiring friend wishes to know if we are acquainted with John H. Walsh of No. 50.

We are happy to say that we know him well, and consider him worth his weight in gold.

Bro. Preston Carr, of No. 36, resigned his position as conductor on the W., St. L. and P. RR. and has accepted a similar one on the L., N., A. and C. RR. We all wish him success.

There is only one original Brewer and that is the Brewer of Tippecanoe Lodge, No. 36. As a Master he is an assured success and deserves to be honored by every member of the Order.

We proudly record the marriage of one of our worthiest members, Bro. W. Beldon, of No. 89, to Miss Ida Parker, all of Carlin, Nevada. Long life and happiness be with you.

Michael Buckley, of F. W. Arnold Lodge, No. 44, is now running a freight engine on the main line of the L. and N. road. Such men as Brother Buckley always rise to the surface.

Joseph Zingraff has been promoted to the right side of a switch engine in the Wabash yards at East St. Louis. He is a solid member of No. 44, and the boys are glad to see his merit rewarded.

Enterprise Lodge No. 75 had 102 members, all in good standing, on the first of October. She is still increasing, and if any of her sister lodges wish to compete with her they must lose no time about it.

77 is a first-class lodge, a "double-header," so to speak, and requires just what she has got to keep her so—a good man at the fore and main. We refer to Wm. F. Hynes, her able and energetic Master.

Bro. S. F. Stephens, of No. 54, wishes to return his sincere thanks to Bros. Mullen and Dearman, of No. 16, and Bro. W. E. Burns, of No. 47, for the many favors shown him while on his way to Boston.

For quite a while No. 46 was in a trance, apparently. She was resuscitated however by Brothers Hensley, Summerhill and Muldoon, whose earnest efforts have made her one of our star lodges.

We anticipate a brilliant future for Sioux Lodge, No. 64. Our prediction is based upon the fact that her charter members consist of the very best men among the firemen on the roads centering at Sioux City.

After being tossed about on the waves of adversity for a long time No. 54 has at last cast anchor in the haven of prosperity. L. F. Stephens is the captain of her crew, and he is ever at the post of duty. We are proud of such a gallant leader as he has proven himself to be.

Colbath and Shick, Jersey City, N. J. They are not 'song and dance men,' neither do they represent a millionaire confederation, but vouch for their being veritable athletes in the cause of the Brotherhood.

John Fleming, Master of No. 74, knows how to make a good lodge. He knows just when Article 6, Section 1, of the Constitution is violated. A hint from us is all that is required. John says "business is business."

'Pride of the West' is the most suitable title we know for a Lodge that has as much real merit as No. 6. De Soto, Mo., is her location, but we do not hesitate to say that she is a source of pride to the whole Order.

Among our many promotions we must not fail to note that of Bro. McCourtie, of No. 32, who is now running a road engine. If Bro. McCourtie continues in the way he has begun we will hear from him in the future.

Reports from No. 84 are very encouraging, owing to the fact that our very worthy Bro. A. H. Howard has been placed on the right-hand side; also Bro. Fetterly has become engine dispatcher. We all wish them prosperity.

All our members know Bro. John B. Miller of Blooming Lodge, No. 40. He has an open hand and a warm heart for every true soldier in the cause of the Brotherhood, and will do as much to enhance its welfare as anybody we know.

Instructor Stevens speaks highly of the members of Border Lodge, No. 32. He says they are "broad-guage fellows, and that they thoroughly understand their duty. In fact, they are Brotherhood men in the best sense of the term.

Mr. William Leslie, machinist of the W., St. L. and P. RR., at Lafayette, has been appointed master mechanic at same place of L., N., A. and C. RR. Mr. Leslie is a warm friend of our Order, and we wish him success in all he undertakes.

Of all the Masters we know, there is none more steadfast in the discharge of his duties than Thomas Yeargen of No. 19. It is a pleasure to speak his praises, for he abounds in good qualities and we are ever glad to give them a passing notice.

Bro. Adamson, of No. 66, says "its a son." Bro. Moxam says "its a daughter," "Well," says Bro. Adamson, "my son will some day be a Brotherhood man;" to which Bro. Moxam aptly replies, "and my daughter will one day become the honored wife of some Brotherhood man." Now who is ahead. Adamson submits, and calls it even. Well done, boys.

The members of Industrial No. 21 tendered a unanimous vote of thanks to John A. Hays, their retiring Financial Secretary, at their last meeting. John was faithful and prompt in the discharge of his duties, and leaves an enviable record behind him.

Brother Tieghe, of Tippecanoe Lodge, has grown about a peg since the last issue of our Magazine. This recent growth was occasioned by the arrival of a blooming little daughter into Bro. T's family, who will be a charming companion for his youthful son.

Misses Helen and Lizzie Jeffers, of Terre Haute, Ind., have the sincere thanks of the members of Vigo Lodge, No. 18, for the elegant Book-marks received from them. They are the most beautiful we have ever seen, and add materially to the appearance of the lodge room.

"It is a real pleasure to look upon energy and intelligence well directed," "I was prompted to this exclamation," says Brother Stevens, "on visiting Great Western Lodge, No. 24. Their meetings are conducted with consummate ability, and this accounts for their splendid condition."

We have in our ranks three brothers—the McGarrahan brothers, who are all an honor to the Order. Earnest, faithful and energetic. They are all of the same mind, when the welfare of the Brotherhood is involved. George is a member 77, Walter of 44, and John is enrolled upon the list of old 18.

The little Lodge at Decatur bears the name of one of the most brilliant young lawyers at the Massachusetts bar. The day is not very remote when the world will delight to honor the name of John M. Raymond. Let us hope that No. 49 will reflect no discredit upon its eminent namesake. Under Wm. Felton's rule we have no fear that it will.

One of our worthiest members has just quit railroading. This does not signify that he has left our Order; not by any means, he is still one of our stand-by's. We refer to Bro. J. H. Brewer, of No. 36, who has accepted a position in Lafayette as engineer of the 8th street fire engine, No. 1, where he can always be found and will welcome visiting brothers. Give him a call.

One of the social events of the season was the marriage of Bro. Goldie, of No. 50, to Miss Sarah McNulty. Both parties are of Chicago, where they will reside in the future. Bro. Goldie is an engineer on the C., R. I. and P. RR., and one of the worthiest members of our Order. We congratulate the happy couple

and hope that their journey through life may be one of happiness and prosperity.

We know of one man who began the new year under very favorable auspices. His name is Bro. Dopp, residence, Baraboo, Wisconsin, Lodge No. 26. He received two promotions about the same time, having been placed on the right-hand side; also owing to the arrival of a son he now bears the title of "father." The future prospects of the Order grow brighter and brighter.

GARFIELD'S MEMORIAL DAY.—On this occasion No. 31 was not behind in joining the procession. The various lodges formed a parade; No. 31 was well represented—they had the United States banner draped in crape, borne by Bro. Geross, and a banner of mourning with the letters "B. L. F." upon it, carried by Bro. Schaap. The press made some flattering comments upon their orderly and gentlemanly behavior.

The marriage of Bro. Jos. Schellhorn, of Rose City Lodge, to Miss Sarah G. Ratican, took place at St. Louis a short time ago. A large number of the friends of the bride and groom witnessed the ceremony, after which a splendid repast was served. Mr. and Mrs. Schellhorn will make their home at Little Rock, Ark., for which place they started immediately after the festivities. They have the good wishes of all the members of No. 45, with whom Bro. Schellhorn is a general favorite.

Scarcely a convention passes without it being the occasion of a honeymoon of one of our delegates. At Boston we had the supreme pleasure of meeting Mr. and Mrs. E. Thompson, of Alpha Lodge, No. 26, Baraboo, Wis. They were married on Tuesday, Sept. 6, and went East on their wedding tour. We were highly honored with their acquaintance, and with countless others we mingle in the wish that the happy couple may glide smoothly over the rail of life.

James H. Riggs, of Great Eastern Lodge, No. 4, Portland, Me., recently passed through a long siege of sickness, which came near proving fatal. His life was despaired of by attending physicians, and they readily admit that he was only saved through the careful nursing he received at the hands of the members of his Lodge. This is another instance of the practical charity of our Order, and should make better men of us all. Bro. Riggs feels profoundly grateful for the care and assistance he received from the Brotherhood, and will ever do his utmost in the interest of the good cause.

When the boys reach the point at which they openly confess their aversion to boarding houses and to sewing on buttons, then they find themselves in a condition to sympathise with Bro. J. McTeer, of No. 15. Though he is said to have been an expert at sewing on buttons, he lately asserted that he never could sew one on without picking his fingers. He is now released, having sought for his assistant the amiable and accomplished daughter of Wm. King, late of Devonshire. We wish Jack and his Conductor's a smooth and pleasant run right through to the last stopping place.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and offer them to our subscribers at \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head*."

Dead Head Packages are not billed and are therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitutions and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Black List Forms, Limited and Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for Dues, etc., and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

REINSTATED,

No. 41.—Joe. Palis, in good standing.

No. 61.—E. S. Kenyon.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 82.—Fred Harvey, from No. 43.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 19.—Fred. B. Madison, withdrawn to join No. 94.

No. 20.—Wm. McBride—final.

No. 31.—H. G. Burton to join No. 43.

No. 40.—Chas. Rafferty—final.

No. 46.—D. F. Brant, H. C. Bingham, W. R. Whitcomb and Pat. Allen—final.

No. 70.—E. H. Bernard.

BLACK LIST.

No. 4.—Geo. W. Wenish, expelled for non-payment of dues and disgraceful conduct.

No. 15.—R. McMahan for non-payment of dues.

No. 25.—Edward Seery expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 32.—Barney Gaughey, expelled on general principles. F. S. Barde, G. S. Robinson and Noble Coggins, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 36.—Ed. Johnson, Thomas Maloney and Frank P. Smith, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 40.—Chas. Hotchkins and Ed. Powers expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 55.—Andrew Bruns expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 56.—J. L. James and Frank Staff expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 70.—J. F. Jarvis expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 74.—Moses Runyan and Edward Molly for non-payment of dues.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Oct. 7, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Hawkeye Lodge, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to take from our midst the wife of our worthy Brother, Jerry Carr, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with our Brother in the loss of the dearest of earth's treasures, a confiding wife, and may we all so live in this world that at the end of time we may be united with those who passed away before us.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Carr, and also sent for publication to the Firemen's Magazine.

W. C. BYERS, } Com.
E. D. ECKMAN, }

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA, Oct. 18, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Hawkeye Lodge, No. 27, B. of L. F., held in their hall in the city of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, Sept. 4, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our worthy Brother, John James, therefore be it

Resolved, That while we submit to the will of Divine Providence, we deeply mourn the loss of our Brother. Guided by the power of love we sincerely sympathise with the bereaved parents, brothers and sisters.

Resolved, That in the death of Bro. James, the B. of L. F., has lost a true and worthy member, and his parents a kind and dutiful son.

Resolved, That the thanks of this Lodge be tendered to all the friends who so kindly assisted in preparing for the funeral of our late Brother. To Mr. Flannigan, Supt. C. M. and St. P. RR., for his kindness in furnishing a special train to the Brotherhood and friends of the deceased, in order that they might attend the funeral which took place at Farley, Iowa, August 21, 1881; also, to Mr. Sweet, Agt. at Cedar Rapids, for his assistance in arranging for the funeral; also, to Mr. Herbeling, Conductor, and his brakeman, who kindly offered to run the train, and to Mr. Rice, Engineer, and his Fireman.

Resolved, That we drape our Lodge room and Charter in mourning for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the parents, and also to the Magazine for publication.

E. L. DAY, }
W. D. DAVIS, } Com.
N. OWENS, }

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Oct. 15, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Tippecanoe Lodge, No. 36, B. of L. F., held October 2, 1881, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst the wife of our esteemed Brother, Dennis Casey, thus reminding us of the certainty of death, and

WHEREAS, In the death of Mrs. Casey, he has lost a true and devoted wife, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to Brother Casey

our sincere and heartfelt sympathy in this sad hour of tribulation, and commend him to He who alone consoleth and healeth the wounded spirit and gives strength to bear such a sad bereavement.

Resolved, That as a mark of respect to our worthy Brother, our Charter be draped in mourning for the space of thirty days, and that these resolutions be recorded in the proceedings of the Lodge, and a copy be sent to Brother Casey, and that the same be published in the Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

GEO. H. THOMAS, } Com.
SAM'L. J. ROGERS, }
H. A. KENNEDY. }

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

ST. JOSEPH, MO., October 1, 1881.

At a regular meeting of St. Joseph Lodge, No. 43, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst our beloved Brother, Clark Mayfield, who died of consumption, therefore be it

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with the bereaved brother and sister, and, while they have lost a loving brother, we also miss him who has mingled with us at our meetings.

Resolved, That his loss, the first one sustained by our Lodge, is sadly felt, and has cast a shadow upon every heart within our Lodge.

Resolved, That our thanks be extended to Mrs. Mann and family, who attended to the wants of our brother during his sickness.

Resolved, That our charter be draped in mourning for thirty days. That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Mrs. Mann, and that they be published in our Magazine.

L. MOONEY, } Committee.
R. C. MORRIS, }
WM. E. SULLIVAN, }

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

At a regular meeting of R. R. Centre Lodge, No. 31, the following resolutions were adopted :

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst the sister of our worthy Brother George D. Madden, therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to Brother Madden, also to his Mother, Brother and Sisters, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained.

Mourning friends, dry up your tears,
And cast aside all doubts and fears;
God took away that life he gave,
She now lies silent in the grave.

And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Bro. Madden, and that they be published in the columns of our Magazine.

WM. H. DAVIES, } Com.
JOHN D. STEELE, }
A. S. BRADLY. }

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

TERRE HAUTE, IND., Oct. 12, 1881.

At a regular meeting of Vigo Lodge, No. 16, B. of L. F., held October 9, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted :

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has been presented with a beautiful Bible inscribed 'Vigo Lodge, No. 16, B. of L. F.,' and with the monogram of the Order, and also with two elegant silk and satin Book Marks with gilt fringes, and

WHEREAS, These presents were made to us by Miss Helen and Miss Lizzie Jeffers, and Miss Eugenie and Miss Emma Debs, therefore be it

Resolved, That we accept their gift as a token of the estimation in which they hold our Brotherhood, and that in return we express to them our deep and profound gratitude.

Resolved, That we shall endeavor to profit by the divine lessons taught in the sacred book that now adorns our altar, and that we shall ever hold in grateful remembrance the fair donors of the same.

Resolved, That their kindness will never be forgotten, and that they will always be held in the highest esteem by the members of our Lodge.

F. H. MULLEN, } Com.
O. E. FOX, }
ROBT. EBBAGE. }

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold.....Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
W. E. Burns.....Vice Grand Master
1325 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
E. V. Debs.....Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Leach, Chairman.....Atchison, Kan
J. H. Walsh, Secretary.....Chicago, Ills
E. Upton.....Montreal, Canada
E. A. Mace.....Philadelphia, Pa
J. H. Brewer.....Lafayette, Ind

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills
 Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado
 D. Ross.....Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

A. H. Tucker.....Mason City, Iowa
 H. G. Cormick.....Centralia, Ills
 L. C. Hill, Box 113.....Parsons, Kan
 J. M. Dodge, Box 317.....San Diego, Cal
 W. H. Davies, Box 374.....Atchison, Kan
 M. W. Jamison, Box 626.....Logansport, Ind
 C. J. McGee, Box 772.....Danville, Ills
 J. D. Weaver.....Minneapolis, Min
 2210, 16th Avenue South.
 D. E. Barry.....Buffalo, N. Y
 510 Seneca Street.
 W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Pa
 4906 Paschall Street.
 G. A. Hewitt.....Boston, Mass
 B. and A. Engine House.
 E. Upton.....Montreal, Canada
 9 Burgess Street, Pt. St. Charles.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK, Port Jervis, N. Y.
 C. E. Barkman, box 21.....Master
 F. L. Smith, box 361.....Secretary
 M. Coxson, box 143.....Financier
 C. E. Barkman, box 21.....Mag. Agt
2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I.
 A. H. Stevens, 45 Jefferson st.....Master
 H. S. Lawton, 58 Francis st.....Secretary
 T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common st.....Financier
 W. Lowry, 60 Jewett st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, Jersey City, N. J.
 E. W. Davis, 173 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
 E. Elz, 205 Pavonia Ave.....Secy
 F. Green, N. T. L. E. Engine House.....Fin
 E. W. Davis, 173 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt
4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.
 A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort st.....Master
 G. Menish, 20 St. Lawrence st.....Secy
 F. O. Mitchell, 20 Merrill st.....Financier
 A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort st.....Mag. Agt
5. UNION, Gallon, Ohio.
 A. N. Jenkinson.....Master
 T. Wooley, box 659.....Secretary
 A. Sittler, box 611.....Financier
 J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST, Desoto, Mo.
 J. N. Swift.....Master
 G. E. Woodruff.....Secretary
 C. J. Burke.....Financier
 Wm. Herst.....Mag. Agt
7. POTOMAC, Washington, D. C.
 D. L. Stephen, 160 Sixth st. s. w.Master
 P. C. Birch, 918 D st. s. w.Secretary
 J. C. Graham, 467 C st. s. w.Financier
 W. H. Fisher, No. 420 12th st. s. w. Mag Agt
8. RED RIVER, Denison, Texas.
 G. McNeills, box 273.....Master
 E. Flint, " ".....Secretary
 E. L. Gale " ".....Financier
 " ".....Mag. Agt

9. FRANKLIN, Columbus, Ohio.
 D. Roach, Piqua Shop.....Master
 W. K. Redmond, City Water Works.....Secy
 T. C. Biddle, Piqua Shops.....Financier
 W. K. Redmond, City water works Mag Agt
10. FOREST CITY, Cleveland, Ohio.
 F. F. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....Master
 F. Gengenbaugh, N. Y. P. & O. shops.....Secy
 M. S. Laughlin, 59 Merchant Ave.....Fin
 J. A. Summers, 9 Newell st.....Mag Agent
11. EXCELSIOR, Phillipsburg, N. J.
 O. Kidney.....Master
 W. W. Hosford.....Secretary
 H. Lott.....Financier
 ".....Mag. Agent
12. BUFFALO, Buffalo, N. Y.
 R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Master
 J. F. Hayes, 206 Swan street.....Secretary
 C. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Financier
 R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Mag. Agt
13. WASHINGTON, Jersey City, N. J.
 T. E. Kelton, 204 Pacific Ave.....Master
 P. D. Mead, 217 Communipan Ave.....Secy
 J. Cole, 204 Pacific Ave.....Financier
 G. Louis 256 Communipan Ave.....Mag Agt
14. EUREKA, Indianapolis, Ind.
 J. A. Northaway, 306 E. North st.....Master
 J. Zahm, 197 Bates st.....Secretary
 J. A. Tweedie, 253 E. Washington st.....Fin
 P. Staff Brightwood, Ind.....Mag. Agent
15. ST. LAWRENCE, Montreal, Canada.
 A. H. Green, 62 Forfas st.....Master
 H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane st.....Secretary
 J. Ryan, 211 Burgeois st.....Financier
 P. Champagne, 175 Burgeois st.....Mag. Agt
16. VIGO, Terre Haute, Ind.
 O. E. Fox, 1326 Sycamore st.....Master
 E. V. Debs.....Secretary
 E. O. Raidy, 316 N. Eleventh st.....Financier
 A. J. Mullen.....Mag. Agt
17. OLD POST, Vincennes, Ind.
 C. A. Cripps.....Master
 C. Kunz.....Secretary
 B. Robinson.....Financier
 T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, Slater, Mo.
 T. Crawford.....Master
 L. M. Eldridge, box 222.....Secretary
 J. B. Milton, box 160, Roodhouse, Ill.Financier
 G. W. Steding.....Mag. Agent
 box 174, Roodhouse, Ill.
19. TRUCKEE, Wadsworth, Nevada.
 G. Abbay, box 8.....Master
 F. Murray.....Treasurer
 B. F. Dolan.....Financier
 E. Shepley.....Mag. Agt
20. STUART, Stuart, Iowa.
 C. Traver.....Master
 C. M. Finley.....Secretary
 J. W. Shields.....Financier
 W. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, South St. Louis, Mo.
 W. J. Edy.....Master
 F. C. Obenhaus.....Secretary
 W. E. Mott.....Financier
 W. E. Mott.....Mag. Agt

22. CENTRAL, Urbana, Ill.
A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
L. E. Beckley, box 78.....Secretary
L. E. Beckley, do.....Financier
L. E. Beckley, do.....Magazine Agt
23. LOUISVILLE, Louisville, Ky.
J. Hoke, care Bender's drug store.....Master
C. F. Hahn, ".....Secretary
C. E. Mills, care Bender's drug store.....Mag. Agent
24. GREAT WESTERN, Parsons, Kan.
L. C. Hill, box 113.....Master
F. F. Wiggins, ".....Secretary
J. Fanning, ".....Financier
T. P. Spencer, ".....Mag. Agt
25. CONNECTING LINK, Boone, Iowa.
R. S. Pike.....Master
M. Crane, lock box 775.....Secretary
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J. D. Coughlin.....Secretary
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L. C. Chase, " 358.....Secretary
C. W. Phelps, " 1010.....Financier
E. Meacham.....Mag. Agt
28. ELKHORN, North Platte, Neb.
M. B. Tarkington.....Master
H. J. Clark, box 177.....Secretary
P. H. Sullivan box 66.....Financier
J. N. Bonner.....Mag. Agent
29. CERRO GORDO, Mason City, Iowa.
G. Hodman.....Master
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J. J. Nibill, Calmar, Iowa.....Mag. Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, Waterloo, Iowa.
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A. H. Girard, box 795.....Secretary
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31. R. R. CENTRE, Atchison, Kan.
S. Walters, box 157.....Master
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A. E. Schnap, box 157.....Financier
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32. BORDER, Ellis, Kan.
F. J. Schuyler, box 138.....Master
E. G. Pearson, " 294.....Secretary
A. H. Chapman, " 302.....Financier
J. McKenna, " 77.....Mag. Agt
33. SUCCESS, Trenton, Mo.
G. Atherton.....Master
W. Marsden.....Secretary
S. Hart.....Financier
G. Nolan.....Mag. Agt
34. CLINTON, Clinton, Iowa.
H. W. Stephens, box 189.....Master
J. W. Adams, " 945.....Secretary
J. W. Adams.....Financier
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35. AMBOY, Amboy, Ills.
W. H. Dean, box 120.....Master
J. H. Curran.....Secretary
C. R. Rosier, box 420.....Financier
H. Williams.....Mag. Agt
36. TIPPECANOE, Lafayette, Ind.
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S. J. Rogers, W. St. L. & P. Shops.....Secretary
W. S. Beemer, 99 Columbia st.....Financier
.....Mag. Agent
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J. Drummond, box 389.....Master
F. Mingy, box 103.....Secretary
F. Mingy, box 103.....Financier
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C. W. Young, 1102 N. Oak st.....Secretary
C. Sheehan.....Financier
Jefferson House, w. Chestnut st.
J. Cunningham, 808 N. Oak st.....Mag. Agent
41. KENTON, Cincinnati, O.
H. P. Lewis.....Master
57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
T. N. Eller.....Secretary
Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
T. N. Eller, ".....Financier
G. Horricks, 400 George st.....Mag. Agt
42. KENNESAW, Atlanta, Georgia.
T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
H. C. Dunlap do do.....Secretary
W. H. Thrash do do.....Financier
J. H. Webb, do do.....Mag. Agt
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L. Mooney, cor 10th and Hickory sts, Master
W. E. Sullivan, 2,210 s. Sixth st.....Secretary
R. Morris.....Financier
Cor 12th and Sacramento sts.
W. E. Sullivan, 1,210 s. Sixth st.....Mag. Agt
44. F. W. ARNOLD, East St. Louis, Ills.
T. Halpin, box 171.....Master
I. B. Machin.....Secretary
T. Rodgers, box 171.....Financier
T. H. Hayes.....Mag. Agent
45. ROSE CITY, Little Rock, Ark.
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J. W. Adams, box 696.....Secretary
H. H. Burrus, 123 w Fourth st.....Financier
P. J. Robinson.....Magazine Agent
620 Pulaski street.
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A. D. Hensley 1316 Jackson st.....Secretary
E. Jolly.....Financier
Jackson st, between 13th and 14th sts.
L. Smith, Wash shops.....Mag. Agent
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W. E. Burns, 1,325 Michigan ave.....Master
J. C. Glover.....Secretary
A. S. Hart, 2339 Wentworth ave.....Financier
M. M. Kane, 1350 State st.....Mag. Agent
48. W. F. HYNES, Peoria, Illinois;
G. Gates, 328 Hewett st.....Master

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J. Curren, 303 Maple st..... Financier
R. Martin, 602 W Jefferson st..... Mag. Agt
49. JOHN M. RAYMOND, Decatur, Ill.
W. E. Knight..... Master
W. Felton..... Secretary
W. Felton..... Financier
E. Decarcey..... Mag. Agt
50. GARDEN CITY, Chicago, Ills.
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H. J. Strong 4658 State st..... Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4928 Butterfield st..... Fin
J. J. Hanahan, 3243 Dearborn st..... Mag. Agt
51. FRISCO, North Springfield, Mo.
W. A. Noleman..... Master
M. A. Frame, box 184..... Secretary
H. R. Favor, box 184..... Financier
E. Smith, Pacific, Mo..... Mag. Agt
52. GOOD WILL, Logansport, Indiana.
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C. Polk do..... Secretary
M. W. Jamison do..... Financier
B. B. Ide do..... Magazine Agt
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G. Cheney, box 177..... Secretary
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L. F. Stephens..... Mag. Agt
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P. Curry, L. & N. R. R. shops..... Master
C. E. Ringwald..... Secretary
W. T. Bender..... Financier
J. Clark..... Mag. Agt
56. BANNER, Stansberry, Mo.
S. M. McGaffey, box 217..... Master
W. E. Patterson, box 177..... Secretary
E. Fitzsimmons..... Financier
A. B. Frame..... Mag. Agt
57. BOSTON, Boston, Mass.
G. H. Abbott, 50½ Hudson street..... Master
J. C. Edwards..... Secretary
33 Pleasant st, Charleston, Boston, Mass.
W. H. Greene..... Financier
38 Cabot St, Boston Highlands, Boston, Mass.
W. C. Greene..... Mag. Agent
4 Smith st, Salem, Mass.
58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California;
A. H. Curtis, L box 37..... Master
A. J. Mackay, do..... Secretary
A. J. Mackay, do..... Financier
A. H. Curtis, do..... Mag. Agt
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D. J. Higgins lock box 72..... Master
F. F. Brigham..... Secretary
J. Carr..... Financier
J. Carr..... Mag. Agent
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. R. Anderson, 2356 N Third st..... Master
E. T. Green, 2013 N Third st..... Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st..... Financier
J. Shepherd..... Mag. Agent
61. MINNEHAHA, St. Paul, Minn.
C. Montgomery,..... Master
102 Lafayette Avenue.
J. Spellman..... Secretary
C. St. P. and M. O. shops.
J. H. Sawyer, 47 Colburn st..... Financier
H. Oliver..... Mag. Agent
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O. E. Histed..... Secretary
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P. W. Johnson..... Mag. Agt
63. HERCULES, Danville, Ills.
C. J. McGee, box 772..... Master
W. A. Pickering..... Secretary
T. Carter..... Financier
J. Mills..... Mag. Agent
64. SIOUX, Sioux City, Iowa.
A. Confield, lock box 6..... Master
J. M. Shire..... Secretary
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E. A. Bennett..... Mag. Agt
65. FORT RIDGELY, Sleepy Eye, Minn.
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H. B. Higgins..... Secretary
J. Ashworth..... Financier
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66. CHALLENGE, Belleville, Ont.
J. Brownlee, G. T. Ry..... Master
W. Buckley..... Secretary
E. Adamson..... Financier
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67. DOMINION, Toronto, Canada.
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C. E. Hibbert, 520 King st West..... Secretary
J. Johnson, 22 Muter st..... Financier
A. Mowatt..... Mag. Agent
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68. HUDSON, Jersey City, N. J.
T. H. Lawler, 196 Bay street..... Master
J. Meegan, 41 Van Winkel st..... Secretary
H. K. Cochrane..... Financier
42 Center st., Newark, N. J.
T. Cadle, 305 4th street..... Mag. Agt
69. ISLAND CITY, Brockville, Ont.
F. Lawrence..... Master
J. Graham..... Secretary
R. J. Turnbull..... Financier
F. Barr..... Mag. Agt
70. LONE STAR, Longview, Texas.
J. H. Selby, B. of L. F. box..... Master
L. Delaney..... Secretary
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71. SUSQUEHANNA, at Oneonta, N. Y.
C. Bunker, box 445..... Master
W. Hand..... Secretary
G. Morton..... Financier
D. V. Rorick..... Mag. Agt
72. WELCOME, Camden, N. J.
H. Higgins, 432 S 3d st..... Master
J. Colton, 424 Mickle st..... Secretary
J. Colton..... Financier
G. Parker, 235 Senate st..... Mag. Agent

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C. E. Bullard, 33 Plymouth st. Master
T. Loynd, 83 Green st. Secretary
J. C. Updike, 628 Main st. Financier
G. P. Cooper, 113 Beacon st. Mag. Agent
74. KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.
J. Fleming, 1,325 St. Louis ave. Master
W. Piercey Secretary
J. Mulvihill, 1325 St. Louis ave. Financier
F. Fisher Mag. Agent
75. ENTERPRISE, West Philadelphia, Pa.
B. Austin, 3,907 Elm st. Master
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F. Dupelt, 3,821 Elm st. Financier
H. Knepley, 609 N. 37th st. Mag. Ag't
76. NEW ERA, Fergus Falls, Minn.
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T. Bardsley Secretary
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H. E. Stewart Mag. Agt
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, Denver, Col.
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E. Hall Financier
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G. Warriner Secretary
119 Pearl st, Hartford, Conn.
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81. PINE CITY, Brainerd, Minn.
F. D. Millsbaugh, box 18. Master
J. Collins, box 18. Secretary
L. H. Smith, box 18. Financier
F. D. Millsbaugh, box 18. Mag. Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.
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M. & St. L. Round House.
J. F. Canney, box 586. Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
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87. SUMMIT, Rawlins, W. T.
B. H. Raynor Master
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G. Thompson Financier
P. Johnson Mag. Agent
88. MORNING STAR, Evanston, W. T.
W. Woods Master
D. Hamilton, box 136. Secretary
W. Woods Financier
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89. SILVER STATE, Carlin, Nev.
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C. Dieterich, S. P. R. Shops. Master
T. Martin Secretary
T. Martin Financier
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92. MARSHALL, Marshalltown, Iowa.
T. A. Selg Master
F. Miller, box 1,405. Secretary
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T. A. Selg Magazine Agent
93. GATE CITY, Keokuk, Iowa.
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J. H. Carter Magazine Agent
94. CACTUS, Tucson, Arizona Ty.
J. C. Spahr, box 208. Master
F. Simpson do. Secretary
C. W. Green Financier
F. M. Wiley box 208. Mag. Agent
95. CHICAGO, Chicago, Ill.
J. Lahey, 74 N Sangamon st. Master
C. Copp, 131 Huron st. Secretary
J. Rourke, 415 Milwaukee ave. Financier
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W. J. McKissen Magazine Ag't
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street, corner Jefferson and Shirk sts.
97. ORANGE GROVE, Los Angeles, Cal.
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E. Stevens, box 901. Financier
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98. PERSEVERANCE, Terrace, Utah Ter.
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"FAINT HEART NE'ER WON FAIR LADY."

I wish to introduce my readers to Miss Marion Laurie, born in New Jersey, but as perfect a little Scotch beauty as if she had been born among the Grampians. Indeed, her forefathers may have been the indigenous growth of that locality, for Deacon David Laurie 'allowed' they were there when King Fergus prompted the Cairngorm tracts—a circumstance touching prehistoric times.

David Laurie, however, seldom permitted himself to speak of such unpractical matters; those blue hills belonged to his childhood and youth, states which he had nearly forgotten, the more so as the bonnie lassie he had wooed and won among their golden brooms had been long dead, and there now remained no visible link between their shadowy past and the real present.

Excepting—and I make the exception with all respect—Miss Janet Monteith, a 'far-awa' cousin' of Mrs. Laurie, who had filled the dubious position of maid and companion to that lady, and after her death a somewhat similar one to her two daughters, Julia and Marion. But whatever her position, she had discharged its duties with an unselfish devotion that would have dignified the humblest service. True, Janet had grumbled somewhat through her twenty years' care, but grumbling with her was merely a habit, without necessary causes or consequences.

And she had always had two stock subjects for grumbling about. First, the flat country: it was a constant irritation to her; and if Janet had possessed the faith that could move mountains, doubtless the Grampians would now be in New Jersey. Second, the still, stealthy river: had it been a river of any sensibility, it would have risen against the comparisons she was always making between its sullen looking-water and the wimpling, rattling, clear-running streams of Scotland.

But the river did its business—that is, it run the great cotton and silk mills of David Laurie in an admirably consistent, regular manner; and David was not ungrateful, he had always a word of apology for his aid. 'It will not make a picture, Janet,' he would say; 'but then it's just like yourself', woman—better than it's bonnie.' Yet Janet, in her white lace cap and neckerchief, was no uncommon picture, for instinctively she knew that age surrounds itself with a kind of youth in garments that are always sweet and fresh. So though she was a contrast, she was not an unpleasant one, to the lovely girl cuddling among the crimson damask cushions in the same room with her.

This girl is Marion Laurie. I have been prosy about my introduction, but a beauty, like a queen, requires some ceremony. Now you may look at her dimpled face, oval in shape, pink and sweet as a rose just bloomed.

There is in it something fairly luminous; say it is in the glory of her eyes—large blue eyes—bright and clear as heaven, or say it is the glory of her hair—pale golden-brown hair, like the aureole of a saint. No one would care particularly to analyze any creature so exquisite; it would be like pulling a flower to pieces to find where the perfume dwelt.

But as she lies with her small hands crossed above her head, and her small feet crossed just outside the ruffles of her robe, one can but wonder what she is dreaming about, or what ripple of song or murmur of sweet words will first part the rosy, smiling lips. She has been still for full ten minutes. Janet wonders, but respects the mood; for it is a little crisis in Marion's life, and for the first time she has full liberty given her to decide upon her own movements. She may spend the winter in New York with her married sister Julia, or she may stay in New Jersey, and gather around her such pleasures and

company as the rather lonely locality admits of.

Ten minutes is not long to canvass both sides of such a question, but Marion's rapid mind managed it quite to her own satisfaction in that time.

'Janet,' she said, decidedly, sitting upright in order to clasp her knees comfortably, 'I am going to New York, that is clear.'

'I would ask your reasons 'Miss Marion, if I thought you had any.'

'Oh, reasons are plenty as blackberries, Janet. First, I want to go; second I want to go; third, I want to go; and—'

'You needna specify further Miss Marion. I ken weel that 'I want to' is reason enough for you.'

'Yes, I am not dour and bard to convince, like some people I know, Janet; and I don't believe in being very kind to other people and awful hard upon yourself. I think Marion Laurie has some slight claims upon Marion Laurie's attention.'

'I dinna think you owe the lassie anything. She's well enough looked after.'

'Well, at present I owe her half a dozen new dresses; but I shall get papa to give her a check to-night that will clear off all demands. Helgh-ho, Janet! I believe I must make myself look pretty for dinner, for, first, there is that check to smile for; and, second, there is a stranger coming, is there not?'

'Nobody but my ain nephew, Miss Marion. He is just frae the hills of Scotland, a plain, sensible body, that kens mair about weaving than women. It's no worth your while bewildering the puir fellow.'

'I am not so sure of that, Janet. You have a depressed view of the value of all men. I shall just run my own eyes over him, so get out my navy blue silk dress, 'an' pearlins an brooches an' a','" said, or rather sang Marion for the order ran easily enough into the merry lilt of 'Woo'd an' married an' a'.'

Perhaps Janet had really not so very many objections to the bewildering of her nephew; certainly she went lovingly to work to assist in the bewildering process, and there was small wonder that the two gentlemen, in the midst of a discussion about wheels and bands, catching the first sight of this radiant girl in shimmering silk and gleaming gold, should get bewildered and lose their argument inextricably for that night. Mr. Laurie, being partly accustomed to such revelations, simply wondered and admired, and gave her a check for double the amount she asked for. What man could have helped it with such a lovely face whispering close to his own?

Mr. Monteith looked, and the bewildering was fully accomplished. Her face smote him at once into a tender adoration; her glancing dress, with all its amazing ruffles and loops and folds, was wonderful to him. 'She came, she saw, she conquered.' The man, whether a lord or a vassal of creation, was her slave for evermore, bought with a glance, and fettered by the touch of a little hand that fell like a white rose petal into his own great brown palm.

What an amazing evening it was to John Monteith! The dinner table was spread in fairy-land; the meat and wine had the flavor of paradise. And Marion's singing of the little plantive Scotch airs her father loved? There are no words to describe its influence over him. Does any one wonder that three-fourths of the human race have always worshipped some woman? It is the instinct of men to defy the soul that awakens their own:

And truly John Monteith entered into a new and larger life at Marion's first word. Hitherto, to weave the finest goods at the least possible cost, to economize labor and material, and to amass money had seemed to him ends sufficient to justify life. But now, even in the first tumult of his awakening, there arose before him the question, What shall a man do to be worthy of such a pearl of womanhood?

It was later than usual that night when Marion went to her room. She had her cheek in her hand, but her face wore an unusual shadow of perplexity and doubt. Janet, sitting by the fireside, sipping her glass of mulled claret, noticed at once the new expression. 'You are late child,' she said, looking admiringly at the lovely figure, with its daintily galtered foot upon the fender.

'Am I? Papa kept me singing.'

'What do you think of John Monteith?'

'Oh, he is nice.'

'Nice,' Marion! The adjective is a very improper one applied to men.'

'Is it, Janet? I did not know. Choose one yourself.'

'Entertaining?'

'No, he is not entertaining. He listens and lets you talk. After all, I don't know but that is entertaining.'

'Handsome?'

'It would be a sin to say 'no.' Yes, Janet, your nephew is handsome, I don't mind admitting the truth, even on the point of beauty. Is he going to stop here?'

'He is going into the mills with your father.'

'Where is he going to live?'

'He will board at Mr. Bogart's, I hear.'

'What a fig! Minnie and her cousin can have over him! I should think he would be a man girls would quarrel about. I have half a mind to stay in Jersey and act as umpire. While we are away, Janet, why can't he live with papa? I should think they would be good company for each other.'

'Suppose you suggest it?'

'I will. I don't like our folks boarding round. Besides, I have no doubt that he will be all the better of your keeping him in sight. Men are lost quantities unless they are tied to some woman's apron strings.'

'You are quite certain about going to New York?'

'Oh yes, but we need not hurry for a few days, I shall let Julia get the furnaces into working order and the children's winter clothes made. She is always fussy at the beginning of the season, and very few nice people are at home yet.'

But Marion's few days lengthened out into a few weeks. Mr. Laurie was beginning to talk of his own holiday trip to Julia's before she again seriously considered the subject. But somehow the quiet routine of the house had been wonderfully brightened up by Mr. Monteith's presence at the breakfast and dinner table, while in the long fire-lit evenings there was always a deep rich barytone mingling with the sweet soprano in the wild, weird, tender ballads that lulled old David Laurie into dreamland.

Was Marion in love? Who could tell? Girls have blushed and smiled, and sung tenderly, and glanced sweetly, and dressed ravishingly, before now; and men have read all these signs by lights of their own, and been miserably deceived. If she let her hand linger in John's clasp, and dropped her white eyelids over rosy cheeks beneath his loving gaze, could he trust that it was for love of him? If she wore the flowers he brought, and sang the songs he liked, durst he risk his fate on such evidences? Ah! it is often the bitterest part of love's lesson that it knows not what it may ask, fears when it ought to hope, and hopes when it ought to fear.

Two days before Christmas the halls were littered with trunks and traveling wraps, and John Monteith, with a sorrowful face, was walking up and down among them; yet it brightened, almost painfully, as a little figure in cashmere and fur came slowly down the broad stairs. Marion was going away; would she never come back for him again;

He had not faith to ask the question; and though she was in a tearful, tender mood, all the more reason, he thought, to refrain from pressing his own claims at such a time. He sits beside her in the double sleigh which carries them to the railroad depot. Mr. Laurie is driving, and the servant beside him keeps him in busy conversation about the green-houses. For ten minutes John has Marion all to himself; he wraps the furs carefully around her, draws her to his side, but a strange silence falls upon both of them, and not until they are parting does he find words to say, 'Miss Laurie—Marion! will you try and remember me?' There was no word in reply, only a clasp of the hand, and a bright look of sympathy, yet somehow John took it for a promise.

Hitherto Marion had seen nothing of society; she was now to enter a new world. She came to it as a queen pre-ordained to conquest. The men followed her footsteps, the women imitated her toilets. Her perfect physical health stood all tests. In the middle of February she had not lost anything of her exquisite beauty—nay, she had gained, for a woman gains with her wardrobe, and often puts on genius as well as confidence with a magnificent attire.

The middle of February, and she had not seen John Monteith since they parted at the little way-side depot. But she heard through Janet that he was putting up great buildings which were to be filled with wonderful new machinery and appliance. Did he remember her amid these business cares? Did she remember him? How could she? Her present occupation so filled every hour that she could not find time to reach back after the love and promise of years ago. Lovers waited on her footsteps; she was fed on incense and flattery; and yet, and yet—only two little words, but love has lived on less.

Well, it was the 14th of February, and a keen, bright, frosty day. There was a sleighing party in prospect, and Marion, full of glee and anticipation, joined a merry group at the breakfast table. As usual, a little pile of letters was waiting for her; and among them one of a strangely unfamiliar aspect. She opened it curiously; it was an unmistakable old-fashioned valentine. The jests and laughter seriously annoyed her. Of course it was John Monteith's doing. None of her New York lovers would have been guilty of such vulgarity. 'Stupid! it was just like him. People did such things, she supposed, in Scotland. They had sent them there, and of course they would go on send-

ing them long after the rest of the world has forgotten the custom. But in New York, on Madison Avenue! In the year of grace, 1874! What a barbarian the man must be!

That valentine worried her all the day; she laughed at it, said it was ridiculous, but yet she did not destroy it. Janet noticed the circumstance, and laid it up in her heart for John's comfort if need be. He needed it sooner than she expected, for that very evening, just as Marion was dressing for a grand bridal reception, John Monteith came for the answer to the valentine. He did, of course, a very unwise thing; but men that are far-seeing enough in a business speculation are often very foolish in a love affair.

There was in Marion's heart a lingering feeling of contempt and annoyance at that ridiculous present of paper lace, satin, and painted flowers. She was vexed that he should have shown such bad taste, first, in sending it at all, second, in following it so soon. These and similar thoughts irritated her. She would not hurry her toilet for his waiting; she had never since they parted been less in a mood to meet him pleasantly.

John's hopes, too, gradually died out in his lonely hour's waiting in the empty parlor; and when Marion descended in all the pomp of silk and lace and jewels, he felt a sense of intrusion which no true lover ought ever be allowed to feel. He was pained at an unmerciful disadvantage, but he had come determined to tell Marion that he loved her, and with something of the dour obstinacy of his race he would not be abashed or frightened out of his intention.

The meeting was not encouraging, but he was now beyond noticing that. In a few, manly straightforward words, he showed her the depth of his love, and offered her the honest devotion of his life. Then some perverse spirit took possession of the girl. She knew that she loved the tall handsome fellow, pleading so earnestly and yet so manfully for her regard; but she would not say the one truthful word that would have made both of them happy. She held him with the ascent of her eyes, while she tortured him with her unruly tongue. She even acknowledged that she was far from indifferent to him, but declared that it would be impossible for her to give up New York and its delightful society.

John was far too truthful to temporize; he said "that his fortune was all invested in his mills, and that he must of necessity live near them."

Marion supposed 'of course his interest was of more consequence than her pleasure.'

'John denied this for himself, but said that 'his interest was now bound up with the interest of his partner, creditors, and the hundreds of poor men and women that he employed.'

Every word sent them further apart, and yet the willful girl was longing to be forced into having her own mind. Had John been less afraid of her, and more confident of himself; had he taken her hands and pleaded with all the passion that was trembling on his lips; had he dared to use the simple power of his great, positive nature over her contradictions, undecided one, she would have yielded proudly and gladly. But, though it is a common saying that 'men don't know their weak points,' it is a great truth that they still more rarely know their strong ones; and for the want of this very knowledge, John Monteith went out into the dark winter night a wretched man, and Marion Laurie went up stairs, cast off her gay clothing, and sobbed in passionate abandonment the whole night through.

This circumstance—though the world knew it not—shortened the period of Marion's social triumph in New York. She suddenly announced her intention of going abroad. She said she was sick and going to die, and Mr. Laurie left all his business in John's charge, and said he was ready to go wherever Marion wished. Yet if she had desired, she might have made her journey a bridal tour; but lovers had become a bore to her; she would have none of them.

So they went abroad, and remained a year, traveling here and traveling there, but finding happiness nowhere; for happiness was with John Monteith, and they and he were thousands of miles asunder.

At last Marion longed for her Jersey home again. The truth was that in this hard struggle between pride and love, love had conquered. She wished to go back within the reach of reconciliation.

Even if John no longer loved her, she could show him that she was sorry for the suffering she had caused, and that she loved no one else, at any rate. She had dreams of settling down, a quiet, little old maid of nineteen years. Perhaps John and she might even come to be very dear friends to each other, and if he should marry any other girl, she could try and love her, too. Then she tried to imagine Ella Doremus or Minnie Bogart as John, Monteith's wife, and she felt that to

learn to love them in that capacity would be a lesson likely to give her employment and discipline for a very long time.

Marion's condition grievously puzzled her father, and also certain grave and learned doctors whom he paid liberally to unravel the mystery. But it did not puzzle Janet. Just as you set a thief to find out a thief, you may set a woman to find out a woman. But then there was in Janet's nature a great deal of that fatalism which is the legitimate outcome of John Calvin's theology. What had to be, would be; and it was none o' her business to sort threads some wiser hands than hers had tangled.' Not that she was unwilling to do so; she only waited for her appointed opportunity.

It came one dreary evening in a London hotel. David Laurie, utterly depressed and anxious both about his business and his daughter, had gone to his room early to write letters, and Janet and Marion kept gloomy state in a drearily magnificent apartment big enough to frighten two timid women. There was a slow, dismal rain falling outside, and the muddy, miserable-looking streets filled Marion, who was watching them through dripping window panes, with a kind of terror. Suddenly she turned to Janet, and with something of her old impetuosity, said: 'I want to go home, I am sick to see New York again.'

"Deed, child, I am glad you have come to your right mind once more."

"I wonder if papa will be willing to go directly?"

"I'm thinking nothing will please him better. He had letters to-day that were none too good; forbye we are neither of us free from anxiety about John. John is my only kith or kin."

"John Monteith? What of him, Janet? Is anything wrong with John?"

"There is nothing right, it seems. The hands are on a strike, and behaving very ugly, and John is not just the man to manage them safely; besides which, he is quite worn out with doing your father's as well as his own share of thinking."

"I wonder if he ever thinks of me, Janet?"

"What for not? He liked you weel enough."

"Oh, Janet, Janet, he did more than that; he loved me with his whole heart—for better than I deserved."

"That is clean impossible, honey. And whose to blame you for not loving him back again?"

"Oh, but I did love him! I did indeed, only—"

"You made a mistake and said 'No,' instead of 'Yes.' Eh, dear?"

"I said foolish things I did not mean, Janet; and I wanted to say 'Yes,' and he would not make me."

"I know, dear. I am Janet Monteith to-day because I once wanted to say 'Yes,' and somebody would not make me. Men have mostly a good conceit o' themselves; when they have not they make a deal o' trouble, for the world is sorted for that condition."

Three weeks after this conversation the weary little party smiled into each other's faces as they turned into Broadway again. "There is not a city in the world like New York," said Marion, enthusiastically, as she looked almost lovingly up the long picturesque vista. David nodded a pleasant assent, and Miss Janet made no other reservation than a slight one in favor of Edinburgh.

After a night's rest at his daughter Julia's, David Laurie set out at once for his mills and his home, and Janet insisted on going with him; but Marion was to stay a few days in New York, until the whole house had been thoroughly made warm and comfortable. Perhaps she was not sorry to do this now that she was within two hours travel of John. She wanted time to consider what she ought to do and say in every possible contingency likely to occur; and so, after Janet's and her father's departure, she spent the whole day in arranging programmes of her unavoidable meeting with John.

When the evening arrived she had decided on all her movements, and was quite ready to take an interest in Julia's dressing for a great dinner party. Marion herself would not go. She didn't care to unpack trunks, or provoke a round of callers, for she had made up her mind to go home as soon as Janet notified her that the house was in comfortable order.

Consequently she was to spend the evening alone, and she was rather amazed at herself for liking the idea; but now it was sweeter to think of John than aught in the world besides. She withdrew to a small parlor containing a piano, for it would help to pass the evening if she practiced some of the old Scotch Songs which she had not touched since John and she sung them together. Would they ever sing them together again? That was, of course, among the possibilities she had arranged for, but— She started at the 'but,' and began to walk thoughtfully up and down the room, noting, even in the midst of her anxiety, what a pretty shadow she cast upon the wall.

So little changes our moods when we are

young. She smiled at her vanity, and sat down to play, taking the songs as they came in order, and becoming slowly but thoroughly imbued with their spirit. By and by she came to one that touched her own case with a startling relativity, and it was with a sobbing cadence the music set itself to the pathetic entreat of Marion, singing,

'Could you come back to me, Douglas,
Douglas,

Back with the form and the face that I knew,
I would be so faithful, so loving, Douglas,

Douglas, tender and true,'

The verse ended with a sob, and the fair golden head fell heavily into the clasped hands.

'Marion! Marion! Marion!'

There was no need of further weeping. John found her in the right mood this time.

She lifted her tearful but exquisitely tender face to that loving call, and answered it only by one low word—'John!' Yet her whole attitude was intensely eloquent. Without

making a step, without a movement of the arms, she gave her lover an impression of overflowing expectation. But her first words after this tacit confession were thoroughly womanly: 'Oh John, how much you have made me suffer!'

Perhaps at first John was a little astonished at this charge, but when his cruelty had been made manifest to him, he was very properly indignant at his own stupidity. Then Marion forgave him. And really John's behavior would have led any one to believe that the most delightful of all experiences was to be forgiven for an unknown and unintentional offense.

John and Marion have been married some months now, and yet John, with a man's blundering incapacity, often misunderstands his lovely little wife. However, I do not know that this is an occurrence to be in any measure regretted, since both of them seem to enjoy the explanation so much.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Poetry.

FAILED.

Yes, I am a ruined man, Kate! everything gone at last;

Nothing to show for the trouble and toil of the weary years that are past;

Houses and lands and money have taken wings and fled;

This very morning I signed away the roof from over my head.

I shouldn't care for myself, Kate: I'm used to the world's rough ways,

I've dug and delved and plodded along thro' all my manhood days;

But I think of you and the children, and it almost breaks my heart;

For I thought so surely to give my boys and girls a splendid start.

So many years on the ladder, I thought I was near the top—

Only a few days longer, and then I expected to stop

And put the boys in my place, Kate, with an easier life ahead;

But now I must give the prospect up; that comforting dream is dead.

'I am worth more than my gold,' eh? You're good to look at it so,

But a man isn't worth very much, Kate, when his hair is turning to snow;

My poor little girls, with soft white hands, and their innocent eyes of blue,

Turned adrift in the heartless world—what can and what will they do?

'An honest failure?' Indeed it was, dollar for dollar paid,

Never a creditor suffered, whatever people have said;

Better are rags and a conscience clear than a palace and flush of shame;

One thing I shall leave to my children, Kate, and that is an honest name.

What's that? 'The boys are not troubled? They are ready now to begin

And gain us another fortune, and work thro' thick and thin?'

The noble fellows! already I feel I haven't so much to bear,

Their courage has lightened my heavy load of misery and despair.

'And the girls are so glad it was honest? They'd rather not dress so fine

And think they did it with money that wasn't honestly mine?'

They're ready to show what they're made of—quick to learn and to save—

My blessed, good little daughters! so generous
and so brave!

And you think we needn't fret, Kate, while
we have each other left,

No matter of what possessions our lives may
be bereft?

You are right. With a quiet conscience and a
wife so good and true,
I'll put my hand to the plough again, and I
know that we'll pull through.

FOR THE LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN'S MAGAZINE.

HE SLEEPS 'NEATH THE OCEAN.

BY MRS. ISAAC M. BROWN.

'Neath the foaming tossing ocean,
Where the waves with wild unrest,
Rock with a ceaseless motion
The barque upon its breast,
Where, for aye, the surging billow
Makes that same sad wailing moan,
On a cold and slimy pillow,
Thou art resting all alone.

The seafays bright are twining
Wet blossoms in thy hair,
And the gems of ocean shining,
In mockery glitter there.
And they strew with busy fingers
Pearls and coral o'er thy grave,
And bring the golden treasures
From their mosaic cave.

When the night dews soft are bathing
The flowers on yon fair shore,
And the misty spray is wreathing
Garlands all the ocean o'er;
While the starry hosts are shining
To light the mariner's way,
The waves, in solemn music,
Low, murmuring, seem to say:

Sleep on, mariner sleep, sleep on—
None but the waters o'er thee moan;
None but the waves o'er thee will weep—
Sleep, poor wanderer, sweetly sleep!

Dreams will never mar thy rest,
Waves are surging on thy breast—
Storm birds hover, screaming, nigh,
Thou heed'st not their warning cry.

Perfumed breeze from island shore
Cools thy fair broad brow no more;
Wanton's not in thy dark hair—
Mermaids bathe their fingers there.

News from thy dear far off home
Never more to thee will come;
Friends know not thine ashes sleep
Here beneath the heaving deep.

Vain they look for thy return,
And thy absence sadly mourn—
Praying when the storm winds roar
God may bring thee safe to shore.

Sleep then, mariner, sleep, sleep on,
None but the waters o'er thee moan,
None but the waves o'er thee will weep!
Sleep, tired mariner, sweetly sleep!

OBSERVATIONS OF REV. GABE TUCKER.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty
resky plan
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kiver
ers up a man,
For I hardly needs to tell you how you often
come ercross
A fifty dollar saddle on a twenty dollar hoss,
An' wukin in de low groun's, you diskiver as
you go
Dat de fines' shuk may hide de meanes' nub-
bin in a row.

I think a man has got a mighty slender
chance for heben
Dat holds on to his plety but one day out ob
seben;
Dat talks about de sinners wid a heap o' sol-
emn chat
An' nebber drops a nickle in de missionary
hat;
Dat's formost in de meetin' house for raisin'
all de chunes,
But lays aside his 'ligion with his Sunday
pantaloons.

I nebber judge o' people dat I meets along de
way
By de places whar dey come fum an' de hous-
es whar dey stay;
For de bantum chicken's awful fond o' roos-
tin' pretty high,
An' de turkey-buzzard soars above de eagle in
de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in the middle ob
de sea,
An' you finds de smallest 'possum up de big-
gest kind o' tree?

—Scribner's Monthly for July.

BLOODLESS VICTORIES.

Let others write of battles fought
On bloody, ghastly fields,
Whence honor greets the man that wins
And death the man who yields;
But I will write of him who fights
And vanquishes his sins,
Who struggles on through weary years
Against himself, and wins.

Here is a hero staunch and brave,
 Who fights an unseen foe,
 And puts at last beneath his feet
 His passions base and low,
 And stands erect in manhood's might,
 Undoubted, undismayed—
 The bravest man that drew a sword
 In foray or in raid.

It calls for something more than brawn
 Or muscle to o'ercome
 An enemy who marcheth not
 With banner, plume and drum—
 A foe forever lurking nigh,
 With silent stealthily tread,
 Forever near your board to-day,
 At night beside your bed.

All honor then to that brave heart,
 Though poor or rich he be,
 Who struggles with his baser part—
 Who conquers, and is free.
 He may not wear a hero's crown,
 Or fill a hero's grave;
 But truth will place his name among
 The bravest of the brave.

THE WATER-MILL.

Oh, listen to the water-mill, through all the
 livelong day—
 'Your salary will stop about the time you
 lose your pay;
 The fellow at the ladder's top, to him all glo-
 ry goes,
 And the fellow at the bottom is the fellow no
 one knows,
 No good are all the 'hand beens,' for in coun-
 try and town
 Nobody cares how high you've been, when
 once you have come down.
 When once you have been president, and are
 president no more,
 You may run a farm, or teach a school, or
 keep a country store;
 No one will ask about you; you never will be
 missed—
 The mill will only grind for you while you
 supply the grist.'

—Burlington Hawkeye.

A life on the rolling car,
 A home on the railroad track,
 On which I ride so far,
 And always safely back.

The iron screaming steed,
 Most wonderful in power—
 With fire and water feed,
 Goes fifty miles an hour.

He draws a heavy load
 Of precious human souls
 Along his iron road,
 Impelled by red-hot coals.

His ribs are made of brass,
 His sinews are of steel;
 With fiery eyes of glass,
 His glare will make one reel.

His piercing voice is loud—
 It makes the timid fear;
 His breath is like a cloud—
 With sparks and fire appear.

He has an iron skin,
 All clothed with heavy mail,
 Which keeps his vapor in;
 He carries high his tail.

His feet are always shod
 With bands of heavy still,
 His iron way to plod,
 Whose tread will make one feel.

His thundering roar is heard
 For miles along his track;
 His speed like that of the bird,
 Men guide upon his back.

And start or stop at will,
 This monster I describe,
 Which does much water swirl
 Through a trunk upon his side.

Impatient of delay
 When taking on his load,
 He blows his breath away,
 And pants to run his load.

FIREMEN'S CONVENTION.

Mr. James Fanning has returned from the convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held at Boston September 12. He stopped on his way back at Albany, New York, to visit his old home, and reports all well and Albany in a prosperous condition. As a delegate he has the approbation of all members and officers of his Lodge, and as a matter of honor to his Lodge he was the delegate who read his Lodge resolution to reelect the present Grand Lodge officers, and to increase the death and total disability insurance to one thousand dollars. It is a fact worthy of note that they, as an insurance society, stand alone as one which pays that amount without individual assessment. No class of men need an insurance more than Locomotive Engineers, and none have more prompt and willing support in Lodge matters. The general impression of citizens is that they, as other railroad societies, are a striking body, which is a sad mistake. They not only disapprove of it but refuse to recognize those who do. Let all citizens extend their congratulations to this order, and say well done; your fidelity to your order has placed you in a progressive light before the people.—*Parson's (Kan.) Exchange.*

Editorial.

E. V. DEBS, Editor.

WM. F. HYNES, Associate Editor.

THEN AND NOW.

It has only been a short time since the Locomotive firemen were looked at as unprincipled worthless sets of God's creatures. No one cared for them, neither did they seem to care for anyone. But look at them now! The change for the better has been marked from the time the Brotherhood commenced to cast its rays among them.

Instead of drunken rowdies, as they were once called, we now see dutiful sons, loving husbands and kind fathers, who, when they have finished their day's work, go to their homes—the fruit of their industry, to caress their bright eyed children and to kiss and make glad the companions of their heart.

This is a true picture. Our order has made it possible and we hope that an ever generous public will place the credit where it rightfully belongs.

After January 1, 1882 our Order will pay to the heirs of a member in good standing one thousand dollars, and to one who loses an arm or leg, the same amount, thereby making a present benefit to him while living, but unable to follow his usual occupation. The

Brotherhood is no longer an experiment, but an established fact. We have now arrived at a point where we can proclaim our independence and, without hesitancy, tell the truth regarding our standing. We court investigation. We ask all thinking men of our hazardous calling to examine carefully the workings of our organization, and then to consider the imminent peril by which they are surrounded while toiling upon the rail, and the necessity of coming within its beneficiary and protective bounds.

To those engaged in running or firing a locomotive, we wish to propound one question—'Are you insured against disability or death?' If not, be warned in time, and come within the bounds of the benefit of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. It is a paramount duty you owe to those dependent upon you. While you live and are able to work, your labor will provide for those you love. But remember that you are sure to die, it may be this year or it may be later, but death at last marks the end of all. And the thought of a helpless family left to the cold charity of the world will add torture even to the pangs of death.

Ladies' Department.

LARAMIE, WYO. TER. NOV. 15, '81.

Dear Readers:

Since pursuing the articles recently published in our department, I have become so deeply interested that I mentally resolved to help sustain the same, by occasionally putting forth a feeble effort in its behalf. The B. of L. F. is always a favorite theme of mine and I am ever ready to discuss its countless merits. Many may wonder why I, Mrs. Josiah Licksbingle, should manifest such a great degree of enthusiasm in the B. of L. F., an institution composed entirely of male members. Well, the all-important reason is this—My husband is a 'Brotherhood' man, and I feel as though I had myself become a

part of the organization, so dear to him. At the time of our marriage, which dates back to '76, he became a member, and, I am sorry to say, did not at first seem to realize the responsibility he had, at my request, assumed. Josiah is a little careless, and not wishing to be considered an everlasting scold at the very outset, I rather encouraged his negligence. Thus, this bad habit was suffered to grow for more than a year; my husband finally only having enough ambition left to pay his dues, when the financial secretary haunted him day after day by his unwelcome presence. I at length began to see the folly of the old adage 'Silence is Golden,' and began a perfect warfare on him, declaring

that I could not respect a man who did not act like one. This plan, however, I found to be a decidedly poor one, as he was not to be driven by harshness. I was not one iota discouraged by my unsuccessful attempt and at once settled upon a more prudent course of action. Kindly, but firmly, I urged upon him the necessity of attending the meeting, to which he at first objected on the ground that, if the lodge had good officers, who faithfully discharged their respective duties, he could not see what use they had for him, anyway, and, besides, he went on to say, it doesn't take a body of men equal to a United States regiment to run a lodge. My response to this was, that if all the officers and members patterned after the brilliant idea, which he had the honor to claim as originating in his extraordinary brain, the Lodge would soon be compelled to surrender her charter. Nothing more was said on the subject the remainder of the evening and everything agreeable was talked over, in order that Josiah and myself might again become the best of friends. Bright and early the next morning, after I had gotten my husband's breakfast, and sent him on the road rejoicing, I opened the book case, took therefrom the last number of the Magazine (which, by the way, we look upon as a necessary fixture of our little household) and learned that 'Black Hills' Lodge meets every Thursday evening. My joy knew no bounds when I discovered that on the following evening was the next meeting, and, luckily, Josiah was to be at home. The next morning at 7 o'clock he returned very much fatigued. After a refreshing sleep, which lasted until late in the afternoon, he partook of a good meal, which I had prepared with special care, cooking his favorite dishes, knowing well that 'the surest way to a man's heart is through his stomach.' He was evidently much pleased, and freely expressed his appreciation of my kindness in endeavoring to please him. Supper being over, I led the unsuspecting victim into the next room, where, to his surprise, he noticed that his very best clothes were spread out, preparatory to going somewhere. I told him that I earnestly desired him to attend the meeting that night, and impressed upon his mind that I should, in return for this favor to me, make any sacrifice in my power to do him a good turn. Seeing no way to escape, he rather reluctantly consented, and never was I so happy at the sight of his heels as on that memorable day. I looked admiringly after him until his stately figure faded in the distance, and truly repented of all I had said

to 'poor Josiah' previous to the time he yielded to my will. I began to think that he was not so bad after all, and once more saw in him all that was manly and noble. The next day he told me how thankful he was that I insisted on his going, as the Lodge was to have a ball in a short time, which he thought would be a great source of pleasure as well as a splendid opportunity for the division to increase its funds. From that time forward Mr. Lickshingle never had to be reminded of the time of meeting. He was soon elected to fill the Master's chair, which, I am proud to say, he occupied with honor to himself. He always bore in mind the motto of the Order—'Benevolence, Sobriety and Industry,' and made every effort to live up to it, without deviating from a single good teaching of the Brotherhood. He is so thoroughly infatuated with the charity of the members toward each other; the insurance system and the duties generally, that Lodge meeting evening does not come around often enough to satisfy him. To this day he smilingly alludes to the first year of our marriage, and wonders more and more at the light manner in which he treated the Lodge and its noble teachings. I highly recommend the power of persistent effort, to all mothers, wives and sisters who have any of those seemingly hopeless cases on hand. Trusting that my experience will be profitable to a few of the readers at least, I have the honor of subscribing myself,

Yours very respectfully,

MRS. JOSIAH LICKSHINGLE.

N. B.—In the Spring sometime, Tim's sister wrote:—'Next month I will tell you what our club has done and how pleasantly the long winter evenings have been spent.' At this late day I am *still* awaiting those revelations and rather impatiently. If Tim's sister does not soon come forward and make good her promise, I shall hold Tim personally responsible.

Mrs. J. L.

NEED OF HIGHER CULTURE IN HOME LIFE.

Nothing is more painful to one who knows what mothers may do for their children, or wives for their husbands, than to see the idleness of young women who are not compelled to work for a living, and to find how empty-headed they are. This may seem a small matter in itself but the moment a woman is married she has to learn how to be interesting in her home to her husband, and as soon as she is a mother, the training of her

children is the foremost duty of the hour. In these two spheres of life, which are essentially the goal of woman's existence, everything depends upon what the wife and mother brings to her several positions, everything for her own, her husbands and her children's happiness. Women are perpetually losing their husbands because they rely upon evanescent personal charms to uphold affection, but the surest way to provide against decay of the enthusiasm of the early married life is to cultivate those mental and moral qualities which make women always charming and attractive.

Nothing is surer to do this, aside from personal manners, than the improvement of one's mind, the growth of literary tastes, the interest of what imports new and wholesome attractions into one's home. It may be the microscope, or French or German translation or botany, or English literature or history, or music, or whatever it is, the stimulus of knowing one thing thoroughly is worth immensely more than the knowledge itself, because it gives one the power to know more and to enjoy more. These studies, even in themselves are refining, but pursued in the genial atmosphere of home, they are more than simply refining; they are agencies by which the spirit of the home is chastened, made moral, even made religious. Religion in one's home is the best when it is least insisted upon, when its life is the unconscious poetry of the household, when it seems to be the natural culmination of the amenities of life; and religion and culture go together in the well-ordered life of every woman. But it is when the wife becomes a mother, when the religion and culture find a congenial sphere for development within the sanctities of home, when among children and among friends and neighbors the tone is always uplifting and inspiring, that literary culture and the genial development of a woman's mind and heart seem to make life sweetest and best. Fortunate is the boy or girl who has such a home. It is from such quarters, be they the log cabin or the house with brown stone front, that men and women go forth with the idea that conquers the world. Every leading person has had a start somewhere, and usually it is traced to one of these mothers whose native or acquired culture has been imparted to her bright children. Here is the true importance of literature at home. It pays for itself hundreds of times over in its influence upon parents, and in the early direction it gives to their children.

—*The Housekeeper.*

SCOURING TIN.

'You writers on housekeeping are always telling us poor tired housekeepers to keep our tin bright and shining,' said a jaded-looking housekeeper. 'Now I would like to have some one tell me how it is done; I think that much scouring of it takes a great deal of time and much hard work.' I think so too, and however it may be with others, I preach—and practice—very little scouring of any kind. Tin, if never put into greasy dishwater, but always washed in clean suds made of good soft soap, will remain bright a long time, in fact will keep very tolerable till it is about worn out. Whenever I do scour tea kettles, tea pots, dippers, or anything which is tin, I prefer coal ashes for brightening to anything else I have ever tried. The ashes must be first put through a fine sieve so that bits of coal and other hard substances may be removed. After scouring well in ashes, wash in clean hot soap suds, wipe with a soft damp cloth, and your tin will look nearly as well as new, besides it will not grow dull so quickly as when scoured with other things. Coal ashes are nice also for scouring knives and forks of steel, if washed and wiped immediately after rubbing; otherwise it will incline them to rust.—*Susan Busybee.*

Until recently the largest trees were supposed to be in California—450 feet in height and 16 feet in diameter—but there are a similar kind of tree in the interior of Australia, the highest of which measured 475 feet. These giants of the forest were good-sized in the Jewish Abraham's time, as their annual rings prove.

Bones are hard to digest and are not suited to stay the stomach unless used in the corset.

Young idiots at Long Branch, not to be outdone by the ladies, wear pink-topped gaiters.

It is said that thirty persons in a small town in Michigan were poisoned recently by eating sausages. This comes from leaving brass colors on dogs.

Be slow in choosing a friend, and slower to change him; courteous to all; intimate with few; slight no man for poverty, nor esteem anyone for his wealth.

A Kentucky girl was struck by lightning and killed while dressing for her wedding, and the hard-hearted Cincinnati Enquirer says: 'There's such a thing as a girl being too attractive.'

Our Exchanges.

THE BOY NAVIGATOR.

A sequel to 'Tiger Tim, of Downey Cove;' 'Bill Snipes, the Boy President;' 'The Child Congressman;' 'Alonzo Sluck, the Boy Octogenarian;' 'Baby Nell, the Child Great Grandmother,' etc.

CHAPTER I.

'Mr. Thumper,' said little Tom Blowgun, 'I will not longer endure this tyranny. Lie there!'

And, with a well-directed blow, shot straight from the shoulder, the boy laid his cowardly insulter in the dust and old paper wads at his feet. Then, turning on his heel, he left the room.

Mr. Thumper was principal of the Ninth District Grammar School. A man of herculean frame, measuring 5 feet and 13 inches in height, and weighing 293 pounds, he relied upon his immense powers to protect him in his tyranny.

Tom Blowgun was a proud-spirited boy of 11 years, small of his years, and very slender; but he had the soul of the lion.

He had endured the brutal oppression of the despot until endurance ceased to be a virtue. On the day on which our story opens, Mr. Thumper went too far in his pitiless abuse of power. He asked Tom how much, two and two made.

Conquering his disgust for the man, in his passion for his mathematics, for he loved learning with all the devotion of a scholar, Tom lifted his frank honest gaze to the teacher's face.

'Seven, sir,' he said.

'Oh, no; try again,' said the tyrant, with a false smile on his wicked face.

'Eleven,' Tom replied, correcting himself. 'I meant eleven in the first place, he added, in a tone of proud defiance that made the teacher turn pale.

'Oh, no,' he said with ashen lips, 'It makes only four.'

And then the boy, his proud soul mounting to his eyes, smote him to the earth, and striding across his prostrate form, left the school-room forever.

Tom was an orphan, dependent upon his only father and mother for support. When they heard he had left school, his mother strained him to her heart with one hand and wore out the dome of his pantaloons with a

number eight slipper with the other. Then she released him from her fond embrace.

'Wait till your father comes home,' she said.

The brave boy said he would only be too glad to do so, but he hadn't time.

'What are you going to do?' asked his mother.

'I am going to build a ship,' he said.

His mother, who never fully appreciated or even comprehended his genius or energy, said she didn't believe he could build a ship. The noble boy said, 'I forgive you,' and went into the pantry for a case knife.

He took three boards off the back fence, and then went down the alley a short distance and borrowed several pieces of fencing from a neighboring lumber yard. The man who owned the lumber yard was not at home, Tom knew it. He was a supercilious, purse-proud man, of vulgar origin, and the boy's manly spirit could not stoop to borrow anything of him when he was in sight. It was all he could do to stoop to his fencing. That nearly broke his back.

Returning home he planed the boards smooth with his case knife. He cut down a locust tree that grew on the sidewalk and fashioned the keel from it. This he laid with great care and precision. Then he put on the rudder post and bolted it fast. He was too poor to buy bolts, so he made his own out of joints of lead pipe that he had been collecting and saving up for circus day. Then he rove in the main halliards, belaying them carefully to the cornice with cleats of tarpaulin.

He had no trouble until it came to slushing the bob stay. When he went to make it fast, it swung so far abaft the pinnacle that it put out deadeye and dropped afoul the peak.

'What will you do now,' asked his little sister Ann, who was sitting near him, eating a piece of pie.

'Shut you mouth, said the noble boy or I'll slap your nasty snout.'

So saying, he took her pie away from her and ate it up. Tom loved his little sister dearly, and could not endure to see the seeds of dyspepsia in her system. He dreaded to think that by early acquiring an incurable disease of the liver and digestive organs she might grow to be a reformer.

He finally secured the bob-stay in its place,

and the rest of his task was comparatively easy. He had some difficulty in setting the masts, because a stick of Norway pine, eighty feet long and nearly three feet in diameter at the but is no small burden for a boy of eleven years to lift alone. But Tom was not a boy to be daunted by difficulties. He made his little sister Ann carry the big end of the mast, and soon had it in place. The ship was now ready for the canvass. Tom procured this at a neighboring grocery, promising to pay for it with the proceeds of his first cargo. The grocer was a keen business man, and he saw that Tom meant what he said. So he let him have it, charging, however, double what it was worth. The boy said nothing aloud, but he thought within himself, 'All right old Sandisugar, its your time now. You just wait till you get your pay before you chuckle.' Tom cut out the sails and his sister Ann sewed them.

Ann was only five years old, but she sewed beautifully. The parents of these children did not believe in bringing up boys and girls in idleness.

When Tom's father came home that evening he was surprised to see a beautiful three-masted schooner of 2,300 tons burden, full-rigged and ready for sea, flying the American colors at the main peak, standing in the back yard.

'Who built that ship,' he asked.

'I did,' said Tom.

'That's a pretty good ship,' said his father examining it critically.

Tom's father was Secretary of the Navy; consequently this was the first ship he had ever seen, and he was much interested in it. 'But doesn't the stern post bowse a little too much aft?' he asked.

But when Tom told him that was the bowsprit he was looking at, and not the stern post, his father seemed glad.

'Well,' he said, 'I had rather see you building ships than wasting your time in literature. But how are you going to get your ship to sea?'

You see the Blowguns lived in central Iowa, about 1,800 miles from any salt water, and several miles from either of the prevailing streams of the Hawkeye State, Skunk River and Sugar Creek. As the schooner drew about seventeen feet of water, it appeared to be a task of great difficulty to get her to the sea.

But Tom was a box full of expedients. He went to the Superintendent of the Baptist Sunday School and persuaded him to appoint a picnic for the following day. The next

day it began to rain, and rained so hard that by six o'clock that evening Tom stood on the deck of his schooner, riding at anchor in the Gulf of Keokuk, when the setting rays of the rising sun glittered brightly on the uame of the schooner, painted in large gold letters across the main truck, 'The Lively Ann.'

He named it after his little sister.

The brave boy wore a proud smile as he trod the quarter. But he didn't wear it long and he didn't tread it a great while. He turned deadly pale, and by-and-by he felt as though he had swallowed the quarter deck, and it wasn't going to agree with him.

'Dear, dear, said the proud sailor boy, 'I believe I will have to heave to.'

And immediately he did, too.

[To be continued.]

[It may be objected by certain good and fastidious people, that there are in the over-lying chapter of the story for boys, certain elements of improbability. But we think if those critical people will take the trouble to examine much of what passes the ordeal of reviewers and is generally accepted as standard juvenile literature, not the flash weekly papers and coarse magazines that everybody most justly condemns, but many of the books for boys that may be found on the shelves of respectable and reputable libraries, they will find that our story is not much more improbable than some of the standard stories for boys. And don't get discouraged thus early. We haven't got fairly started with the story yet.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

LOCOMOTIVE FIREMEN

WHAT THEY DID AT BOSTON AT THE CONVENTION, AS RELATED BY DELEGATE HYNES OF COLORADO.

William F. Hynes, the Denver Delegate to the convention of Locomotive Firemen at Boston, furnishes THE NEWS with the following report of the proceedings, which will be interesting to railroad men throughout the state:

The eighth annual convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, held in Boston last month, not only made some important changes in their constitution, but the brotherhood inaugurated a system of insurance that forcibly recommends itself, not only to the 3,000 members scattered over the United States and Canada, but to all engine men in both countries.

The insurance, which takes effect on and after the first of next January, calls for a sum of \$1,000 at the death of a member or at the

loss of an arm or leg. This amount is made up by each member paying, when notified of the death or such disability of a member in good standing, the sum of fifty cents; the accumulation of these small items makes a total, at present, of about \$1,500, a repetition of this tax on the second notification, makes \$3,000, a sum sufficient to pay for three claims, therefore when the third claim becomes due the members are not taxed, for the reason that the amount is already subscribed. It will be seen that the greater the number of member the greater will be the sum total of their tax, consequently the greater will be the length of time for the levying of said tax. When we consider that this order has paid to the widows and orphans of its dead members for the past year the sum of \$14,000—this does not include the private charities in assisting each other in time of sickness and trouble; a long, protracted sickness leaves but little of the carefully-saved and hard-earned fund, which has been accumulated to meet such emergencies—when we consider these things we will understand their recognition in marching rapidly to occupy a prominent place among the benevolent institutions of this country.

The flattering reception which the convention has received from the historic city of Boston is freely spoken of and appreciated by the members, with a deep sense of gratitude. The many courtesies that have been extended to the traveling delegates from railroad officials, all over this broad and noble-hearted republic, is significant of the fact that the brotherhood is no longer looked upon as it formerly has unjustly been, as the instigator of strikes and the germ and sower of dissensions between employer and employee. on the contrary, they fully understand their relationship with capital. The members are convinced that where a trouble exists between a railroad company and its employees, that the trouble can be easily adjusted by a quiet interview between employer and employee, if, as was the case with the Boston and Maine and some other railroads a few years ago, that the master mechanic or superintendent is a man of inferior character or ability, and will not listen to the grievances of the men, but entreaty ignore their existence, then they should ignore him and pass to the president of the company. If a man of similar character should occupy that position, or that their complaints were not heard, then let them appeal to the people who shall recognize an injustice, and whose demands for reparation always have been, and always shall be respected.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen will expel a member for drunkenness, or for a careless use of the railroad company's property. Their motto, benevolence, sobriety and industry, is not a dead letter, but carefully guarded by the members of the Order.

In addition to the above report, it should be added, it has a monthly organ known as the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen's Magazine, with a circulation of about 4,500, among the members of the brotherhood of the United States and Canada.—*Rocky Mountain News.*

CUSTER'S RALLY.

WALT. WHITMAN'S DESCRIPTION OF MULVANY'S PICTURE.

I recently saw the just finished picture by John Mulvany, who has been out in far Montana on the spot at the forts and among the frontiersmen, soldiers and Indians for the last two or three years on purpose to sketch it from reality, or the best that could be got of it. I sat for over an hour before the picture, completely absorbed in the first view. A vast canvas, I should say twenty or twenty-two by twelve, all crowded, and yet not crowded, conveying such a vivid play of color, it takes a little time to get used to it. There are no tricks, there is no throwing of shades in masses; it is all at first painfully real, overwhelming, needs good nerves to look at it. Forty or fifty figures, perhaps more, in full finish and detail, life-size, in the mid-ground, with three-times that number, or more, through the rest—swarms upon swarms of savage Sioux in their war bonnets, frantic, mostly on ponies, driving through the background through the smoke, like a hurricane of demons. A dozen of the figures are wonderful. Altogether a western, autochthonic phase of America, the frontiers, culminating typical, deadly, heroic to the uttermost; nothing in the books like it, nothing in Homer, nothing in Shakespeare; more grim and sublime than either, all native, all our own, and all a fact—a great lot of muscular, tan-faced men brought to bay under terrible circumstances. Death ahold of them, yet every man undaunted, not one losing his head, ringing out every cent of the pay before they sell their lives.

Custer (his hair cut short) stands in the middle with dilated eye and extended arm, aims a huge cavalry pistol. Capt. Cook is there, partially wounded, blood on the white handkerchief around his head, but aiming his carbine coolly, half-kneeling (his body was afterward found close by Custer's.) The

slaughtered or half-slaughtered horses for breastworks make a peculiar feature. Two dead Indians, herculean, lie in the foreground clutching their Winchester rifles—very characteristic. The many soldiers, their faces and attitudes, the carbines, the broad-brimmed western hats, the powder smoke in puffs, the dying horses with their rolling eyes, almost human in their agony; the clouds of war-bonneted Sioux in the background, the figures of Custer and Cook, with, indeed, the whole scene, inexpressible, dreadful, yet with an attraction and beauty that will remain forever in my memory. With all its color and fierce action a certain Greek continence pervades it. A sunny sky and clear light envelop all. There is almost an entire absence of the stock traits of European war pictures.

The physiognomy of the work is realistic and western. I only saw it for an hour or so, but it needs to be seen many times—needs to be studied over and over again. I could look on such a work at brief intervals all my life without tiring. It is a very tonic to me. Then it has an ethic purpose below all, as all great art must have. The artist said the sending of the picture abroad, probably to London, had been talked of. I advised him if it went abroad to take it to Paris. I think they might appreciate it there—nay, they certainly would. Then I would like to show Messier Crapeau that some things can be done in America as well as others. Altogether, Custer's Last Rally is one of the very few attempts at deliberate artistic expressions for our land and people, on a pretty ambitious standard and programme that impressed me as filling the bill.

A RACE FOR LIFE.

THE DARING OF AN ARIZONA ENGINEER
SAVES MANY LIVES.

At Pantano Wednesday afternoon the brakes of a flat car loaded with ties became loosened in some inexplicable manner and the car began to move down the grade toward Cienega. A bystander jumped aboard and endeavored to tighten the brakes. He, however, found them unmanageable. Another tried and failed. A regular brakeman then boarded the car and quickly discovered that the brakes were out of order. The car by that time had increased its speed to fully twenty miles an hour, and to remain upon it would be almost sure death when the first washout was reached. He therefore called to the other two men on the car to jump, and this they

did. Engineer Frank Shaw at this time was sitting on his engine at Pantano, and attached to his locomotive was a car filled with Chinamen. He at once realized the terrible result of this runaway flat car was allowed to go unchecked on its way for a score or more of laborers were engaged far down a deep gulch in the Cienega pass strengthening the braces of a broken bridge that spanned it. They would not be able to hear the approaching car, and it would soon crash through the weakened timbers and probably crush many beneath its weight.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, he pulled wide open the throttle-valve and started in pursuit of the fast receding car. It was a race for life, and Shaw was soon thundering down the track at sixty miles an hour, with the car load of terrified Chinamen behind him. The flat car ahead was increasing speed at every turn of the wheels, and the grade there is very steep. The Locomotive, however, kept gaining, and finally Shaw, placing the lever in charge of the fireman, crawled to the cow-catcher, and taking the heavy coupling rod in his hand, stood in that perilous position until the car was reached. The chasm where the men were working came in sight and still the fugitive car was two hundred yards away. He called to his fireman to open wider the valve, and the laboring engine made a lurch that showed she had felt the increased volume of steam. They sped on with lightning rapidity. The space between them gradually lessened. Shaw stood with the rod in one hand and the coupling pin in another. Finally the few feet intervening disappeared, and with dexterity that comes from practice and a cool brain the coupling was made. The locomotive was reversed and the train came to a standstill, within fifty feet of the bridge. This is the way one man saved many lives.
—*Tucson (A. T.) Daily Journal, Aug. 5.*

A YOUNG HERO.

A new machine for mixing concrete has been constructed for the Chicago City Railway company to be used, when finished in building the rack for their cable. This machine is most remarkable in appearance. Viewed from a distance it looks like some huge monster watching for its prey. Its tail of coiled iron extending along the street to the north for a distance of fifty feet. Its shapeless body of rough machinery, with boiler, tender, engine, tank, belts, wheels, troughs, cross-pipes and braces naturally ex-

cites wonder, while it defies analysis. In front of its head, reaching forward perhaps ten or fifteen feet, like the black feeler of a tarantulus, is a coil of iron incased in wood. Whatever may be said concerning this affair, it is original, and should be seen by all. As it resembles nothing on earth or in sea or sky it probably has no power of propagation, and its like will never appear again. It has been described in repose, but it should be seen in action. Steam, smoke and dust arise in its path, and its tread shakes the ground for nearly a block away. That this monster should be the object of universal curiosity, and draw about it crowds of men, women and children, is a matter of no surprise. Among those thus attracted was James Hennessy, the son of Patrick Hennessy, a well-to-do grocer, doing business near by. The little fellow was all curiosity like every one else to see the wonderful machine. He was sitting on the edge of the wooden frame that held the long iron coil, when suddenly, without the slightest warning or notice, starting and surprising everybody in the vicinity, the vast machinery from one end to the other for sixty or seventy feet began to move, and poor Jimmy was thrown upon the coil and his little feet and legs broken and drawn under. By his side was his playmate, Charles Steinert, who, seeing the situation, caught James by the arms and shoulders and tried his strength against the awful machinery to save his life. While so doing his hand was drawn under the coil and nearly severed from the wrist. Then, but not till then, did he yield his grasp to see his little playmate crushed and mangled before him.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

OUR BROTHERHOOD.

The Champion was honored a short time ago by a call from Mr. S. M. Stevens, Grand Instructor, of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. This gentleman is from Terre Haute, Indiana, and is in the city for the purpose of visiting and instructing the Atchison branch of the order. He is a practical as well as a theoretical man, having served faithfully on eastern railroads, and is now engaged in elaborating the beneficent theory of charity which is the basis of the useful order of the Brotherhood.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, of which we have frequently spoken, is an order which we never tire of alluding to by reason of the excellence of its foundation principles and the honest, manly and coura-

geous character of its members. The branch in this city includes all Locomotive Firemen of good reputation now running on our roads and the high regard which they have for their organization, and their loyal obedience to its rules, makes them better citizens, and most capital employees. In assisting the sick and alleviating the woes of the distressed, the organization finds a large field of usefulness which it has entered and is now thoroughly working. The impression which prevails to some extent that the Brotherhood is a combination to influence wages, or labor, or anything of the kind, is a mistaken idea, as the organization is a purely beneficent one, and has never and will never interfere in any strike or other difficulty between a railroad and its employees.—Atchison Champion.

POETRY OF THE THROTTLE VALVE.

Not long ago an engineer brought his train to a stand still at a little Massachusetts village where the passengers have five minutes for lunch. A lady came along on the platform and said:

"The conductor tells me the train at the junction in P. leaves fifteen minutes before our arrival. It is Saturday and that is the last train. I have a very sick child in the car, and no money for a hotel, and none for a private conveyance, a long, long way in the country. What shall I do?"

"Well," said the engineer, "I wish I could tell you."

"Would it be possible for you to hurry a little?" said the anxious, tearful mother.

"No, madam; I have the time table and the rules, so I must go by it," he replied.

She sorrowfully turned away, leaving the bronzed face of the engineer wet with tears. Presently she returned and said:

"Are you a christian?"

"I trust I am," was the reply.

"Will you pray with me that the Lord will in some way delay the train at the junction?"

"Why, yes, I will pray with you, but I have not much faith."

Just then the conductor cried—"All aboard!" The poor woman hurried back to the deformed and sick child, and away went the train climbing the grade.

"Somehow," said the engineer, "everything worked like a charm. As I prayed I couldn't help letting my engine out just a little. We hardly stopped at the first station; people got on and off with wonderful alacrity, the conductor's lantern was in the air in half a minute, and then away again. Once over the summit it was dreadful easy to give her a little more, as I prayed, till she seemed to shoot through the air like an arrow. Somehow I couldn't hold her, knowing I had the road, and so we dashed up to the junction six minutes ahead of time."

There stood the other train, and the conductor with his lantern upon his arm.

"Well," said he, "will you tell me what I am waiting here for? Somehow I felt I must await your coming traff to-night, but I don't know why."

"I guess," said the brother conductor, "it is for this poor woman with her sick and deformed child, dreadfully anxious to get home this Saturday night."

But the man on the engine, and the grateful mother, think they can tell why the train waited.

Correspondence.

MONTREAL, CANADA, NOV. 10, 1881.

Messrs Editors :

I have no doubt that every sincere member of our Order takes as much pleasure in reading of the prosperity of any of our Lodges or individual members as I do. We should all share each others joys as well as sorrows. Numerous cases of sad accidents to, and even death, of our brothers are being constantly brought before our notice, and to counteract the depressing and saddening influence of those painful circumstances, of which our fraternity comes in for its full share, we should also be given a chance to rejoice with each other. Every Lodge must have something to communicate that would rejoice the heart of every true brother. Its membership must be on the increase, a more brotherly and social feeling exists between its members, the boys are getting promoted and doing well, or you have had a good social time. In all this, brothers, we would gladly rejoice with you, and it is your duty to allow us to do so, by making us aware of the of such facts through our Magazine. If any Lodge says we have no prosperity to blow about, they had better look out. From the report of the Grand Lodge at our last Convention it is evident that the Order is making rapid progress, and if you can't (or rather won't) keep up, you will get left. No. 15 has no intention of occupying such a position. We are all working hard (or nearly all) to place her side by side with the best Lodges in our Order; not perhaps in point of membership; the material may not be within our reach (and we don't intend to build her up of rubbish) but in good standing respectability and solvency. When a brother gets sick we want to pay his benefits in a prompt, business-like manner. When death claims come in we want to be right there. This last is very essential to a Lodge's good name. Keep square in Terre Haute. They watch you closely. Our Financial Secretary has a holy awe of Bro. Debs. But I am straying from my point. I simply intended at first to apologize for occupying valuable space in our Magazine to let our friends know that we are hard at work. Our membership is rapidly increasing. In connection with this, I want to mention the name of our present Vice-Master Bro. Marsh, and say at once, he is as hard working and faithful a member as our Order possesses.

Seven-eighths of our members have been brought in by him and if every member in the Order got his proper share of honor his name would be written in gold letters. Our first annual ball and supper came off on the 21st of October and was a grand success in every respect. It was too bad that more of our own members couldn't be with us that evening, owing to the very busy times on our road and there is no shirking work for pleasure with our boys. But we had their hearts and their money. We had a gay old time, nevertheless. It was well patronized and all enjoyed themselves, and were satisfied. There was only one circumstance to mar our enjoyment. It was the last evening our Master Bro. A. H. Green, and our Vice-Master, Bro. R. Lang were to spend amongst us which cast somewhat of a cloud over the whole. We expected such great things from our master this year. We all had full confidence in him and respected him, and all feel that he has left a blank in our ranks that never can be filled. From his position as Locomotive Inspector he had much time to devote to the business of the Lodge, and he was a good, sound, true-hearted brotherhood man, so that his loss is doubly felt by all. Both him and Bro. Lang say they can better their condition by going south to Louisville, Ky. The Lodge passed resolutions tendering them their heartfelt thanks for the creditable manner in which they performed their duties while in office, and their best wishes for their welfare. Bro. Green was succeeded in office by Bro. J. McTeer. He is a good man, and his work during the ensuing year will speak for itself. Bro. Green, although resigning his position as Master, has not severed his connection with the Lodge, and to the Kentucky boys I would say, take good care of him! You will find him a solid man and a true friend if you need one. He himself can prove his abilities as an engineer and mechanic. I don't think it would hardly be just of me to occupy more of your attention this time so I will close.

Yours Fraternally,
E. U.

ATCHISON, KANSAS, Oct. 30, 1881.

Messrs Editors :

The question often presents itself—"Are we brethren?" If so, the fact should not only

be remembered by every brother, but our treatment of each other should be such as to make it manifest to every observer. Kindness and condescension should never be neglected; sincerity and honest dealings should characterize all our transactions. It is not in the Lodge alone that we are brethren, but in the streets, in social circles and in all the highways and byways of busy life. What is our Brotherhood, if it is such merely in name? I do not infer such to be the case, but I fear that it is in several instances of my own observation; the covenants made and the vows registered, are occasionally forgotten and the consequent duties neglected. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen is a sacred one and should be free from insincerity; the bonds which bind were woven at an altar which can never be profaned with impunity. Let us not be Brothers in name only, but let us band together under that noble title in deeds of mercy and benevolence, in tears for the suffering. In the chequered path of life we will sooner or later need each other. Therefore let us be honest and candid with each other; let us be steadfast and true thereby proving our sincerity of purpose.

Fraternally yours,

R. R. CENTRE,
Lodge No. 51.

A MASTER'S ADDRESS.

The following brief address was delivered by one of our popular Masters, upon his reelection to the office he had filled with great credit during the preceding year. They contain the sentiments of an honest and faithful man, and we commend them to all those occupying similar positions.

Gentlemen and Brothers:

In taking my stand as Master elect of this Lodge, I return to you all my sincere thanks. I feel proud of the honor conferred upon me, and shall ever be grateful for the honor you have shown me in making me your choice for a second term. Before taking the oath of office I solemnly pledge upon my word and honor that the confidence you have reposed in me shall not be misplaced. My gratitude shall not consist of sweet words, beautiful phrases and sentimental language but I shall manifest the same in diligent labor, in act and in fact.

My greatest ambition shall be to improve our Lodge and make it permanent and successful. My aim is, and always will be, to deserve the respect and good will of every true member of the Brotherhood.

As Master, I am willing and ready to take the lead whenever it comes to hard work, and allow me to assure you that there is not a drop of vanity coursing through my veins. I am not, never have been and never shall be, officious, but you will certainly allow me, for the benefit of the Lodge, the privilege of enforcing a strict observance of all laws governing the Order.

I will not speak of the past, but only of the future. We have a vast field before us, requiring the earnest and combined efforts of all.

Reforms must be inaugurated. Our members must be taught that in life's great struggle there is something to do beyond the mere duties of a locomotive fireman. They must be taught that they have a reputation to sustain, and that the standard of their manhood should be high and permanent. They must at all times conform with all laws of our order and thus gain the respect of the communities in which they reside. They must avoid the vice of drink, for it invariably impedes their advancement in their calling and their standing among men.

Brothers, this is a needed reform, to which I hope you will give your earnest approval. Again, let us think of the widows mourning for dead husbands, and their orphan children in poverty and wretchedness. We can do a great deal for these grief-stricken and helpless people, who have no one to protect them. Now let us unite, stand together, think and counsel together in peace and harmony, with kind feelings and good will in the knowledge of our duties, and I am certain we can accomplish the grand objects in view, and become a blessing to our calling and our fellow-men.

Brothers, I am grateful for the attention you have given me.

DEATH OF MARK COXSON, FIN. SEC'Y OF DEER PARK NO. 1.

The very sad intelligence of Bro. Mark Coxson's death, reached this office a short time since. His death, which occurred on the morning of the 8th of November, near Port Jervis, New York, was caused by his engine colliding with the rear of another train. The fog being very dense, it prevented Bro. Coxson from seeing very far ahead, and the danger signal, too, had not been put on in time to warn him of the approaching danger. In the death of this noble man, the Lodge has lost one of its most earnest and energetic members, and his family a most devoted hus-

band and indulgent father. The wife and children of our deceased brother have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community in which they live, as well as that of the members of this organization.

ELLIS, KAN., NOV. 15, 1881.

Messrs Editors :

As a member of No. 32, I ask the privilege of contributing a short article to the Magazine, relative to the good work and standing of my Lodge. For some time many of us were deprived of the benefits of attending meetings, on account of being stationed too far away from Brookville. but since our lodge has been moved to Ellis, we have splendid

and largely attended meetings. Our lodge has upward of forty members, and is still continuing to grow. Bro. Schuyler, the master, takes pride in speaking to others of the prompt manner in which his orders are obeyed. In no division is fraternal love more manifest and benevolence more strictly practiced than in Border No. 32. Bros. Pearson, Chapman and McKenna, in their respective offices, are advancing our standing by their untiring efforts to do good. Hoping that all the backward Lodges will follow in the footsteps of our division, I remain,

A BROTHER,
Of 'Gallant 32.'

Scientific.

ELECTRICITY.

Though no feat of hauling, or heaving, or pushing has yet been performed by electricity, we know the force can be made to haul and push and heave. A man has driven about Paris in an electric tricycle; a girl has sewed a shirt with a sewing machine moved by the same power; a bit of rock has been attacked by an electric borer; a toy boat runs about in a lake, driven by electricity, and best of all, Messrs. Siemens are now carrying passengers in a 'tram,' which has no other motor than the electric 'fluid,' or modification of motion, or whatever it ought to be called. It is not only probable, but certain that many of the difficulties now impeding the application of the force to heavy work will be dissolved, under the pressure of the brain-power now applied to them from every corner of the civilized world; and quite possible that in a year or two a cheap method of generating electricity will be applied—not discovered, for we know already that falling water, in governable masses, is what is wanted—and that the storage of the force will not only be a credible, but an easily accomplished process. That is not supposing more than has occurred in the application of electricity to message-sending, and that accomplished, and cost reduced, as science always reduces it, we should have from the new agent at least two things—a light, full, permanent and cheap, to be used wherever wanted, in the street, workshop, and house, as in the mine; and a motor, manageable, tireless, light, and as effective for small work in the hands of the individual

as for great work in the hands of a mighty company. That which will drive a railway train, will drive a girl's sewing machine or a boys mechanical horse; that which will urge a rock-borer will help to carve a sixpenny bloodstone seal. Electricity can be made to perform all tasks that can be performed by unintelligent force.

THE VALUE OF MENTAL TENSION.

A certain degree of tension is indispensable to the easy and healthful discharge of mental functions. Like the national instrument of Scotland the mind drones woefully and will discourse most dolorous music, unless an expansive and resilient force within supplies the basis of quickly responsive action. No good, great or enduring work can be safely accomplished by brain force without a reserve of strength, sufficient to give buoyancy to the exercise, and, if I may say, rhythm to the operations of the mind. Working at high pressure may be bad, but working at low-pressure is incomparably worse. As a matter of experience, a sense of weariness commonly precedes a collapse from 'overwork;' not mere bodily or nervous fatigue, but a more or less conscious distaste for the business in hand, or perhaps for some other thought or anxiety which obtrudes itself. It is the offensive or irritating burden that breaks the back. Thoroughly agreeable employment, however engrossing, stimulates the recuperative faculty while it saves the strength, and the supply of nerve force seldom falls short of the demand. When a feeling of disgust and weariness is not experienced, this may be because the compelling sense of duty has

crushed self out of thought. Nevertheless, if the will is not pleasurably excited, if it rules like a martinet, without affection or interest there is no nerve, and, like a complex piece of machinery working with friction and heated bearings, the mind wears itself away and a breakdown ensues. Let us look close at this matter.—*Popular Science Monthly for November.*

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF THE TELEGRAPH.

'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.'

Men have accepted this saying in a broader sense than Shakespeare dreamed. But for a world-wide manifestation of its truth, for a signal demonstration of the kinship of humanity, men have had to wait until science and invention had brought all nations into something like instant communication. It was the touch of the telegraph key, a favor-

able opportunity being presented, that wielded human sympathy and made possible its manifestation in a common, universal simultaneous heart throb.

We have just seen the civilized world gathered around a common sick bed, hope and fear alternately fluctuating in unison the world over as hopeful or alarming bulletins passed with electric pulsations over the continents and under the seas. And at last, on the same day, the nations stand in sympathetic mourning; a spectacle unparalleled in history; a spectacle impossible on so grand a scale before, and indicative of a day, when science shall have so blended, interwoven and unified human thoughts and interests that the feeling of universal kinship shall be, not a spasmodic outburst of occasional emotion, but constant and controlling the usual, everyday, abiding feeling of all men toward all men.—*Scientific American.*

Miscellaneous.

Bro. P. J. Mullen, of No. 18, has become engine dispatcher.

Charles Dodd, of No. 82, is politely requested to correspond with his Lodge.

Bro. Brown, of No. 31, has been promoted to the right hand side on the Hannibal & St Joe R. R.

Bros. Sargent and Mackay, of Tucson, Arizona, paid us a very pleasant visit while East.

Bro. Hill, of Parsons, Kansas, paid No. 31 a short visit, as did also Bro. Thomas, of St. Joseph.

The members of No. 46 extend thanks to Bro. Casey, of No. 40 for valuable assistance rendered them recently.

Bro. Becraft has made his presence felt in Peoria, Ills., and in Cincinnati, where he took in the Exposition.

The members of New Era Lodge No. 76 are doing finely. They are prospecting for a grand ball, to take place soon.

We all band together in sympathy with Bro. Chas. McDonald, of Border Lodge No. 32, who lost by death a true and devoted wife.

During the past year twelve of No. 40's members have become 'Knights of the Throttle.' This speaks well of our Bloomington brothers.

MARRIED.—Bro. Matt Gaff, of No. 18, to Miss Odele Detienne, of Wellesville, Mo, Sept. 25, in Mexico, Mo. Our best wishes go out with them.

Harry Rankin, of No. 56, is running engine 23, in the yards at Moberly. We hope to see him out on the road soon, for he is earnest and energetic in his work.

On the right side are Bros. E. Murry, M. Draper, T. Yeargin, F. Warner, F. Loranger and G. Abbey, of No. 19, also, L. M. Eldridge, and H. Stedding, of No. 18.

F. W. Ross, of Fargo No. 85, is running an engine on the B. & O. R. R. in South Chicago. He is one of the 'pillars' in our Order, and we are glad to note his prosperity.

Brother W. E. Mott, of No. 21, recently sustained the loss of a little child, the joy of his household. We extend the afflicted family our sincerest sympathy in their sad bereavement.

The wife of Brother P. K. Sullivan, of No. 61, died of typhoid fever on the 19th of Oct. The members at St Paul extend to Bro. Sullivan their deep sympathy in his sad bereavement.

The following members of No. 54 are now on the right side: George Hirschman, J. V. Sullivan and John McIvor. They are well qualified to run engines, and we wish them every success.

What is somebody's gain is always somebody else's loss. In the promotion of Bros. Eugene Pratt, Ed. Harlow, C. C. Walker and F. A. Small, No. 90 misses their congenial faces in the Lodge room.

Fred Clayton, one of No. 85's solid members is employed as engineer on the Michigan Central R. R., and is located at Steven's Point. Fred has our good wishes for the progress he is making.

Our Lodge at Sleepy Eye, Minn. is making an excellent record. The boys there are in better condition than ever before, and will soon have two score and ten true men upon the roll of membership.

Through the columns of our book Bro. D. Hartley, of No. 38, desires to return his thanks to Bro. R. Williams and members of Buffalo Lodge No. 12, for kindness shown him while traveling through the East.

Bro. Chas. Martin, of No. 64, is now stationed at Boone, Iowa, and Bros. J. H. Magner and S. B. Cutting, of the same Lodge, are running passenger engines on one of the roads going into Sioux City.

Among the boys of No. 18, who have been promoted, are E. H. Becraft, Daniel Smart and John Quigley, who have been transformed into engineers. Bro. F. J. Mullen has been made engine dispatcher at Slater.

The highest mark of respect brave men can show to woman has been conferred by Bro. Bettenger, of No. 34, upon Miss Florence D Phillips, of Clinton, Iowa, at which place they were recently wedded. Good luck.

Bro. R. A. Gurling is hereby requested to correspond with the Financier of his Lodge, whose address is

ELY STEVENS,
Box 901, Los Angeles, Cal.

John Mahoney, of No. 46, will please correspond with the Recording Secretary of his Lodge. Address,

A. D. HENSLEY,
1316 Jackson St., Springfield, Ills.

John Mahoney and J. A. Hanvey will please correspond with the Financial Secretary of No. 46. Address

EDWARD JOLLY,
Jackson St., bet. 13 & 14 sts., Springfield, Ill.

Some of our boys have been on a jaunt, especially the boys of No. 18. Bro. Cole, who has been visiting in Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas, returns thanks to the Brothers along the line, for favors shown him; also to Mr. Griffie, engineer on the O. & R. V. R. R., and his fireman, Mr. Quinly.

Walter Pickering, of No. 63, deserves mention as one of our most untiring workers. He has done a fine piece of work for No. 63 and her members may regard it as their good fortune to have so splendid a man at their head.

Spencer Downing, one of the most popular engineers on the K. C. St. J. & C. B. Road has our thanks for courtesies extended us on our recent Western trip. He is a whole-souled gentleman whom we delight to call our friend.

N. K. Hiss, conductor on the Union Pacific Transfer, between Council Bluffs and Omaha, is a warm friend of our Order. We return many thanks for his substantial recognition of its merits and wish him a prosperous future.

James Mathews, of the Hercules Lodge, has returned from his Western trip, and is now employed on the Wabash Road, running into Chicago. He returns his warm thanks to the members of No. 59 and No. 77 for the attention shown him while with them.

Wm. O'Brien, engineer on the Wabash lines between Moberly and Kansas City, has our warm thanks for favors shown us on our recent trip to the Missouri River. He is a genial gentleman whom we take delight in enrolling upon our catalogue of friends.

Messrs. F. C. Fisher, Wm. G. Piercey, John Eagan, A. Sourland and Morris Harley, members of No. 74, are now legally authorized to view t'other side of the road while on duty. They have been transferred to the right hand side. 'Industry hath its sure reward.'

A little business of much import called Bro. Carr, of No. 88, East. We were at the time not at all suspicious of his movements, and that accounted for the surprised looks when he returned with Mrs. Carr. Our brother and his worthy lady have received the congratulations of their many friends.

The bells of Wadsworth recently 'rang a bridal' for Bro. F. Loranger, who was married to a young lady of that place. Starting in life under such favorable auspices, as do Mr. and Mrs. Loranger, we see a brilliant future for them, and trust that their most sanguine hopes may be realized.

Brother Chas. Mertzheimer, John Shanley, Wm. Moore and Patrick McNanamara, are hereby very respectfully requested to correspond with the Financier of their Lodge, who has matters of importance to communicate to them. His address is

W. WOODS,
Evanston, Wyoming Ter.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Ireland are always at home to callers, particularly so, when they hail from the Brotherhood. Bro. Ireland is a member of No. 38, Stratford, and although he was very sly, it is all out now, and we are at liberty to come forward and show our brother and his worthy lady our esteem by wishing them everlasting joy.

Grand Instructor Stevens left Terre Haute on October 20 for Chicago, where he met in consultation with Vice Grand Master Burns. Two interesting meetings were held there, after which he left for St. Louis, where a meeting was held with No. 44. From there he returned home by way of the Vandalla Line.

In Brother Basset, No. 85 has lost one of her most efficient officers. He has been an officer ever since the existence of No. 85, and has, to a great extent, made her what she is. Bro. Basset having gone South, he carries with him the love and good wishes of every member of this Lodge. May prosperity smile on him and no cloud or sorrow darken his path.

In our late visit to East St. Louis, we were gratified to meet Brother Higgins, of No. 44, who has again resumed his duties. It will be remembered that Brother Higgins had a miraculous escape from death a short time ago, by his engine leaving the track. His fireman and nephew were killed outright, but he was spared to his family and his fellow-men.

Thomas O'Brien, a fireman of the C. St. P. M. & O. R. R., was recently killed while in the discharge of his duties. His engine ran into a drove of cattle and was thrown from the track, thus causing his death. He was about to join the Brotherhood, and the members express the deepest regret at his untimely death. They extend to his bereaved family their sincere sympathy.

We have just made the discovery that Bro. James E. Burke, of No. 85, has resigned his position as book keeper (*single-entry*), and taken a similar place with another firm where they use the system of *double entry*. The boys declare that he stepped out without their knowledge. We were unable to learn the name of his fair partner.

Our attention is directed to Bro. D. Johnson of No. 97, who, in the past few months, has made such rapid progress that he is to-day a passenger engineer. Bro. Johnson fully realizes that it requires many good qualities to make a reliable man, and we proudly note

that he is prepared to honorably perform the office of trust reposed in him.

Richard Griffith, Esq., the highly respected and worthy Vice Master, of Washington No. 13, contemplates leaving the East, in the Spring, with a view to settling in the far West. This is a change which his many friends in and around Jersey City do not exactly appreciate. The boys of No. 13 will particularly regret his departure, as he was one of their most energetic members.

One of No. 47's most earnest and respected members, Alfred Winwood, is now proprietor of a restaurant at No. 1338 State St., Chicago. His increasing business requires much of his attention, but he is never so busy but that he can attend the meetings of his Lodge, and assist in the advancement of the Order. Our Grand Instructor returns many thanks to him for favors received at his hands during his visit there.

The many friends of Brother Michael Gelper, of No. 47, who were so loth to see him sever his connection with the Illinois Central R R, will be glad to learn that he is filling an engineer's position on the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Road, and doing excellent work. It is always a pleasure to us to see that kind of men attain a high and honorable standing among their fellow men.

A GRAND BALL.—West End Lodge No. 18 gave her annual ball Tuesday evening, Oct. 25. The affair was an unprecedented success, socially and financially. As one of the gratifying results \$150 were netted and placed in the bank for future use. The boys at Slater are very enterprising, and always succeed in what they undertake. We are proud of them and look upon them as an honor to themselves and the Order.

On the twenty-first of October a union meeting of the three Lodges at Chicago was held at the hall of Chicago Lodge No. 95. Grand Instructor S. M. Stevens was present accompanied by Vice Grand Master W. E. Burns, who occupied the chair. The meeting was one of mutual profit to all who attended, and served to intensify the deep interest in the Order that already prevails in Chicago. We learn from No. 95 that Brother Stevens dwelled at length upon the necessity of members being prompt in the payment of dues. As one of the disastrous results following the negligence of this duty, he cited the case of their late Brother, Wm. Crandell, who lost his life recently, and at the time of his death was not in good standing. He was thus denied the benefits of the Order which other-

wise would have gone out to comfort those who mourn his loss.

Bro. George H. Thomas, of Lafayette, Ind., was married to a most excellent young lady of Monticello, in the early part of November. Bro. Thomas, is one of the 'corner stones' of No. 36, which partially accounts for its solidity. His bride is a very amiable and interesting young lady, whose loss Monticello society will long mourn, as her future residence will be at Lafayette.

There lived in the nineteenth century a man who was one of the brethren of the B. of L. F., and he said unto the other brethren of No. 47, 'My name is Kane, and yet I hope to be Abel to make one of the fairest maidens in the land Mrs. Kane.' Which Bro. Kane succeeded admirably in doing. The fortunate lady was formerly Miss Jennie Becker. The members of No. 47 join in wishing them success, and hope that their run through life may be a successful one.

James D. McKinney, formerly an engineer on the Hannibal & St. Joe R. R., though at the present time acting in the same capacity on the Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific is one of the most congenial gentlemen it has been our good fortune to meet with, for many a long day. He is very popular among the railroad men in that section, and *deservedly* so. He is generous to a fault, and ever ready to accommodate his companions, and even strangers, who may chance to come in contact with him.

John E. Lynch, of Anchor Lodge No. 54, has occupied, for some time, the position of marshal and chief of police of the city of Moberly, Mo. He has the respect and good will of all his constituents, and they will doubtless retain him in his present position of trust, unless it be to promote him to a higher one. John is an old fireman who served faithfully on the Wabash Road, and is also a worthy member of our Order. His record is sufficient guarantee of his standing.

Humorous.

A stuck-up thing—A show bill.

A Detroit girl has 2,182 buttons and three beaus on a string.

It is no use to attempt to put on style unless you have a good gait.

Scolding is the pepper of matrimony; the ladies are pepper-boxes.

"How do you tell good mushrooms from poisoned ones?"—(Chicago Tribune) We take frogs' legs.

The girl pressed the leaves, but the boy pressed the girl. The press is mighty and must prevail.

Jones said that the clouds of his early childhood were no bigger than a man's hand, but a squall always followed them.

"Aim high," says Emerson. "Aim low," said Gen. Jackson. Perhaps the best way is to shut your eyes and pull the trigger.

There is not much difference, says an exchange, between a grass-widow and a grass-hopper. Either will jump at the first chance.

"The darkey's hour is just before the dawn," remarked Sambo, when he started out just before daybreak to steal a young chicken for breakfast.

A Philadelphia man has perfected a plan for bringing coal out of the cellar without exerting any of his muscle. He makes his wife cart it up.

Fresh: "May I have the pleasure?"

Miss Society: "Out."

Fresh: "What does 'we' mean?"

Miss S.: "O. U and I."

"Couldn't you lend me \$5?" "Yes, I could, but I won't." "Then, do you think I wouldn't pay you back?" "Yes, you would, but you couldn't."

Some young ladies are opposed to the telephone. They say they do not care to have a young man whispering in their ears with his mouth twenty miles away.

Cincinnati girls dress so near like men this fall that many mistakes might happen but for the way they crowd pedestrians into the gutter. That reveals the sex.

A Kentucky woman sat at the head of the stairs while her daughter had a beau in the room below. Sleep came to the old woman, and she rolled down and broke both legs.

A pocketbook laid on a counter in Evansville quickly disappears. The rage to obtain money to subscribe to the Michigan sufferers will make an Evansville man do anything.

"If there is no moonlight, will you meet me by gaslight, dearest Juliana?" "No, Augustus, I won't," she replied. "I'm no gas meter."

"What decoration is that you are wearing?" said an Austrian sergeant to a new recruit. The man blushed deeply, and responded, "It is a medal our cow won at the cattle-show."

"Buy a trunk, Pat," said a dealer. "And what for should I buy a trunk?" rejoined Pat. "To put your clothes in," was the reply. "And go naked!" exclaimed Pat; "not a bit iv it."

An old Granger, who came into town to purchase a piano for his daughter, asked the agent if he hadn't one with a handle in the end, "so we can all give it a turn once in a while."

A man disappeared, and seven detectives couldn't find him in nine weeks. But a shrewd politician got the mayor to appoint the man to office, and two hours later he came in on the run to be sworn in.

A Milwaukee girl suffering from lock-jaw was left alone with a mouse by a shrewd physician, and she soon contrived to open her mouth enough to give a yell that made the crockery in the china closet rattle.

The young milkman and his betrothed stood before the register of marriage. "You take this milk—ahem—this man for butter or for worse?" the official inquired. The girl said it never a-curd to her before, but she supposed that was the only whey.

Speaking of the last man who shall be left on the earth, a rather sentimental South Carolina paper says: "To what can we liken that solitary being between great earth and great sky?" Well, you might liken him to a lone strawberry between two hunks of short-cake.

'The mainspring of Italian music in the eighteenth century,' says a recent writer, was the exclusive and passionate love of the human voice.' But Italian music has experienced a change. Its mainspring is now in a box, and is worked with a handle.

The following notice by a Virginia blacksmith, indicates Readjuster sentiments on the part of Mose's partner: "Notis.—De co-partnership heretofore existing betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem who owe the firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will settle wid Mose."

Out in Montgomery county, Oregon, there is a lady lawyer. She is, or was married.

And the other day a client went to her office and found the door locked, with the following notice pinned on the outside: "Gone to my husband's funeral: back in thirty minutes."

An Ohio girl who eloped with a married man was accompanied by her mother. The lady went along to give a sort of parental respectability to the affair.—Detroit Free Press. The happy bridegroom said that he did not like to elope the old way—some mother way. Yawcob Strauss.

A teacher in her little holiday vacation speech to her pupils, trusted that they would come back resolving to give up all bad habits and that their behavior would be unexceptionable; whereupon a little girl in the back of the room, jumped up and said, "The same to you, ma'am."

'Wounded in the war, were you?' 'Badly. The bullet hit me in the chest, here, surr, and came out at me back.' 'Come, come, Pat, that won't do! Why, it would have gone right through your yeart, man.' 'Och, faix, an' me heart was in me mouth at the toime, surr!'

Fair book agent to venerable merchant—"I've a work here to which I wish to call your attention."—Venerable merchant—"Madam, I blush to tell you that my education was neglected in early life; and I am only just learning to read words of one syllable." "If you had a primer, now—"

"Do I look anything like you Mr Jones?" inquired Cauliflower. "I hope not," was the reply. "Did a man take you for me?" "Yes." "Where is he? I must lick him." "Oh, he's dead. I shot him on the spot."

The train had just emerged from the tunnel, and a vinegar faced maiden of 85 summers, remarked to her gentleman companion, "tunnels are such bores," which nobody can deny. But a young lady of eighteen summers, who sat in a seat immediately in front of the ancient party, adjusted her hair, brushed her frizzes back, and said to the perfumed young man beside her, "I think tunnels are awful nice."

An inquisitive old gent poked his head in a printing office door and asked, "Who is dead?" The man at the wheel answered, "Nobody that I have heard of." The old gent asked, "What is this crape on the door for?" The boss then went out and found that "the devil" had hung the job office towel on the door knob while he chased a lame pigeon up an alley.

The pocketbook is generally flat after the bill is paid.

Trimmings on a bonnet are laid very flat.—Fashion Exchange.

There is no woman stationed on the face of the earth who tries so hard to do right and fails oftener than the average mother-in-law.

Fashionable women of New York reserve seats at the theaters for their pet dogs. This is the too utterly uttermost phase of the too-too mania yet reported.

Bald-headed gentleman in the parquet to young lady in dress circle during an affecting passage in the play—"I respect your emotion, ma'am, but you are shedding tears on my head."

A lady who quarreled with her bald-headed lover said, in dismissing him, "What is delightful about you, my friend, is that I have not the trouble of sending you back any locks of hair."

An Oshkosh girl refused to marry a man because he scratched matches on the heel of his boot. If she thinks she's going to get a man who'll consent to wear out his trowsers by scratching matches on 'em, she will be disappointed.—Ex. Either is preferable, however, to scratching matches on a court record.

A little boy asked his father—"Can I do everything?" "Yes, my son," was the Christians reply. "Do you suppose he can make a rope with only one end, or a valley without two hills, or a two-year old colt in five minutes?" The good man at once ordered the nurse to put 'that boy' to bed.

Fashion item: "Which had you rather be, a twinkling star in the heavens or a comet that with its broad train of fire sweeps in majestic course through unknown space?" "I should prefer by all means to wear a train," said she, "but not in unknown space. It would never be described in the newspapers."

"I declare I was never more impressed in my life with the foolishness of flies," said a boarder to his landlady, as a couple of winged voyagers embarked in his soup dish. "I do not understand you sir," she said haughtily. "Well," he explained, "those two poor creatures undoubtedly supposed that this stuff was thick enough to float 'em."—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A young man who lives in Austin, and whose moustache is, like faith, 'the evidence of things hoped for, the substance of things

not yet seen,' called on his prospective father-in-law, and gave notice that he intended marrying the old gentleman's daughter at an early date. "It had better take place on some Saturday, so that it will not interfere with your school hours," sarcastically remarked the old man.

Blanche (to Ethel, just returned from their summering): "Why, how thin you look!" Ethel—"Of course, my dear, four toilets a day, and the German four times a week, are not fattening. Besides one doesn't wish to come back to society looking like a dairy maid."

"Amantha," he murmured, with pathos in his voice, "why do you quiver at my touch? Why do you shrink from my embrace as the startled fawn trembles at the rustling of the autumn leaves?" "I've been vaccinated," she said.

A colored man who is pretty well off, has had his son educated for the ministry. Last Sunday the Galveston Bluelight colored tabernacle was crowded to hear the young man preach his first sermon. It was a splendid effort, and the father of the young exhorter was as happy as a clam in thirty feet of water. The day after he was asked by a friend how he liked his son's sermon. "How does I like it? Why, dat ar' boy preaches liket the berry ole boy hisself."

Dr. Emmons, a New England divine, met a pantheist at the house of a sick parishioner. It was no place for a quarrel, but the abrupt question of the pantheist was: "Mr. Emmons, how old are you?" "Sixty, sir; how old are you?" "As old as the creation," was the triumphant reply. "Then you are of the same as Adam and Eve?" "Certainly; I was in the garden when they were." "I have always heard that there was a third party in the garden with them, but I never knew that it was you," replied the divine.—*Rochester Express*

A little fellow rushed into the street, recently, to look at a monkey that accompanied an organ grinder who was playing in front of an adjoining block. Never having perused the "Origin of Man," he gazed in wonder and admiration and then rushing into the house he met his grandmother to whom he addressed this inquiry: "Grandmother, who made monkeys?" "God, my boy," replied the old lady in her candid way. "Well," said the excitable grandson in rejoinder, "I'll bet God laughed when he got the first monkey done!" —*Norwich Bulletin*.

BOUND MAGAZINES.

We have had all the surplus Magazines of 1880 handsomely and substantially bound and offer them to our subscribers at \$1.50 per volume. We will send them to any address in quantities of one or more, postage paid, on receipt of the price.

TO MAGAZINE AGENTS.

Magazine Agents in calling for their books at the Express office, must tell the Express clerk that their package is "*Dead Head*."

Dead Head Packages are not billed and are therefore not entered on the books at the Express office.

LODGE BLANKS AND SUPPLIES.

We call the attention of Lodges to the following list of blanks and supplies which we are prepared to furnish at the lowest figures:

Constitutions and By-Laws, Rituals, Keys to the Unwritten Work, Black List Forms, Limited and Final Withdrawal Cards, Traveling Cards, Letter Heads, Envelopes, Applications for Membership, Notices of Election, Register Blanks, Receipts for Dues, etc., and Magazine Subscription Blanks.

Nearly all of the foregoing blanks have a tinted locomotive stamped upon them and are neat and practical.

The receipts are of a new form gotten up purposely to avoid the perplexities that often arise through the use of the ordinary forms.

In order to receive prompt attention, all orders for blanks must be directed to the Grand Secretary and Treasurer.

ADMITTED BY CARD.

No. 3.—W. R. Cutter, from No. 57.

REINSTATED.

No. 23.—John Foster.

No. 57.—James W. Gorden, in good standing.

No. 63.—Peter Keiner.

No. 67.—John Cross.

No. 91.—A. Waltenspiel.

WITHDRAWALS.

No. 21.—James Normile—final.

No. 23.—John Foster, to join No. 21.

No. 32.—M. W. Milner—final.

No. 86.—Wm. Wadham, withdrawn to join No. 81.

No. 40.—James Hall, to join No. 6, and J. B. Miller and W. Weichlein, to join No. 61.

No. 89.—Thomas J. Allen, withdrawn to join elsewhere.

No. 97.—Geo. H. Fairchild, to join No. 94.

BLACK LIST.

No. 18.—Geo. W. Baker, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 22.—Edward Carter, for non-payment of dues.

No. 37.—Frank Maley expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

No. 44.—Layman T. Putnam, expelled for non-payment of dues and unbecoming conduct.

No. 68.—Robert McCall. H. K. Cochrane, Joseph Meegan, Geo. Gilden, David Sheldon, and E. W. Gwinell, expelled for non-payment of dues.

No. 72.—H. H. Wilson, for non-payment of dues.

No. 86.—A. E. Ralston, for non-payment of dues.

No. 85.—Maurice Hafey, for non-payment of dues.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

BELLEVILLE, Oct. 25th 1881.

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge No. 66, of the B. of L. F., the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge has received from Miss Walsh, through the hands of Brother Keeler, two beautiful mottoes, therefore be it

Resolved, That in return, we tender our sincere thanks for her kindness.

Resolved, That we regard this offering as a token of the high esteem in which Miss Walsh holds our Order, and that we may always be worthy of her confidence.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Miss Walsh, and one to the Magazine for publication.

J. LOGUE
P. FLAGLER, } Com.
W. BUCKLEY.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

MASON CITY, IOWA., Oct. 18th 1881.

At a regular meeting of Cerro Gordo Lodge No. 29, B. of L. F., held Oct. 18th 1881, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, This Lodge has been made the recipient of a very elegant frame for our charter, presented by Bro. Wm. Anderson, therefore be it

Resolved, That we return to Bro. Anderson our sincere thanks for this substantial evidence of his friendship for us and his interest in the Order. That our best wishes go with Bro. Anderson in his journey through life and that he may meet with such success as true manhood deserves.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the Fireman's Magazine, and be entered on the record of this Lodge.

A. H. TUCKER,
WM. W. HAYS, } Com.
C. CURRIE.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

BELLEVILLE, ONT., Sept. 11th 1881.

At a regular meeting of Challenge Lodge No. 66, B. of L. F. the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Our Lodge was presented with three elegant mottoes by Miss McKnight, a highly esteemed lady friend, therefore be it

Resolved, That we regard this testimonial as a mark of the high esteem in which our Order is held by this estimable young lady and that we shall ever do our utmost to prove worthy of the respect and sympathy shown us.

Resolved, That we tender Miss McKnight our sincere thanks for the elegant gift received at her hands, and that her kindly interest in our welfare is highly appreciated and most respectfully reciprocated.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Miss McKnight; also that they be spread upon the record, and published in the Locomotive Fireman's Magazine.

E. ANDERSON,
F. KEELER, } Com.
P. FLAGLER.

RESOLUTIONS OF THANKS.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Sept. 25th 1881.

At a regular meeting of Washington Lodge No. 13, B. of L. F., Aug. 25th, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, We have been made the recipients of a handsome Bible with the name and number of our Lodge imprinted on its covers in gold and gilt, the same being the gift of Mr. Daniel Pearson, an aged friend of our beloved Order, and

WHEREAS, This very appropriate gift, intended to keep before our eyes and minds the foundation upon which our Institution is based. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to our venerable friend and donor for this very acceptable present which now adorns our altar as a mark of his appreciation of our Order. And be it further

Resolved, That we tender our sincere thanks to Bro. Mead and his worthy lady Mrs. Mead for a handsome cover for our altar, upon which to place our Bible. And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions

be sent to Mr. Pearson, one to Mead and one to the editor of Fireman's Magazine for publication.

ISAAC ATEN,
MELLIICK SHICK, } Com.
THOMAS KELTON.

ANOTHER GONE.

The death of Bro. Christionson has cast a gloom over all who knew him; his genial manner won for him the friendship of all. He came to this country from Denmark several years ago, locating at Laramie, Wyoming Territory, where he began by wiping engines on the Union Pacific R. R. During his leisure hours he perseveringly studied the English language, and progressed so rapidly that in a short time one could scarcely detect that he was a foreigner. Here he remained some four years, and then went to Carlin, Nevada, where he was employed as fireman on the Central Pacific R. R. for several years; at which place he became an honored member of Lodge No. 89, B. of L. F. Later he became an Engineer on the Denver & Rio Grande R. R. where, in a few months he so completely won the confidence of his employers that he was promoted to running a passenger engine, the position he held up to the time of his death, which was occasioned by his engine turning over and killing him instantly. His remains were taken charge of by Engineer C. A. Sproal and buried at Pueblo, Colorado, just at sunset. The burial was witnessed by hundreds of people. Old and young, alike gathered about his grave to drop a tear for poor Pete as he was lowered to his last resting place. The Brothers of No. 89 sympathize with his bereaved relatives, and together mourn the loss of their friend.

J. A. RESSEGNIE,
D. E. BASSFORD, } Com.
J. H. KELLY.

CARLIN, Nevada, Oct. 10 1881.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

NORTH SPRINGFIELD, Mo., Sept. 24 1881.

At a regular meeting of Frisco Lodge, No. 51 B. of L. F., the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It was the will of Almighty God to call away the beloved wife of our esteemed Brother, C. C. Bridwell, and,

WHEREAS, He is suffering severely from this great affliction, therefore be it

Resolved, That the officers and members extend their heartfelt sympathy to our brother, in this his hour of tribulation, and commend him to seek consolation in Him, who thought

best to take from him, his loving wife, leaving two bright little boys, with no loving mother to look after them; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of the resolutions be presented to our afflicted brother, and the same be recorded on the minutes of this meeting, and a copy be sent to the editor of B. of L. F. Magazine for publication, and they also be published in our home paper.

M. A. FRAME,
H. K. TRAYOR, } Com.
W. A. NEWMAN.

RESOLUTIONS OF CONDOLENCE.

At a regular meeting of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, B. of L. F., the following resolutions of condolence were passed on the death of Mrs. Hester J. Ranebo, whose sudden illness ending so sadly reminds that "In the midst of life we are in death."

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His infinite wisdom to remove from our midst, the wife of our worthy and respected Brother Ranebo in so sudden a manner as to cause us to clearly see our total dependence upon His benevolence and mercy for daily life. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of Enterprise Lodge No. 75, do sincerely sympathize with our Brother in his sad bereavement and that the breach made in his family is mourned by the members of this Lodge;

Resolved, That a copy of the above proceedings be presented to Bro. Ranebo, and be placed upon the records of the Lodge and published in the Magazine.

JOHN C. LACK,
HENRY WALTON, } Com.
FRANK DUKELL.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

At a meeting of R. B. Centre Lodge No. 31, the following resolutions were adopted:

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God to remove from our midst, the sister of our

worthy Brother, Geo. P. Madden. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we extend to Bro. Madden, also his mother brother, and sisters, our heartfelt sympathy in the loss they have sustained;

Mourning friends, dry up your tears,
And cast aside all doubts and fears;
God took away that life he gave—
She now lies silent in the grave.

And be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of Bro. Madden, and be published in the columns of our Magazine.

WM. H. DAVIS,
JOHN I. STEELE, } Com.
A. S. BRADLEY.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., Oct. 8th 1881.

At a regular meeting of Adopted Daughter Lodge, No. 3., B. of L. F. held at their hall, Oct. 8th, 1881, the following resolutions were adopted;

WHEREAS, It has pleased the Almighty in his infinite wisdom to afflict our worthy Bro., Jacob E. Opp and his wife, by taking to himself their beloved daughter, in whom were centered their heart's best affections, and

WHEREAS, They are bowed down with grief which no hearts but their own can realize and

WHEREAS, Their once happy home is no longer cheered by the sweet music of their daughter. Therefore be it

Resolved, That we do most sincerely express our sympathy in this their affliction, and hope that when they are called away they may meet their loved one, no more to part:

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to Bro. Opp and his wife, and also to the Fireman's Magazine for publication.

E. W. DAVIS,
THOS. MAYPOTER, } Com.
T. A. DEXTER.

GRAND AND SUBORDINATE LODGES.

GRAND LODGE.

F. W. Arnold.....Grand Master
Room 2, Pioneer Block, Columbus, Ohio.
W. E. Burns.....Vice Grand Master
1325 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
E. V. Debs.....Grand Secretary and Treasurer
Terre Haute, Indiana.
S. M. Stevens, Grand Organizer & Instructor
Terre Haute, Indiana.

GRAND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

J. A. Leach, Chairman.....Atchison, Kan
J. H. Walsh, Secretary.....Chicago, Ills
E. Upton.....Montreal, Canada
E. A. Mace.....Philadelphia, Pa
J. H. Brewer.....Lafayette, Ind

GRAND TRUSTEES.

Wm. Maroney, Chairman.....Chicago, Ills
Wm. F. Hynes.....Denver, Colorado
D. Ross.....Stratford, Ont

DISTRICT SECRETARIES.

A. H. Tucker.....Mason City, Iowa
H. G. Cormick.....Centralia, Ills
L. C. Hill, Box 113.....Parsons, Kan
J. M. Dodge, Box 317.....San Diego, Cal
W. H. Davies, Box 374.....Atchison, Kan
M. W. Jamison, Box 626.....Logansport, Ind
C. J. McGee, Box 772.....Danville, Ills
J. D. Weaver.....Minneapolis, Min
2210, 16th Avenue South.
D. E. Barry.....Buffalo, N. Y
510 Seneca Street.
W. J. Wheeler.....West Philadelphia, Pa
4906 Paschall Street.
G. A. Hewitt.....Boston, Mass
B. and A. Engine House.
E. Upton.....Montreal, Canada
9 Burgees Street, Pt. St. Charles.

SUBORDINATE LODGES.

1. DEER PARK, Port Jervis, N. Y.
C. E. Barkman, box 21.....Master
F. L. Smith, box 381.....Secretary
M. Coxson, box 143.....Financier
C. E. Barkman, box 21.....Mag. Agt
2. HAND IN HAND, Providence, R. I.
A. H. Stevens, 45 Jefferson st.....Master
H. S. Lawton, 58 Francis st.....Secretary
T. B. Wardwell, 28 Common st.....Financier
W. Lowry, 60 Jewett st.....Mag. Agt
3. ADOPTED DAUGHTER, Jersey City, N. J.
E. W. Davis, 173 Pavonia Avenue.....Master
E. Elz, 205 Pavonia Ave.....Secy
F. Green, N. T. L. E. Engine House.....Fin
E. W. Davis, 173 Pavonia Ave.....Mag. Agt
4. GREAT EASTERN, Portland, Me.
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort st.....Master
G. Menish, 20 St. Lawrence st.....Secy
F. O. Mitchell, 20 Merrill st.....Financier
A. E. Dennison, 17 Fort st.....Mag. Agt
5. UNION, Gallon, Ohio.
A. N. Jenkinson.....Master
T. Woolley, box 659.....Secretary
A. Sittler, box 611.....Financier
J. Farnsworth.....Magazine Agent
6. PRIDE OF THE WEST, Desoto, Mo.
J. N. Swift.....Master
G. E. Woodruff.....Secretary
C. J. Burke.....Financier
Wm. Herst.....Mag. Agt
7. POTOMAC, Washington, D. C.
A. N. Spamer.....Master
441 N. Central Ave., Baltimore, Md.
M. Hurley.....Secretary
1008 Sixth st., S. W., Washington, D. C.
John C. Graham.....Financier
319 D. St., S. W. Washington, D. B.
W. H. Fisher, No. 420 12th st. s. w. Mag Agt
8. RED RIVER, Denison, Texas.
G. McNeelis, box 278.....Master
E. Flint.....Secretary
E. L. Gale " ".....Financier
" " " ".....Mag. Agt

9. FRANKLIN, Columbus, Ohio.
D. Roach, Piqua Shop.....Master
W. K. Redmond, City Water Works.....Secy
T. C. Biddle, Piqua Shops.....Financier
W. K. Redmond, City water works Mag Agt
10. FOREST CITY, Cleveland, Ohio.
F. F. Coughlin, 6 Davidson st.....Master
F. Gengenbaugh, N. Y. P. & O. shops.....Secy
M. S. Laughlin, 59 Merchant Ave.....Fin
J. A. Summers, 9 Newell st.....Mag Agent
11. EXCELSIOR, Phillipsburg, N. J.
O. Kidney.....Master
W. W. Hosford.....Secretary
H. Lott.....Financier
" " " ".....Mag. Agent
12. BUFFALO, Buffalo, N. Y.
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Master
J. F. Hayes, 206 Swan street.....Secretary
C. W. Piper, 102 Walnut st.....Financier
R. B. Williams, 320 N. Division st.....Mag. Agt
13. WASHINGTON, Jersey City, N. J.
T. E. Kelton, 204 Pacific Ave.....Master
P. D. Mead, 217 Communipan Ave.....Secy
J. Cole, 204 Pacific Ave.....Financier
G. Louis 260 Communipan Ave.....Mag. Agt
14. EUREKA, Indianapolis, Ind.
J. A. Northway, 308 E. North st.....Master
J. Zahra, 197 Bates st.....Secretary
J. A. Tweedle, 253 E. Washington st.....Fin
P. Staff Brightwood, Ind.....Mag. Agent
15. ST. LAWRENCE, Montreal, Canada.
A. H. Green, 62 Forfas st.....Master
H. Taylor, 181 Magdelane st.....Secretary
J. Ryan, 211 Burgeols st.....Financier
P. Champagne, 175 Burgeols st.....Mag. Agt
16. VIGO, Terre Haute, Ind.
O. E. Fox, 1328 Sycamore st.....Master
E. V. Debs.....Secretary
O. E. Ralby, 316 N. Eleventh st.....Financier
A. J. Mullen.....Mag. Agt
17. OLD POST, Vincennes, Ind.
C. A. Cripps.....Master
C. Kunz.....Secretary
B. Robinson.....Financier
T. A. Galloway.....Magazine Agent
18. WEST END, Slater, Mo.
T. Crawford.....Master
L. M. Eldridge, box 222.....Secretary
J. B. Milton,.....Financier
box 160, Roodhouse, Ill.
G. W. Steding.....Mag. Agent
box 174, Roodhouse, Ill.
19. TRUCKEE, Wadsworth, Nevada.
G. Abbay, box 8.....Master
F. Murray.....Treasurer
B. F. Dolan.....Financier
E. Shepley.....Mag. Agt
20. STUART, Stuart, Iowa.
C. Traver.....Master
C. M. Finley.....Secretary
J. W. Shields.....Financier
W. McBride.....Magazine Agent
21. INDUSTRIAL, South St. Louis, Mo.
W. J. Edy.....Master
F. C. Obenhaus.....Secretary
W. E. Mott.....Financier
W. E. Mott.....Mag. Agt

22. CENTRAL, Urbana, Ill.
 A. C. Jordan, box 578.....Master
 L. E. Beckley, box 78.....Secretary
 L. E. Beckley, do.....Financier
 L. E. Beckley, do.....Magazine Ag't
23. LOUISVILLE, Louisville, Ky.
 J. Hoke, care Bender's drug store.....Master
 C. F. Hahn, ".....Secretary
 C. E. Mills, care Bender's drug store.....Fin
 ".....Mag. Agent
24. GREAT WESTERN, Parsons, Kan.
 L. C. Hill, box 113.....Master
 F. F. Wiggins, ".....Secretary
 J. Fanning, ".....Financier
 T. P. Spencer, ".....Mag. Agt
25. CONNECTING LINK, Boone, Iowa.
 R. S. Pike.....Master
 M. Crane, lock box 775.....Secretary
 M. Crane.....Financier
 W. H. Fuller.....Magazine Agent
26. ALPHA, Baraboo, Wisconsin.
 E. Thompson.....Master
 J. D. Coughlin.....Secretary
 F. Hammil.....Financier
 G. Dopp.....Mag. Agt
27. HAWKEYE, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
 M. W. Cary, lock box 504.....Master
 L. C. Chase, " 358.....Secretary
 C. W. Phelps, " 1010.....Financier
 E. Meacham.....Mag. Agt
28. ELKHORN, North Platte, Neb.
 M. B. Tarkington.....Master
 H. J. Clark, box 177.....Secretary
 P. H. Sullivan box 66.....Financier
 J. N. Bonner.....Mag. Agent
29. CERRO GORDO, Mason City, Iowa.
 G. Hodman, box 167.....Master
 A. H. Tucker, ".....Secretary
 G. O. Taylor, ".....Financier
 J. J. Nihill, ".....Mag. Agent
30. CEDAR VALLEY, Waterloo, Iowa.
 J. E. Briggs.....Master
 A. H. Girard, box 795.....Secretary
 A. E. Girard.....Financier
 J. Graves.....Mag. Agent
31. R. R. CENTRE, Atchison, Kan.
 S. Walters, box 157.....Master
 W. H. Davies box 374.....Secretary
 A. B. Schaap, box 157.....Financier
 H. C. Davis, box 157.....Mag. Agt
32. BORDER, Ellis, Kan.
 F. J. Schuyler, box 138.....Master
 E. G. Pearson, " 234.....Secretary
 A. H. Chapman, " 302.....Financier
 J. McKenna, " 77.....Mag. Agt
33. SUCCESS, Trenton, Mo.
 G. Atherton.....Master
 W. Marsden.....Secretary
 S. Hart.....Financier
 G. Nolan.....Mag. Agt
34. CLINTON, Clinton, Iowa.
 H. W. Stephens, box 189.....Master
 J. W. Adams, " 945.....Secretary
 J. W. Adams.....Financier
 G. B. Sepp.....Mag. Agt
35. AMBOY, Amboy, Ills.
 W. H. Dean, box 120.....Master
 J. H. Curran.....Secretary
 C. R. Rosier, box 420.....Financier
 H. Williams.....Mag. Agt
36. TIPPECANOE, Lafayette, Ind.
 J. H. Brewer, 161 Union street.....Master
 S. J. Rogers, W. St. L. & P. Shops.....Secretary
 W. S. Beemer, 99 Columbia st.....Financier
 ".....Mag. Agent
37. NEW HOPE, Centralia, Ill.
 H. G. Cormick, box 151.....Master
 F. P. Morse box 291.....Secretary
 D. J. Fields, box 291.....Financier
 H. G. Cormick, box 151.....Mag. Agent
38. AVON, Stratford, Ontario.
 J. Drummond, box 318.....Master
 F. Mingay, box 103.....Secretary
 F. Mingay, box 103.....Financier
 D. Turner, box 318.....Mag. Agt
40. BLOOMING, Bloomington, Ill.
 J. Clarke, 720 W. Chestnut st.....Master
 C. W. Young, 905 W. Mulberry st.....Secretary
 C. Sheehan.....Financier
 Jefferson House, W. Chestnut st.
 J. Cunningham, 808 N. Oak st.....Mag. Agent
41. KENTON, Cincinnati, O.
 H. P. Lewis.....Master
 57 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.
 T. N. Eller.....Secretary
 Care C. I. St. L. & C. shops, Cincinnati, O.
 T. N. Eller, ".....Financier
 G. Horricks, 400 George st.....Mag. Agt
42. KENNESAW, Atlanta, Georgia.
 T. J. Shivers, W. & A. R. R. shops.....Master
 H. C. Dunlap do do Secretary
 W. H. Thrash do do Financier
 J. H. Webb, do do Mag. Agt
43. ST. JOSEPH, St. Joseph, Mo.
 L. Mooney, cor 10th and Hickory sts, Master
 W. E. Sullivan, 2,210 s. Sixth st.....Secretary
 R. Morris.....Financier
 Cor 9th and Monterey sts.
 W. E. Sullivan, 1,210 s sixth st.....Mag. Agt
44. F. W. ARNOLD, East St. Louis, Ills.
 T. Halpin, box 171.....Master
 I. B. Machin, box 569.....Secretary
 T. Rodgers, box 171.....Financier
 T. H. Hayes.....Mag. Agent
45. ROSE CITY, Little Rock, Ark.
 H. H. Lindenberger, 911 North st.....Master
 J. W. Adams, box 696.....Secretary
 H. H. Burrus, 1223 w Fourth st.....Financier
 P. J. Robinson.....Magazine Agent
 620 Palaski street.
46. CAPITAL, Springfield, Ill.
 J. Summerhill, 1,112 E. Monroe st.....Master
 A. D. Hensley 1316 Jackson st.....Secretary
 E. Jally.....Financier
 Jackson st, between 13th and 14th sts.
 L. Smith, Wabash shops.....Mag. Agent
47. TRIUMPHANT, Chicago, Ill.
 W. E. Burns, 1,325 Michigan ave.....Master
 J. C. Glover, ".....Secretary
 A. S. Hart, 2339 Wentworth ave.....Financier
 M. M. Kane, 1350 State st.....Mag. Agent
48. W. F. HYNES, Peoria, Illinois;
 G. Gates, 328 Howett st.....Master

- C. Eaton, 616 S Adams st..... Secretary
J. Curren, 303 Maple st..... Financier
R. Martin, 602 W Jefferson st..... Mag. Agt
49. JOHN M. RAYMOND, Decatur, Ill.
W. E. Knight..... Master
W. Felton..... Secretary
W. Felton..... Financier
E. Decarcey..... Mag. Agt
50. GARDEN CITY, Chicago, Ills.
J. Delaney, 4854 Dearborn st..... Master
H. J. Strong 4658 State st..... Secretary
A. S. McAllister, 4928 Butterfield st..... Fin
J. J. Hanahan, 3243 Dearborn st..... Mag. Agt
51. FRISCO, North Springfield, Mo.
W. A. Noleman..... Master
M. A. Frame, box 184..... Secretary
H. R. Favor, box 184..... Financier
E. Smith, Pacific, Mo..... Mag. Agt
52. GOOD WILL, Logansport, Indiana.
S. Bricker, box 826..... Master
C. Polk do..... Secretary
M. W. Jamison do..... Financier
B. B. Ide do..... Magazipe Agt
53. EMPORIA, Emporia, Kan.
C. Rich, box 260..... Master
G. Cheney, box 177..... Secretary
D. Smith, box 177..... Financier
E. L. Gray, Newton, Kan..... Mag. Agent
54. ANCHOR, Moberly, Mo.
L. F. Stephens, lock box 820..... Master
J. Cass..... Secretary
G. R. Stacey..... Financier
L. F. Stephens..... Mag. Agt
55. BLUFF CITY, Memphis, Tenn.
P. Curry, L. & N. R. R. shops..... Master
C. E. Ringwald..... Secretary
W. T. Bender..... Financier
J. Clark..... Mag. Agt
56. BANNER, Stansberry, Mo.
W. E. Patterson, box 177..... Master
Thomas W. Dally..... Secretary
J. P. Michael, box 177..... Financier
A. B. Frame..... Mag. Agt
57. BOSTON, Boston, Mass.
G. H. Abbott, 50 1/2 Hudson street..... Master
J. C. Edwards..... Secretary
21 Salem st, Charleston, Boston, Mass.
W. H. Greene..... Financier
58. Cabot St, Boston Highlands, Boston, Mass.
W. C. Greene..... Mag. Agent
4 Smith st, Salem, Mass.
58. SACRAMENTO, Rocklin, California;
A. H. Curtis, L box 37..... Master
A. J. Mackay, do..... Secretary
A. J. Mackay, do..... Financier
A. H. Curtis, do..... Mag. Agt
59. ROYAL GORGE, South Pueblo, Col.
D. J. Higgins lock box 72..... Master
F. F. Brigham..... Secretary
J. Carr..... Financier
J. Carr..... Mag. Agent
60. UNITED, Philadelphia, Pa.
J. R. Anderson, 2356 N Third st..... Master
E. T. Green, 2013 N Third st..... Secretary
J. Shepherd, 2510 Alder st..... Financier
J. Shepherd..... Mag. Agent
61. MINNEHAHA, St. Paul, Minn.
C. Montgomery..... Master
102 Lafayette Avenue.
J. Spellman..... Secretary
C. St. P. and M. O. shops.
J. H. Sawyer, 47 Colburn st..... Financier
H. Oliver..... Mag. Agent
Cor. Jessie and Minnehaha sts.
62. VANBERGEN, Carbondale, Pa.
A. Hoyle..... Master
O. E. Histed..... Secretary
P. W. Johnson, box 234..... Financier
P. W. Johnson..... Mag. Agt
63. HERCULES, Danville, Ills.
C. J. McGee, box 772..... Master
W. A. Pickering..... Secretary
T. Carter..... Financier
J. Mills..... Mag. Agent
64. SIOUX, Sioux City, Iowa.
A. Confield, lock box 6..... Master
J. M. Shrire..... Secretary
H. W. Butterfield, box 751..... Financier
E. A. Bennett..... Mag. Agt
65. FORT RIDGELY, Sleepy Eye, Minn.
J. C. Curtis..... Master
H. B. Higgins..... Secretary
J. Ashworth..... Financier
J. Boyle, Tracy, Minn..... Mag. Agt
66. CHALLENGE, Belleville, Ont.
J. Brownlee, G. T. Ry..... Master
W. Buckley..... Secretary
E. Adamson..... Financier
E. Morris..... M Agent
67. DOMINION, Toronto, Canada.
A. Mowatt..... Master
Cor King and Brock sts.
C. E. Hibbert, 520 King st West..... Secretary
J. Johnson, 22 Muter st..... Financier
A. Mowatt..... Mag. Agent
Cor King and Brock sts.
68. HUDSON, Jersey City, N. J.
T. H. Lawler, 196 Bay street..... Master
J. Meegan, 41 Van Winkel st..... Secretary
H. K. Cochrane..... Financier
42 Center st, Newark, N. J.
T. Cadle, 306 4th street..... Mag. Agt
69. ISLAND CITY, Bröckville, Ont.
F. Lawrence..... Master
J. Graham..... Secretary
R. J. Turnbull..... Financier
F. Barr..... Mag. Agt
70. LONE STAR, Longview, Texas.
J. H. Selby, B. of L. F. box..... Master
L. Delaney..... Secretary
J. Healy..... Financier
J. H. Selby..... Mag. Agent
71. SUSQUEHANNA, at Oneonta, N. Y.
C. Bunker, box 445..... Master
W. Hand..... Secretary
D. B. Cornell..... Financier
D. V. Rorick..... Mag. Agt
72. WELCOME, Camden, N. J.
H. Higgins, 432 S 3d st..... Master
J. Colton, 424 Mickle st..... Secretary
Colton..... Financier
G. Parker, 235 Senate st..... Mag. Agent

73. BAY STATE, Worcester, Mass.
C. E. Bullard, 35 Plymouth st. Master
T. Loynd, 83 Green st. Secretary
J. C. Updike, 628 Main st. Financier
G. P. Cooper, 113 Beacon st. Mag. Agent
74. KANSAS CITY, Kansas City, Mo.
J. Fleming, 1,325 St. Louis ave. Master
W. Piercey Secretary
F. Mulvihill, 1325 St. Louis ave. Financier
F. Fisher Mag. Agent
75. ENTERPRISE, West Philadelphia, Pa.
B. Austin, 3,907 Elm st. Master
H. J. Roberts, 3,723 Story st. Secretary
F. Dupell, 3,821 Elm st. Financier
H. Knepley, 609 N. 37th st. Mag. Ag't
76. NEW ERA, Fergus Falls, Minn.
J. B. Gaston Master
T. Bardley Secretary
H. H. Dupins Financier
H. E. Stewart Mag. Agt
77. ROCKY MOUNTAIN, Denver, Col.
W. F. Hynes, 283 15th st. Master
W. W. McClelland, box 1588 Secretary
E. Hall Financier
W. F. Hynes No. 283 15th st. Mag. Ag't
80. CHARTER OAK, Hartford, Conn.
W. F. Fisher Master
European House, Willimantic, Conn.
G. Warriner Secretary
119 Pearl st, Hartford, Conn.
F. W. Griswold, Rockville, Conn. Financier
W. F. Fisher Mag. Agent
European House, Willimantic, Conn.
81. PINE CITY, Brainerd, Minn.
F. D. Millsaugh, box 18 Master
J. Collins, box 18 Secretary
L. H. Smith, box 18 Financier
F. D. Millsaugh, box 18 Mag. Agent
82. NORTHWESTERN, Minneapolis, Minn.
G. Sebastian Master
M. & St. L. Round House.
J. F. Canney, box 586 Secretary
F. X. Holl, 207 13th Ave. S. Financier
C. Barrett, 723 S. 3d st. Mag. Agt
84. MISSOURI RIVER, Omaha, Neb.
D. B. Hines, 160 Dodge street. Master
Wm. Atkinson Secretary
U. P. Round House.
T. F. Barry, 1,112 Chicago st. Financier
J. Lowry Magazine Ag't
216 Dodge and 13th sts
85. FARGO, Fargo, D. T.
J. Burns box 1,798 Master
A. Bassett, box 1,796 Secretary
G. E. McCormack, box 1,722 Financier
S. P. Olson, box 1,798 Mag. Agent
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NO. 1.

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Locomotive Firemen's

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INDUSTRY

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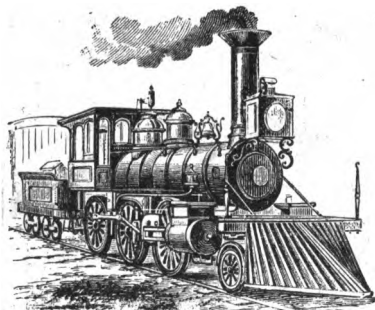
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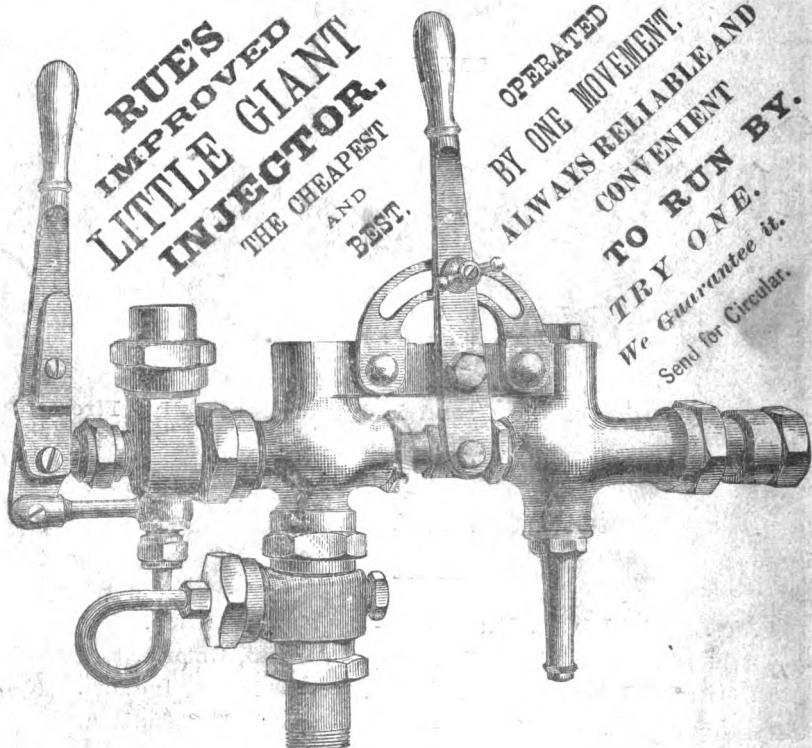
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